

The Henry Irving Shakespeare
Volume V-VI

KING JOHN

Act IV. Scene i.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE SHAKESPEARE
MEMORIAL GALLERY, STRATFORD-ON-AVON,
BY JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

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WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES BY
VARIOUS SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLARS

AND

AN ACCOUNT OF RECENT SHAKESPEAREAN INVESTIGATIONS
BY PROFESSOR C. H. HERFORD, LITT.D.

Illustrated by Gordon Browne and others

VOLUME V-VI

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KING JOHN

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING JOHN.

PRINCE HENRY, his son, afterwards King Henry III.

ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, son to King John's elder brother, Geoffrey.
late Duke of Bretagne.

EARL OF PEMBROKE (William Marshall).

EARL OF ESSEX (Geoffrey Fitz-Peter), Chief Justiciary of England.

EARL OF SALISBURY (William Longsword).

ROGER BIGOT, Earl of Norfolk.

HUBERT DE BURGH, Chamberlain to the King.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, son to the late Sir Robert Faulconbridge.

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE (his half-brother), called the Bastard, a natural
son of King Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.

PETER OF POMFRET, a prophet.

PHILIP, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin, his son.

LYMOGES, Archduke of Austria.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's Legate.

MELUN, }
CHATILLON, } Ambassadors from France to King John.

QUEEN ELINOR, widow to Henry II., and mother to King John.

CONSTANCE, widow of Geoffrey, Duke of Bretagne, and mother to Arthur.

BLANCH, daughter of Alphonsus, King of Castile, and niece to King John.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, mother to Philip, the Bastard, and Robert Faulcon-
bridge.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers,
and other Attendants.

SCENE—Sometimes in England and sometimes in France.

HISTORIC PERIOD: 1199–1216, extending over the whole of the reign of King John.

TIME OF ACTION.

According to Daniel, seven days, which he apportioned as follows:

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1.—Interval.
Day 2: Act II. Scene 1; Act III. Scenes
1, 2, 3.—Interval.
Day 3: Act III. Scene 4.—Interval.

Day 4: Act IV. Scenes 1, 2, 3.—Interval.
Day 5: Act V. Scene 1.—Interval.
Day 6: Act V. Scenes 2, 3, 4, 5.—Interval.
Day 7: Act V. Scenes 6, 7.

KING JOHN.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

This play was first printed in the Folio of 1623. No Quarto edition is extant, nor is there any trace of the existence of any separate edition during the seventeenth century. It is the only undoubted play of Shakespeare's not entered on the Register of Stationers' Hall. The chief source to which Shakespeare was indebted for his materials seems to have been an old play on the same subject, in two parts, the title-page being as follows:

The Troublesome Raigne of John King of England, with the discovery of King Richard Cordelions Base sonne (vulgarly named, The Bastard Fawconbridge): also the death of King John at Swinestead Abbey. As it was (sundry times) publickly acted by the Queenes Maiesties Players, in the honourable Cittie of London. Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke, and are to be solde at his shop, on the back-side of the Royall Exchange. 1591.

This play was reprinted in 1611 for another bookseller, who "inserted the letters *W. Sh.* in the title-page; and in order to conceal his fraud, omitted the words—*publickly*—in the honourable Cittie of London, which he was aware would proclaim this play not to be Shakespeare's King John; the company to which he belonged, having no publick theatre in London: that in Blackfriars being a private playhouse; and the Globe, which was a publick theatre, being situated in Southwark." . . . "Shakespeare's play being then probably often acted, and the other wholly laid aside, the word *lately* was substituted for the word *publickly*:—as they were sundry times *lately* acted," &c. "Thomas Dewe, for whom a third edition of this old play was printed in 1622, was more daring. The two parts were then published,

'as they were sundry times lately acted;' and the name of William Shakspeare inserted at length" (Var. Ed. vol. ii. Prolegomena, p. 352). The Second Part has, according to the reprint in Hazlitt's Shakespeare's Library (vol. i. pt. ii. p. 281) the following title-page:

The Second part of the Troublesome Raigne of King John, containing the death of Arthur Plantaginet, the landing of Lewes, and the poysoning of King John at Swinestead Abbey As it was (sundry times) publickly acted by the Queenes Maiesties Players, in the honourable Cittie of London.

To Hall, or to Holinshed, or to any other known source Shakespeare does not seem to have been much indebted. He has not followed the old play very closely; and has immensely improved on it in every respect. Except that Meres mentions King John in the oft-quoted passage from *Palladis Tamia*, there is no direct evidence as to the date of its production. Various opinions have been given by different editors on this point; but we cannot be far wrong in assigning it to some time between the years 1595 and 1597. As regards indirect evidence of the date when King John was written Malone suggests that the "pathetick lamentations" of Constance on the death of Arthur may have been inspired by the loss of Shakespeare's son Hamnet, who died at the age of twelve in August, 1596. In that same year, in the month of June, the grand fleet sailed which was sent against Spain, and to this event Malone thinks the lines ii. 1. 67-75 refer; particular attention being drawn to lines 69, 70:

Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs.

"Many of our old historians speak of the splendour and magnificence displayed by the

noble and gallant adventurers who served in this expedition; and Ben Jonson has particularly alluded to it in his *Silent Woman*, written a few years afterwards" (Malone, *ut supra*, pp. 354, 355). Fleay believes that the first 200 lines of act ii. scene 1 were inserted hurriedly, after the rest of the play had been written, and after the death of Shakespeare's son.

Of other indirect guides to its date, furnished by the text of the play itself, it may be noticed that a passage from act i. of the *Spanish Tragedy* or the *Second Part of Ieronimo*, as it is generally called,—a play which was licensed in October, 1592, and probably had been represented on the stage some two years before that date—seems to have been partly reproduced in the following speech of the Bastard, ii. 1. 137, 138:

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.

In the *Spanish Tragedy* the passage runs:

He hunted well, that was a lion's death;
Not he that in a garment wore his skin:
So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.

—Dodsley, vol. v. p. 19.

The resemblance can scarcely be accidental. Again, Soliman and Perseda (entered at Stationers' Hall, 1592) is clearly alluded to (see note 59).

Chalmers, with whom Drake agrees, gives the year 1598 as the date of this play, chiefly on account of supposed references to two events in the year 1597, namely, the offers made by the pope's nuncio to Henry IV. of France against Queen Elizabeth, and the siege of Amiens, which they conceive to be referred to in the siege of Angiers in this play. But the evidence, on the whole, is decidedly in favour of the earlier date; and the allusion in iii. 4. 1-3:

So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armada of convicted sail
Is scattered and disjoin'd from fellowship,

which seems pointedly directed at the Spanish Armada, may confirm us in placing the date of the production of *King John* nearer that event than the later date assigned to it by Chalmers.

STAGE HISTORY.

It is a curious fact that from the time of Shakespeare to the year 1737 there is absolutely no record of the performance of this play, which, one would have thought, would have been very popular on the stage. In the reigns of Charles II. and James II., even had Shakespeare been more popular than he was, one can well imagine that the anti-papal tone of many of the speeches would have prevented its finding much favour in court circles; but we should certainly have expected to find it revived soon after the Revolution of 1688. Even in Shakespeare's own time, to which its sentiments seem so admirably fitted, scarcely any allusion to *King John* has been discovered. No passage is quoted from it in England's *Parnassus* (1600); while, to come to later times, neither Pepys nor Downes even mentions it. On 26th February, 1737, Shakespeare's *King John* was produced, under Rich's management, at Covent Garden. Of this production Davies in his *Dramatic Miscellanies* (vol. i. pp. 4-9) gives an interesting account. There is no doubt that to Colley Cibber's mangled and distorted version of this play, which he called *Papal Tyranny*, we owe this revival of one of Shakespeare's plays which had lain so long neglected. According to Davies, Cibber had offered *Papal Tyranny* to Fleetwood, the manager of Drury Lane, about nine or ten years before it was acted; that is to say, a little before this time, about 1736. The parts were distributed, and "a time fixed for its performance: but the clamour against the author, whose presumption was highly censured for daring to meddle with Shakespeare, increased to such a height, that Colley Cibber, who had smarted more than once for dabbling in tragedy, went to the playhouse, and, without saying a word to anybody, took the play from the prompter's desk, and marched off with it in his pocket" (*Dramatic Miscellanies*, vol. i. p. 5). To this Pope alludes in the *Dunciad* (book i.):

• "King John in silence modestly expires."

The critics having said much in praise of Shakespeare's play, while writing against

INTRODUCTION.

Cibber, Rich took the hint, and resolved to revive King John. The revival would seem to have been a success. According to Davies King John was acted several nights with great applause. From Genest it would appear to have been played at least ten times. The cast included Delane as King John; Walker, the original Macheath, as the Bastard; Hull as the King of France; Ryan as Pandulph; and Mrs. Hallam as Lady Constance. Davies (p. 8) tells us that the latter "was unhappy in a large unwieldy person;" but that "her performance of Lady Constance was natural and impassioned; though she was not so pathetic in utterance, spirited in action, or dignified in deportment, as Mrs. Cibber in the same part" (p. 9). Delane does not appear to have been successful in the part of the king; but of Walker, Davies speaks very highly indeed. According to him "Garrick, Sheridan, Delane, and Barry all fall short of the merit of Tom Walker."

This play was revived with nearly the same cast on 2nd February, 1738. During this season, in the course of which both parts of Henry IV., Henry V., and the First Part of Henry VI. were all revived, King John seems to have been only played twice. On 15th February, 1745, "Papal Tyranny in the Reign of King John" was produced for the first time. This was Colley Cibber's manglement—if I may be allowed to coin a word—alluded to above. The threatened invasion of England by the Pretender overcame all Cibber's fears and scruples; and this grand tragedy, in which he condescended to show Shakespeare how a play ought to be written, and in which Lord Foppington gravely rebuked the author of King John for his lukewarmness in denouncing the pope and all his works, was produced—I regret to say—with a success scarcely adequate to its very great merits. The great mangler himself, though now toothless and scarce able to mumble out his words, returned to the stage to play Pandulph. It was not, by all accounts, a very great performance; but the audience treated the old actor with considerable indulgence. They were not so merciful, however, to Colley Cibber's son, Theophilus, who played the Dauphin, and to the

well-known George Anne Bellamy, who played Blanch. These artists had unfortunately availed themselves of Cibber's tuition; and, putting his precepts into practice, adopted "the good old manner of singing and quavering out their tragic notes" (Genest, vol. iv. p. 162). It is not worth while entering into a detailed examination of this impertinence of the poet laureate. His well-known version of Richard III. was modest and reverent work compared to this. He seems to have spared not even the very best scenes in Shakespeare's play; and to have defiled what jewels he did preserve from the original with the slaver of his own trashy mouthings. It does not reflect much credit on the taste of the Covent Garden audiences of that period, that the gambols of this literary monkey on the tomb of our great poet were rewarded by a net profit of £400, and that the performance was sufficiently popular to be repeated ten times.

On the same day as that on which Papal Tyranny was produced, an advertisement from "the Proprietor" of Drury Lane appeared in the General Advertiser: "to state that he had been requested to revive King John, and had accordingly put it into Rehearsal—that the author of a play on the same subject having insinuated that this was calculated to prejudice him, he had put off the revival; but on finding from the bills that Papal Tyranny was not an alteration of King John, but a new Tragedy on the same plan, he would exhibit Shakespeare's play on the following Tuesday—the day after the benefit for the author of Papal Tyranny—when there could be no imputation of an injury done to him" (Genest, vol. iv. p. 146). The play was accordingly produced on 20th February (1745), at Drury Lane, with Garrick as King John, for the first time, Delane as the Bastard, and Berry as Hubert. King John was not one of Garrick's most successful characters, though he had some very fine moments in it, especially in the scene with Hubert in act iv.: "When Hubert showed him his warrant for the death of Arthur, saying to him, at the same time:

Here is your hand and seal for what I did,

Garrick snatched the warrant from his hand;

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and, grasping it hard, in an agony of despair and horror, he threw his eyes to heaven, as if self-convicted of murder, and standing before the great Judge of the quick and dead to answer for the infringement of the divine command" (Davies, vol. i. pp. 69, 70). Mrs. Cibber was very great as Constance; in fact it may be doubted whether any of the subsequent representatives of the part ever equalled her, not excepting Mrs. Siddons. This revival appears to have been a very successful one.

On 23d January, 1754, King John was again revived at Drury Lane, when Garrick surrendered the part of King John to Mossop; he himself taking the part of the Bastard. In this character he appears to have been a total failure, in spite of the fact that he had secured, as a contrast to himself in Robert Faulconbridge, one Simpson, whom Davies (p. 15) describes as: "a Scotchman, a modest and honest man, but as feeble in person as he was in acting."

In 1746, Garrick, in conjunction with Sheridan, at the Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin, produced King John—the two great actors playing King John and the Bastard alternately. This alliance of Sheridan and Garrick was renewed later when at Drury Lane, on 17th December, 1760, the Irish and English actors again appeared in King John; Garrick taking the Bastard for himself, and giving his rival the part of King John. Sheridan was so very successful, and received such compliments from his majesty George III., who was present at the performance, that Garrick is said to have been very much vexed, and to have stopped the run of the piece. On this occasion Mrs. Yates played Constance. There is no doubt that Garrick's jealousy has been much exaggerated by Davies; since, as pointed out by Fitzgerald, the two rivals appeared, amicably enough, in King John, for the benefit of Mrs. Yates in April of the same year.

The next notable performance of this play was on 10th December, 1783, at Drury Lane, when Kemble played King John, and Mrs. Siddons appeared for the first time as Constance. The play was revived again on 20th November, 1800, when Kemble again played King John, Charles Kemble, Faulconbridge,

and Mrs. Powell, Constance. On 13th May, 1801, for Charles Kemble's benefit, who appeared as King John, Mrs. Siddons resumed the part of Constance. On 14th February, 1804, at Covent Garden, the three great members of the Kemble family appeared together; John Kemble as the King, Charles Kemble as Faulconbridge, and Mrs. Siddons as Constance. On 3d December, 1816, Miss O'Neill appeared for the first time as Constance.

On 1st June, 1818, at Drury Lane, Kean appeared as King John. He appears to have been very great in the scenes with Hubert.

Macready revived the drama at Drury Lane in 1842, playing the part of the King; while Phelps was the Hubert, J. R. Anderson the Faulconbridge, and Miss Helen Faucit the Constance. The play was not neglected amongst the revivals of Shakespeare given by Phelps at Sadler's Wells; and it was produced with great splendour and that careful attention to historic details which characterized all his Shakespearean performances, by Charles Kean, on 18th October, 1858, at the Princess's Theatre; his wife (Ellen Tree) being the Constance, himself the King, Hermann Vezin the Pembroke, Alfred Wigau the Faulconbridge, T. Ryder the Hubert, and Miss Kate Terry the Prince Arthur. The part of luckless Arthur was played by Miss Ellen Terry at the Princess's in 1858. Mr. Creswick produced King John at the Standard Theatre, March 31, 1866, and appeared in the title-part, with H. Marston as Faulconbridge. Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree gave the play, very elaborately staged, at Her Majesty's Theatre, September 20, 1899; using his own arrangement, in three acts, and himself appearing as the King. Lewis Waller was the Faulconbridge, and Miss Julia Neilson the Constance.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

This play, which, if the historical sequence is followed, should go before Richard II., seems to me, on the whole, to be clearly a later work of Shakespeare's than that tragedy. It certainly displays a far greater mastery of dramatic characterization than Richard II.:

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it has fewer rhymed lines; according to Mr. Fleay out of 2553 lines it contains 2403 in blank verse. Like Richard II. it has no passages written in prose: it has not even any passage like that in Richard II. (ii. 2. 108-120), which, though printed as verse, is so unrhymical as to read like prose. There are very few double endings. Whether this play was written before or after Richard III. is doubtful; most editors consider the latter to be the earlier play. Setting aside, however, the exact position which King John should occupy among Shakespeare's plays as strictly arranged according to the order of their production, we may fairly consider it as belonging to that period of his literary development in which we have placed it. As a drama, it exhibits a marked superiority to any of the other historical plays except Parts I. and II. of Henry IV., Richard III., and, perhaps, Henry V. It contains three characters which will live as long as any of Shakespeare's creations; namely, the Bastard Faulconbridge, Constance, and Arthur; while it certainly contains one scene, that between Hubert and Arthur (act iv. scene 1), which is among the most popular and most admired of any in Shakespeare's plays; yet, in spite of its admirable characterization, its many pathetic and vigorous scenes, and in spite of its containing two parts, those of the Bastard and Constance, most effective for an actor and actress respectively, it does not seem to have been a popular play in Shakespeare's own time; and, as will be seen from the stage history of the play, was left for a very long period altogether neglected and practically excluded from the repertory of our theatres. This is the more to be wondered at, because there is a sturdy Protestant spirit in the play, and an heroic strain of patriotism which, one would have thought, could not fail to secure for a very much worse play undying popularity with an English audience. It is true that Shakespeare, following his large-hearted and truly artistic instincts, has modified considerably the bitter anti-papal tone of the old play on which he founded King John; but he seems, at the same time, to have given to the political aspect of the play a much closer application to Elizabethan times than is to be

found in "The Troublesome Raigne." In fact, as Mr. Simpson has pointed out (see New Shakespeare Society's Transactions, 1874, pt. ii. pp. 397-406), in his paper on the Politics of Shakespeare's Plays, Shakespeare altered the whole political motive of the old play; and made the quarrel between John and his subjects turn more upon the question of his defective title to the throne than, as it did really, on his own abominable character; but here Shakespeare's inherent honesty of mind stood him in bad stead; for, however much he might change the political motive of the play, he could not bring himself to represent John as anything but a mean and detestable tyrant. All the king's bluster against the pope goes for very little when we find him, a short time afterwards, handing over his crown to the pope's legate, and consenting to receive it again at his hands as if from a suzerain. In fact John is ready to submit to any degradation, in order to obtain a powerful ally against his rebellious barons; and though some of those barons stoop so low as to intrigue with the enemy of their country, and to fight under the standard of France against their sovereign, yet John's crimes have so alienated our sympathies from him that we shut our eyes to the dishonourable treason of Salisbury and his accomplices, and readily forgive them, when they abjure their treason and swear allegiance to the young Prince Henry. There is no doubt that in the unsympathetic character of John lies the weakness of this play. Constance and Arthur both fade out of it some time before the end is reached; and though the Bastard still remains to represent unflinching courage and loyalty, the chief character, the king himself, who ought to be the object of our interest and sympathy, has failed to enlist either one or the other on his behalf; and so the play terminates without that effective climax, which is essential to the success of a drama intended to be acted as well as read.

The character of Constance has always been a very favourite one with the readers of Shakespeare; if it proves less attractive on the stage, it is only because her share in the action ceases at comparatively so early a period of the play. Mrs. Jameson in her "Character-

istics of Women" has a very interesting essay on the character of Constance, an essay which exhibits considerable power of moral analysis. Mrs. Jameson is quite right in repudiating the theory that the leading motive of Constance's conduct is ambition. On the contrary, she seems, as far as Shakespeare has drawn her, singularly devoid of any personal seeking after power such as Elinor would attribute to her. Her nature is evidently impulsive and passionate; above all she is animated by that keen sense of injustice which is so very commonly found in such natures. She is vehement in the assertion of her son's rights, not so much from any ambition to exercise the power which would naturally belong to her as his mother, but simply because she loves and, indeed, idolizes him; she feels most keenly that she is the only person left to plead for his rights, and to defend him from the mean and overreaching schemes of his detestable uncle. Her passionate sense of the wrong which has been done to her son makes her at once eager in expressing her gratitude to King Philip and the Dauphin, as well as to Austria, when they offer their support to Arthur's just claim, and at the same time vehemently resentful of their cowardly desertion of his cause, when their own selfish interest points in the other direction. In all her pleadings and her remonstrances there is the same want of self-control, the same almost exaggerated indignation because she cannot, for one moment, tolerate the doctrine of expediency which so completely governs the conduct of those with whom she is associated. In fact she is one of those many characters on which Shakespeare seems to have lavished his utmost power of poetic eloquence, because they represent that utter unconventionality, that passionate rebellion against the accepted morality of the world, which must have been one of the strongest traits in his own nature. It is only a very short-sighted criticism that can find in the reticence of Arthur, throughout the only two scenes in which Shakespeare has introduced him in the company of Constance, any proof that the son returns but feebly the passionate affection of his mother. It is only natural that a boy, such as Shakespeare has represented Arthur to be, should feel somewhat timid

and awed in the presence of such vehement indignation as Constance displays; but the fact that when he is taken prisoner, the boy's first thought is for his mother and not for himself (iii. 3. 5), is sufficient to prove that Shakespeare did not intend to represent Arthur as at all lacking in filial devotion. We may regret that the poet could not reconcile with his scheme of the dramatic action of this play, the possibility of giving us a scene between mother and son. Such an omission may have been the result of hasty execution; or it may have been the deliberate judgment of a dramatist who, however long his plays may seem to the fastidious intolerance of a modern audience, yet had a very keen sense of the virtue of dramatic concentration. It would certainly seem as if Shakespeare felt himself rather hampered by the amount of material that he had at hand in the construction of this play; otherwise he would not have been content with merely intimating through the mouth of a messenger (iv. 2. 122) the rumour of the death of so important a character as Constance. She was a creation, to the power of which he could not have been himself insensible; yet he allows her to disappear with the end of the third act; and the injury to the play, involved in the absence of all female interest in the two last acts, is one which no doubt has proved fatal to its permanent popularity upon the stage: it is one of which I cannot help thinking the poet's maturer judgment would not have approved.

The character of the Bastard is more elaborated than that of Constance, and seems to have engaged more of the author's energy; perhaps too of that fondness which every poet is apt to display, with more or less caprice, towards the various beings of his own creation. The boldness of Philip Faulconbridge, his recklessness, his audacious outspokenness, may have been inherited from his father, Richard Cœur-de-Lion; but it is probable that Shakespeare emphasized these characteristics as natural in a man, the circumstances of whose birth placed him in a more or less false position, and impelled him to constant self-assertion. It would be very interesting to compare the character of the Bastard Faulconbridge

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with that of Edmund in King Lear. Both suffer from the stigma of illegitimacy; but what a different effect the consciousness of this stigma exercises on their respective natures! While Edmund is sullen, malicious, and cruel, Faulconbridge is, at the worst, impudent, at the best, fearless.

One point has been much insisted upon in connection with this play, and that is its bearing upon the question as to what were Shakespeare's religious opinions. Some have deduced from the eloquent denunciations of papal interference, which are placed in the mouth of King John, the conclusion that he was a strong Protestant; and the extreme opponents of the Church of Rome have even claimed him as one of their most zealous partisans. On the other hand, some Roman Catholics have maintained that his careful omission of the more offensive portions of the old play shows that he was, at heart, one of themselves.

The probability is that the truth lies between these two extremes; and that Shakespeare, while he thoroughly sympathized with the political aspect of the Reformation, was, in no strict sense of the word, a strong Protestant. I have heard it maintained with some show of probability, and much show of ingenuity, that Shakespeare was, in fact, a lax Roman Catholic, who did not care to face the political and social penalties involved in a strict fidelity

to what was then a proscribed religion. It may be doubted whether, in the case of a poet who shows such very wide human sympathies, it is a profitable occupation of one's time to argue this question at all. Suffice it to say, that the whole world has to be thankful that Shakespeare was too large-hearted to identify himself with any form of bigotry; and that, writing as he did for all mankind, he was as scrupulous as possible in avoiding the great error of giving unnecessary offence to any creed which embraced amongst its believers men of large heart as well as of great intellect. As a true poet, loving all that was beautiful and good, he could not help sympathizing with that religion which had so long represented the only form of Christianity in the world. On the other hand his enthusiastic love for his country, which is so often manifested throughout his plays, led him to sympathize more or less with that resentment of all foreign interference in politics which really formed the backbone, in England at least, of that movement which is commonly known as the Reformation. With Puritanism, the great religious factor in that movement, Shakespeare had positively no sympathy whatever; any more than he had with that strict submission to the supreme head of the Church, on the part of Roman Catholics, to which in modern times the name of Ultramontaniam has been given.





Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth.—(Act i. 1. 21.)

KING JOHN.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace.*

KING JOHN *on his Throne*; QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and others. *Banners of England, Normandy, and Aquitaine. Enter CHATILLON and Attendants.*

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,

In my behaviour,¹ to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty, of England here.

Elin. A strange beginning: "borrowed majesty!"

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf

Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim.

To this fair island and the territories,—¹⁰
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control² of fierce and bloody war,

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,

Controlment for controlment: so answer France.²⁰

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,

The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:

¹ *In my behaviour*, i.e. "with the behaviour which I now assume as his representative."

² *Control*, compulsion.

So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And sullen¹ présage of your own decay.—

An honourable conduct² let him have:—

Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.³ 30

[*Exeunt Chatillon, Attendants, and Pembroke.*]

Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said

How that ambitious Constance would not cease

Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?

This might have been prevented, and made whole,

With very easy arguments of love;

Which now the manage⁴ of two kingdoms must

With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers to Essex.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

Eli. [*Aside to King John*] Your strong possession much more than your right; 40

Or else it must go wrong with you and me:

So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven, and you and I, shall hear.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy

Come from the country to be judg'd by you
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.—[*Exit Sheriff.*]
Our abbeyes and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.

*Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE,
and PHILIP his bastard brother.*

What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son, 51
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,—
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. [*To Robert*] What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge. 56

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother, then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,—

That is well known; and, as I think, one father: 60

But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er⁵ to heaven, and to my mother:—
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.⁶

Bast. I, madam! no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, a⁷ pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:

Heaven guard my mother's honour—and my land! 70

K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.

But once he slander'd me with bastardy:

But whe'r⁸ I be as true begot or no;

That still I lay upon my mother's head,

But that I am as well begot, my liege,—

Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—

Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.

If old Sir Robert did beget us both, 80

And were our father, and this son like him,—

O old sir Robert, father, on my knee

I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick⁹ of Cœur-de-lion's face;

The accent of his tongue affecteth¹⁰ him.

Do you not read some tokens of my son

In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,

¹ Sullen, dismal.

² Conduct, escort.

³ Chatillon, pronounced as a quadrisyllable, Chatillon.

⁴ Manage, administration.

⁵ I put you o'er, i.e. I refer you.

⁶ Diffidence, suspicion.

⁷ A', an old corruption of he.

⁸ Whe'r=whether.

⁹ Trick, peculiarity.

¹⁰ Affecteth, resembles.

And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah,
 speak, 90
 What doth move you to claim your brother's
 land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my
 father.

With half that face would he have all my
 land:

A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my fa-
 ther liv'd,

Your brother did employ my father much,—

[*Bast.* Well, sir, by this you cannot get my
 land:

Your tale must be, how he employ'd my
 mother.

Rob.] And once dispatch'd him in an em-
 bassy

To Germany, there with the emperor¹ 100

To treat of high affairs touching that time.

Th' advantage of his absence took the king,

And in the mean time sojourn'd at my fa-
 ther's:

[Where how he did prevail, I shame to
 speak,—

But truth is truth:] large lengths of seas and
 shores

Between my father and my mother lay,—

As I have heard my father speak himself,—

[When this same lusty gentleman was got.]

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd

His lands to me, and took it² on his death, 110

That this, my mother's son, was none of his;

[And if he were, he came into the world

Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.]

Then, good my liege, let me have what is
 mine,

My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legiti-
 mate;—

Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;

And if she did play false, the fault was hers;

Which fault lies on the hazards of all hus-
 bands

That marry wives. [Tell me, how if my bro-
 ther, 120

Who, as you say, took pains to get this son, *

Had of your father claim'd this son for his?

In sooth, good friend, your father might have
 kept 123

This calf, bred from his cow, from all the
 world;

In sooth, he might: then, if he were my bro-
 ther's,

My brother might not claim him; nor your
 father,

Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,—

My mother's son did get your father's heir;]

Your father's heir must have your father's
 land.

Rob. Shall, then, my father's will be of no
 force 130

To dispossess that child which is not his?

[*Bast.* Of no more force to dispossess me,
 sir,

Than was his will to get me, as I think.]

Eli. [To *Bastard*] Whether hadst thou ra-
 ther be a Faulconbridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,

Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,

Lord of thy presence,³ and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my
 shape,

And I had his, sir Robert's his, like him;

And if my legs were two such riding-rods, 140

My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so
 thin,

That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,

Lest men should say, "Look, where three-
 farthings goes!"

And, to⁴ his shape, were heir to all this land,—

Would I might never stir from off this place,

I would give it every foot to have this face;

I would not be sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy
 fortune,

Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?

I am a soldier, and now bound to France. 150

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take
 my chance:

Your face hath got five hundred pound a year;

Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis
 dear.—

Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

¹ The emperor, i.e. Henry VI. surnamed Asper, or the
 Sharp.

² Took it, protested.

³ Presence, personal appearance

⁴ To=in addition to.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me
thither. 155

Bast. Our country manners give our betters
way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege,—so is my name be-
gun,—

Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name
whose form thou bear'st: 160

Kneel thou down Philip, but rise up more
great,—

Arise sir Richard and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me
your hand:

My father gave me honour, yours gave land.

[Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away!

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!

I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance but not by truth:¹
what though?²

Something about, a little from the right, 170

In ~~at~~ the window, or else o'er the hatch:

Who dares not stir by day must walk by night;

And have is have, however men do catch:

Near or far off, well won is still well shot;

And I am I, howe'er I was begot.]

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou
thy desire;

A landless knight makes thee a landed
squire.—

Come, madam,—and come, Richard; we must
speed

For France, for France; for it is more than
need.

Bast. Brother, adieu; good fortune come
to thee! 180

[For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

[*Trumpets. Exeunt all but Bastard.*

A foot of honour better than I was;

But many a many foot of land the worse.]

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—

"Good den,³ sir Richard!"—"God-a-mercy,
fellow!"

And if his name be George, I'll call him
Peter;

For new-made honour doth forget men's
names,—

'Tis too respective⁴ and too sociable

For your conversion.⁵ Now your traveller,—

He and his toothpick at my worship's mess;

And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,⁶ 191

Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize

My pick'd⁷ man of countries: "My dear sir;—

Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,—

"I shall beseech you"—that is question now;

And then comes answer like an Absey⁸ book:—

"O sir," says answer, "at your best command;

At your employment; at your service, sir;—

"No sir," says question, "I, sweet sir, at
yours:"

And so, ere answer knows what question
would.— 200

Saving in dialogue of compliment,

And talking of the Alps and Apennines,

The Pyrenean⁹ and the river Po,—

It draws toward supper in conclusion *sp.*

But this is worshipful society,

And fits the mounting spirit like myself;

For he is but a bastard to the time,

That doth not smack of observation;—

And so am I, whether I smack or no;

[And not alone in habit and device, 210

Exterior form, outward accoutrement,

But from the inward motion¹⁰ to deliver

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:

Which,¹¹ though I will not practise to deceive,

Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;

For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.]—

But who comes in such haste in riding robes?

[What woman-post is this? hath she no hus-
band,

That will take pains to blow a horn before
her?]

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES
GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother.—How now, good
lady! 220

What brings you here to court so hastily?

⁴ *Respective*, considerate.

⁵ *Conversion*, change of condition or station

⁶ *Suffic'd*, satisfied.

⁷ *Pick'd*, refined.

⁸ *Absey*, i.e. A, B, C.

⁹ *The Pyrenean*, i.e. the Pyrenees.

¹⁰ *Motion*, impulse.

¹¹ *Which*, i.e. "to deliver sweet poison."

¹ *Truth*, honesty.

² *What though?* what does it matter?

³ *Good den*, good evening.

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother?
where is he, 222
That holds in chase mine honour up and
down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's
son?

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou un-
reverend boy,

Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave
awhile? 230

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip?—sparrow!—James,
There's toys³ abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit Gurney.*]

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;

[Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,⁴
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:
We know his handiwork: therefore, good
mother,

To whom am I beholding⁵ for these limbs?
Sir Robert never help to make this leg.] 240

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother
too,

That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine
honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward⁶
knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basil-
isco-like;

What! I am dubb'd:—I have it on my shoul-
der.

But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:

Then, good my mother, let me know my fa-
ther;—

Some proper man, I hope: who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faul-
conbridge? 251

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was
thy father: 253

[By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed:]
Heaven lay not my transgression to my
charge!—



Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like;
What! I am dubb'd:—I have it on my shoulder.—(Act i. l. 244, 245.)

[Thou art the issue of my dear⁷ offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.]

Bast. [Now, by this light, were I to get
again,]

Madam, I would not wish a better father. 26
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,⁸

¹ Unreverend, irreverent.

² Give us leave awhile, i.e. leave us alone.

³ Toys, rumours.

⁴ To confess, to be honest.

⁵ Beholding, indebted.

⁶ Untoward, ungentle.

⁷ Dear, grievous.

⁸ Dispose, disposal.

Subjected tribute to commanding love, 264
 Against whose fury and unmatched force
 The aweless¹ lion could not wage the fight,
 Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's
 hand.
 He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
 May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
 With all my heart I thank thee for my fa-
 ther! 270

[Who lives and dares but say thou didst not;
 well 271
 When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
 Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;²
 And they shall say, when Richard me
 begot,
 If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin;
 Who says it was, he lies; I say 't was not.]
 [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *France. Before the walls of Angiers.*

Enter the ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA and Forces, drums, &c., on one side: on the other PHILIP, King of France, and Forces; LEWIS, ARTHUR, CONSTANCE, and Attendants. Banners of France, Bretagne, Austria, and the Oriflamme.

K. Phi. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.

Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
 By this brave duke came early to his grave:
 And for amends to his posterity,
 At our importance³ hither is he come,
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John: 10
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome
 hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death

The rather that you give his offspring life,
 Shadowing their right under your wings of
 war:

I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
 But with a heart full of unstained love:
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

K. Phi. A noble boy! Who would not do
 thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
 As seal to this indenture of my love;— 20

That to my home I will no more return,
 Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
 Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring
 tides,
 And coops from other lands her islanders,—
 Even till that England, hedg'd in with the
 main,

[That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,—
 Even till that utmost corner of the west]
 Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy, 30
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's
 thanks,
 Till your strong hand shall help to give him
 strength

To make a more⁴ requital to your love!

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift
 their swords

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work: our cannon shall
 be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.—
 Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
 To cull the plots of best advantages: 40
 We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
 Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's
 blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
 Least unadvis'd you stain your swords with
 blood:

My Lord Chatillon may from England bring

¹ Aweless, fearless.

² My kin, i.e. the King and Queen Dowager.

³ Importance, importunity.

⁴ More, greater.

That right in peace, which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly¹ shed.

Enter CHATILLON, and Attendants.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd! 51
[*To Chatillon*] What England says, say briefly,
gentle lord:

We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.
Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry
siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him
time
To land his legions all as soon as I;
His marches are expedient² to this town, 60



Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss — (Act II. 1. 19)

His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Ate,³ stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of
Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd;
And all the unsettled humours⁴ of the land,—
[Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their
backs, 70;
To make a hazard of new fortunes here:]
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have waft⁵ o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath⁶ in Christendom.

[*Drums within.*

The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.

¹ Indirectly, wrongly. ² Expedient, expeditious.

³ Ate, i.e. goddess of discord.

⁴ Unsettled humours, i.e. restless spirits.

⁵ Waft, wafted.

⁶ Scath, destruction.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much

We must awake endeavour for defence; 81
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome, then; we are prepar'd.

*Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the
BASTARD, PEMBROKE, and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in
peace permit
Our just and lineal¹ entrance to our own;
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to
heaven!

[Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to
heaven.]

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war
return
From France to England, there to live in
peace. 90

[England we love; and for that England's
sake

With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful
king,

Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.]

Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face;—
[Pointing to Arthur.

These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of
his: 100

[This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geoffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief² into as huge a volume.]
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right,
And his³ is Geoffrey's: in the name of God
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,

[Putting his hand on Arthur's head.
Which owe⁴ the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

¹ Lineal, i.e. by hereditary right.

² This brief, i.e. this abstract.

³ His=his (i.e. Arthur's) right.

⁴ Owe, own.

K. John. From whom hast thou this great
commission, France, 110

To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs
good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse,⁵—it is to beat usurping
down. 119

Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let mé make answer;—thy usurp-
ing son.

[*Eli.* Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be
king.]

That thou mayst be a queen, and check⁶ the
world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey.

Than thou and John in manners,—being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think
His father never was so true begot: 130
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots
thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that
would blot thee.]

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with
you,

An a' may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard:
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you
right;

Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith. 140

[*Blanch.* O, well did he become that lion's
robe

That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass:

⁵ Excuse, i.e. pardon me.

⁶ Check, rule.

But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders
crack.]

Aust. What cracker¹ is this same that deafs
our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Philip, determine what we shall do
straight.

K. Phi. Women and fools, break off your
conference.— 150

King John, this is the very sum of all,— 151
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:

Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon:—I do defy thee,
France.—

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.



K. Phi. Peace be to England.—(Act ii. 1. 89.)

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. [Mimicking a nurse talking to a child]

Do, child, go to it' grandam, child; 160

Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will

Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:

There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!

I would that I were low laid in my grave:

I am not worth this coil² that's made for me.

[Weeps.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy,
he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r³ she
does or no! 167

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's
shames,

Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his
poor eyes,

Which heaven shall take in nature of a
fee; 170

Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be
brib'd

To do him justice and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven
and earth!

¹ Cracker, a play on the word, which means boaster.

² Coil, disturbance.

³ Whe'r = whether.

K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods¹
as those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his
claim. 280

First Cit. Till you compound² whose right
is worthiest,

We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all
those souls

That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers!
to arms!

Bast. Saint George, that swing'd³ the dra-
gon, and e'er since

Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!—[*To Austria*] Sirrah,
were I at home, 290

At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace! no more.

Bast. O, tremble, for you hear the lion
roar.]

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll
set forth

In best appointment all our regiments.

Bast. Speed, then, to take advantage of the
field.

K. Phi. It shall be so;—[*To Lewis*] and at
the other hill

Command the rest to stand.—God and our
right! [*Exeunt.*]

*After excursions, enter the Herald of France,
with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your
gates, 300

And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath
made

Much work for tears in many an English
mother,

Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding
ground;

Many a widow's husband grovelling lies, 305
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly displayed,
To enter conquerors and to proclaim 310
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

Enter English Herald, with trumpet.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring
your bells;

King John, your king and England's, doth ap-
proach,

Commander of this hot malicious day:
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-
bright,

Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd
forth; 320

And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

First Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we
might behold,

From first to last, the onset and retire⁴

Of both your armies; whose equality

By our best eyes cannot be censured:⁵

Blood hath bought blood, and blows have an-
swer'd blows;

Strength match'd with strength, and power
confronted power: 330

Both are alike; and both alike we like.

One must prove greatest: while they weigh so
even,

We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

*Re-enter on one side, KING JOHN, ELINOR,
BLANCH, the BASTARD, Lords, and Forces;
on the other, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA,
and Forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood
to cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right run on?

¹ Bloods, men of mettle. ² Compound, agree.

³ Swing'd, whipped, conquered.

⁴ Retire, retreat.

⁵ Censured, judged.

[Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
With coursed disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep

A peaceful progress to the ocean.] 340

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one
drop of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate¹ overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms
we bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead,

[Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's
loss

With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.]

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory
towers, 350

When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!

[O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with
steel;

The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing² the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—]

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry "havoc," kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potents,³ fiery kindled spirits!

Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and
death! 360

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet
admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's
your king?

First Cit. The king of England, when we
know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up
his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great de-
puty,

And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

First Cit. A greater power than we denies
all this;

And till it be undoubted, we do lock 369
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;

[King'd of⁴ our fears, until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.];

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles⁵ of Angiers
flout you, kings,

And stand securely on their battlements,
[As in a theatre, whence they gape and point,
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.]

Your royal presences be rul'd by me:—
Do like the mutines⁶ of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England
mount 381

Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing⁷ clamours have brawld
down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:

[I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.]

That done, dis sever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;

Turn face to face, and bloody point to point; 390
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,

To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.

How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?⁸

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above
our heads,

I like it well.—France, shall we knit⁹ our
powers,

And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight¹⁰ who shall be king of it? 400

[*Bast.* An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish¹¹

town,—

Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;

And when that we have dash'd them to the
ground,

Why then defy each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or
hell.]

⁴ King'd of, i.e. ruled, as by a king, by.

⁵ Scroyles, literally "scabby fellows;" a term of abuse.

⁶ Mutines, mutineers. ⁷ Soul-fearing, soul-frighting.

⁸ The policy, the politic art. ⁹ Knit, unite.

¹⁰ Fight = fight (to decide) who, &c. ¹¹ Peevish, foolish.

¹ Climate, sky. ² Mousing, tearing to pieces.

³ Potents, potentates, powers.

K. Phi. Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction

Into this city's bosom. 410

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder¹ from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. [*Aside*] O prudent discipline! From
north to south,—

Austria and France shoot in each other's
mouth: 414

I'll stir them to it.—Come, away, away!

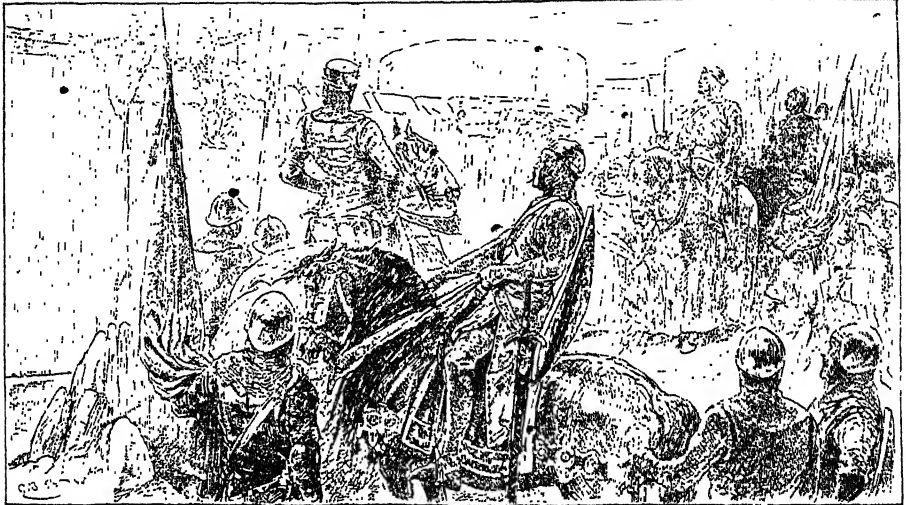
First Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe
awhile to stay,

And I shall show you peace and fair-fac'd
league;

Win you this city without stroke or wound;

Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,

That here confe sacrifices for the field: 420



First Cit. Hear us, great kings.—(Act ii. 1. 416.)

Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings. 421

K. John. Speak on with favour; we are bent
to hear.

First Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the
Lady Blanch,

Is niece to England: look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely
maid:

[If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth, 430
Whose veins bound² richer blood than Lady
Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth, 432

Is the young Dauphin every way complete:

If not complete, oh! say he is not she;

And she again wants nothing, to name want,

If want it be, but that she is not he:

He is the half part of a blessed man,

Left to be finished by such a she;

And she a fair divided excellence,

Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.] 440

O, two such silver currents, when they join,

Do glorify the banks that bound them in;

And two such shores to two such streams made
one,

Two such controlling bounds shall you be,
kings,

To these two princes, if you marry them.

This union shall do more than battery can

To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,

¹ *Thunder*, used collectively = "the thunder of our
cannon."

² *Bound*, inclose.

With swifter spleen¹ than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but, without this
match, 450

The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay²
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks
and seas,

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs! 460
[What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon,—fire, and smoke, and
bounce;³

He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France:]
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

[*K. Philip and Lewis talk together apart.*

Eli. [*Aside to K. John*] Son, list to this conjunction,⁴ make this match;

Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie 470
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
[That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.]

I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their
souls

Are capable of this ambition,
[Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.]

First Cit. Why answer not the double majesties 480

This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been
forward first

To speak unto this city: what say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy
princely son, 484
Can in this book of beauty read "I love,"
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:

[For Anjou and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,

And all that we upon this side the sea—
Except this city now by us besieg'd—
Find liable to our crown and dignity, 490
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.]

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the
lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow: 500

[I do protest I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table⁵ of her eye.]

[*Whispers with Blanch.*

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow! —
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy
Himself love's traitor:—this is pity now,
That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there
should be

In such a love so vile a lout as he.

[*Blanch.* My uncle's will in this respect is
mine: 510

If he see aught in you that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,

I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.

Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should
be your judge,

That I can find should merit any hate.] 520

K. John. What say these young ones?—
What say you, my niece?

¹ Spleen, vehemence.

² Stay, i.e. a living barrier; one that stops your passage.

³ Bounce, a loud sound; a bang.

⁴ Conjunction, union, matrimonial alliance.

⁵ Table, tablet.

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still
to do 522

What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can
you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from
love;

For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen,¹ Tou-
raine, Maine,

Poictiers and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks² of English coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal, 531
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes³ us well.—Young princes,
close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well as-
sur'd

That I did so when I was first assur'd.⁴

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your
gates,

Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?— 540
I know she is not, for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much:
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate⁵ at your
highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that
we have made

Will give her sadness very little cure.—

Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady? [In her right we came;

Which we, God knows, have turn'd another
way,

To our own vantage.]

K. John. We will heal up all; 550

For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bre-
tagne

And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair
town

We make him lord of.—Call the Lady Con-
stance;

Some speedy messenger bid her repair 554
To our solemnity:—[I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so
That we shall stop her exclamation.]

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp. 560

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard. The Citizens
retire from the walls.*]

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad com-
position!⁶

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with⁷ a part,
And France,—whose armour conscience
buckled on,

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier,—rounded⁸ in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly
devil,

That broker, that still breaks the pate of
faith,

That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,
maids,— 570

[Who, having no external thing to lose
But the word "maid," cheats the poor maid
of that,]

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling com-
modity,⁹—

[Commodity, the bias of the world,
The world, who of itself is peised¹⁰ well,
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,¹¹
From all direction, purpose, course, intent: 580
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing
word,]

Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd
aid,

From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.

And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet:

¹ Volquessen, the old name of *Le Vexin*, a part of Nor-
mandy. ² Marks, the mark was worth 13s. 4d.

³ Likes, pleases. ⁴ Assur'd, affianced.

⁵ Passionate, full of grief.

⁶ Composition, agreement.

⁷ Departed with, parted with.

⁸ Rounded, whispered.

⁹ Commodity, self-interest.

¹⁰ Peised, balanced.

¹¹ Indifferency, impartiality.

Not that I have the power to clutch¹ my hand,
 When his fair angels² would salute my
 palm; 590
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
 Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,

And say there is no sin but to be rich; 594
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be
 To say,—there is no vice but beggary.
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,
 Gain, be my lord,—for I will worship thee.
 [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *France. The French King's tent.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear
 a peace!
 False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be
 friends!
 Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those
 provinces?
 It is not, so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
 Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
 It cannot be; thou dost but say 't is so:
 I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
 Is but the vain breath of a common man:
 Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
 I have a king's oath to the contrary. 10
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
 For I am sick, and capable of³ fears;
 Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of
 fears;
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
 A woman, naturally born to fears;
 And though thou now confess thou didst but
 jest,
 With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son? 20
 What means that hand upon that breast of
 thine?
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,⁴
 Like a proud river peering o'er⁵ his bounds?
 Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?

Then speak again,—not all thy former tale,
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.
Sal. As true as I believe you think them
 false
 That give you cause to prove my saying true.
Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this
 sorrow, 29
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
 [And let belief and life encounter so
 As doth the fury of two desperate men,
 Which in the very meeting fall and die!—]
 Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art
 thou?
 France friend with England! what becomes
 of me?—
 Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight;
 This news hath made thee a most ugly man.
 [*Sal.* What other harm have I, good lady,
 done,
 But spoke the harm that is by others done?
Const. Which harm within itself so heinous
 is, 40
 As it makes harmful all that speak of it.]
Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.⁶
Const. If thou, that bidd'st me be content,
 wert grim,
 Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
 Full of unpleasing blots and sightless⁷ stains,
 Lame, foolish, crooked, swart,⁸ prodigious,⁹
 Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending
 marks,
 I would not care, I then would be content;
 For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
 But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,

¹ *Clutch*, shut close.

² *Angels*, the gold coins so called; a pun is intended.

³ *Capable of*, susceptible of. ⁴ *Rheum*, moisture.

⁵ *Peering o'er*, over-peering, rising above.

⁶ *Be content*, i.e. be calm. ⁷ *Sightless*, unsightly.

⁸ *Swart*, of dark complexion.

⁹ *Prodigious*, i.e. monstrous.

Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose. [But Fortune, O,

She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates¹ hourly with thine uncle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France

To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,—

That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.²

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee:

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
To me, and to the state of my great grief, 70
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[Sits herself on the ground.

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, the BASTARD, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day

Ever in France shall be kept festival:
[To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:] so
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day!—

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,

That it in golden letters should be set

Among the high tides³ in the calendar? 86

Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.

[Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child

Pray that their burthens may not fall this day, 90

Lest that their hopes prodigiously⁴ be cross'd:
But⁵ on this day let seamen fear no wreck;

No bargains break that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end,—

Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!]

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause

To curse the fair proceedings of this day:

Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit

Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd and tried, 100

Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood;

But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war

Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.

Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!

A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!

Let not the hours of this ungodly day

Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sun set, 110
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!

Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.

O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch,
thou coward!

Thou little valiant, great in villainy!

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!

Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight

But when her humorous⁶ ladyship is by

To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too, 120

³ High tides, great days, high festivals; tides=times.

⁴ Prodigiously, i.e. by the production of a prodigy, a monster.

⁵ But, except.

⁶ Humorous, capricious.

¹ Adulterates, commits adultery

² To under-bear, to endure.



And sooth'st up¹ greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping² fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,

Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me! 130

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!

To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand, 140
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,³
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories

Can task the free breath⁴ of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous, 150
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England

Add thus much more,—that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll⁵ in our dominions;

But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,
So, under Him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without th' assistance of a mortal hand :
[So tell the pope, all reverence set apart }
To him and his usurp'd authority.] 160

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blasphemé in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
[And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself;
Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;]
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose 170
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,

Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen - 181
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

[*Pand.* There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too: when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?] 190

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Elk. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

¹ Sooth'st up, flatterest. ² Ramping, rampant.

³ Force perforce, by violence. ⁴ Breath, speech

⁵ Tithe or toll, i.e. take tithe or toll.

Const. Look to that, devil; lest that France
repent, 190

And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

[*Aust.* King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant
limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these
wrongs, 200

Because—

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.]

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the
cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the car-
dinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend: 205
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

[*Const.* O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts
thee here

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from
her faith, 210

But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,

Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,—

That faith would live again by death of need.

O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts
up;

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers
not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer
well!

Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more
in doubt.

Bast. [To *Austria*] Hang nothing but a
calf's-skin, most sweet lout. 220

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what
to say.

Pand. What canst thou say but will perplex
thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my per-
son yours,

And tell me how you would bestow yourself.¹

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;

[The latest breath that gave the sound of
words 230

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true
love

Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could wash our
hands,

To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-
stain'd

With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did
paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings:]

And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of
blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both, 240
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?²

Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with
heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage-
bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,

And make a riot on the gentle brow

Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,

My reverend father, let it not be so!

Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose 250

Some gentle order; then we shall be blest

To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order order-
less,

Save what is opposite³ to England's love.

Therefore to arms! be champion of our church!

Or let the church, our mother, breathe her
curse,—

A mother's curse,—on her revolting son.

France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the
tongue,

A chafed lion by the mortal paw,

A fasting tiger safer by the tooth, 260

Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost
hold.

¹ Bestow yourself, i.e. behave yourself.

² Regret, salutation.

³ Opposite, hostile.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith. 262

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith; And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath, Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,

That is, to be the champion of our church!

[What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,

And may not be performed by thyself:

For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss 270

Is not amiss when it is truly done,

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done, not doing it:

The better act of purposes mistook

Is to mistake again; though indirect,

Yet indirection¹ thereby grows direct,

And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire

Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.²

It is religion that doth make vows kept;

But thou hast sworn against religion: 280

By that thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st by,

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth

Against an oath: the truth thou art unsure

To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;

Else what a mockery should it be to swear!

But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;

And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.

Therefore thy later vows against thy first

Is in thyself rebellion to³ thyself;]

And better conquest never canst thou make 290

Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts

Against these giddy loose suggestions:

Upon which better part our prayers come in,

If thou vouchsafe them.³ But if not, then know

The peril of our curses light on thee,

So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,

But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will't not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day? 300

Against the blood that thou hast married?

[What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men? 302

Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish⁴ drums,—

Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp?]

O husband, hear me!—ay, alack, how new

Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee, Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee, 310 Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom Forethought⁵ by heaven!

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love: what motive may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,

His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I muse⁶ your majesty doth seem so cold, When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need.—England, I'll fall from thee. 320

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

[*Bast.* Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,

Is it as hé will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder and dismember me. 330

Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss before the match be play'd.

¹ Indirection, wrong.

² To, against.

³ Vouchsafe them, i.e. art willing to accept them.

⁴ Churlish, rough-sounding.

⁵ Forethought, decreed.

⁶ Muse, wonder.

Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies. 337

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance¹ together. [*Exit Bastard.*]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage whose heat hath this condition.² 341
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,—
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn 344

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To arms let's hie!

[*Exeunt on one side King John, Elinor and Attendants: on the other King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Constance, Pandolph and Attendants. Trumpets sound.*]



K. John. Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent, and ta'en, I fear.—(Act III. 2. 5-7.)

SCENE II. *The same. Plains near Angiers.*

Alarums, excursions. Enter the BASTARD, with AUSTRIA's head, and the lion skin.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief.—Austria's head lie there,
While Philip breathes.

¹ *Puissance* = forces: pronounced here as a trisyllable.
Condition, quality.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keepst thou this boy. Philip, make up:³

My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. 10

[*Exeunt.*]

³ *Make up*, hurry on.

SCENE III. *The same.*

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, the BASTARD, HUBERT, and Lords.

K. John. [*To Elinor*] So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded. [*To Arthur*] Cousin, look not sad:

Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief!

K. John. [*To the Bastard*] Cousin, away for England! haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags

Of hoarding abbots; set at liberty
Imprison'd angels:¹ the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon: 10
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,

When gold and silver beckons me to come on.
I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray—
If ever I remember to be holy—

For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand,

Eli. Farewell, my gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell.

[*Exit Bastard.*]

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[*Takes Arthur aside.*]

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh 20
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.²

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet, 30

But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow, 31

Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say,—but let it go:

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds³

To give me audience:—if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy race of night;

If this same were a churchyard where we stand, 40

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,

Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy,
thick,

Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,—
A passion hateful to my purposes;

Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply

Without a tongue, using conceit⁴ alone, 50
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;

Then, in despite of brooded⁵ watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:

But, ah, I will not!—yet I love thee well;

And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my act,

By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye

On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend, 60

He is a very serpent in my way;

And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me:—dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

¹ *Angels*, gold coins, worth about 10s. each.

² *What good respect*, &c., i.e. "what great regard I have for thee."

³ *Gawds*, showy ornaments.

⁴ *Conceit*, thought.

⁵ *Brooded*=brooding, i.e. watchful as a bird on its nest.

Hub. My lord!

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

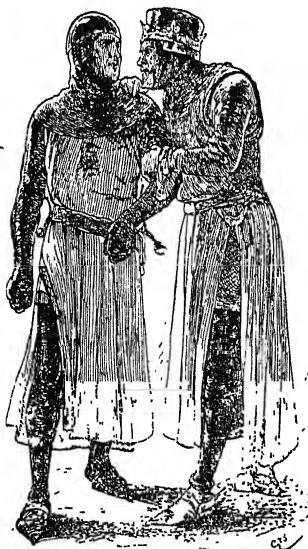
K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;

Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:

Remember.—Madam, fare you well:

I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty. 70



K. John.

Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.—(Act iii 3. 65, 66.)

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go:

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. The French King's tent.*

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,

A whole armado¹ of convicted² sail
Is scattered and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet g
well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we hav
run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?

Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friend
slain?

And bloody England³ into England gone,
Overbearing interruption, spite of France?

[*Lew.* What he hath won, that hath he for
tified:

So hot a speed with such advice⁴ dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England ha
this praise,

So we could find some pattern of our shame.—

Look, who comes here! a grave unto
a soul;

Holding th' eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.

Enter CONSTANCE.

I prithee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of you
peace.

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gent
Constance!

Const. No, I defy⁵ all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress
Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!

[Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness

Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,

Thou hate and terror to prosperity,

And I will kiss thy detestable bones,

And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows,

And ring these fingers with thy household
worms,

And stop this gap of breath⁶ with fulsome
dust,

And be a carrion monster like thyself:

Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'

And bus⁸ thee as thy wife! Misery's lov
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!

³ England, i.e. the King of England.

⁴ Advice, deliberation.

⁵ Defy, refuse.

⁷ Fulsome, nauseous.

⁶ Gap of breath = moul

⁸ Bus, kiss.

¹ Armado, fleet=armada.

² Convicted, defeated.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy¹ 40
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern² invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!
For then, 't is like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!— 50
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts³ were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity. 60

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses.—O, what love I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable⁴ grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,⁵
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it? 69

I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,
"O that these hands could so redeem my son,

As they have given these hairs their liberty!"
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child
To him that did but yesterday⁶ suspire,⁶ 80
There was not such a gracious⁷ creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
[And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,]
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.⁸ 90

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers⁹ me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.— 100
I will not keep this form¹⁰ upon my head,

[Tears off her head-dress.

When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

[Exit.

K. Phi. I fear some outrage,¹¹ and I'll follow her. [Exit.

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy:

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
[And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet]
world's taste, 110

¹ That fell anatomy = that cruel skeleton, i.e. Death.

² Modern, commonplace.

³ A babe of clouts, i.e. a rag-baby.

⁴ Sociable, to be pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

⁵ Loves = lovers.

⁶ Suspire, breathe. ⁷ Gracious, full of grace, lovely.
⁸ You hold too heinous a respect of grief, i.e. your dwelling so much on your grief is sinful.

⁹ Remembers, reminds.

¹⁰ This form, i.e. her head-dress.

¹¹ Outrage, i.e. outbreak of rage or fury.

That it yelds nought but shame and bitterness.] 111

Pand. [Before the curing of a strong disease,

Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all show¹ evil:]

What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.

No, no; when Fortune means to men most good, 119

She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King John
hath lost

In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you griev'd that Arthur¹ is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little
rub,²

Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore
mark. 130

John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's
veins,

The misplac'd³ John should entertain one hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.

A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of⁴ no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs
must fall;

So be it, for it cannot be but so. 140

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did. 144

Pand. How green you are and fresh in this old world!

John lays you⁵ plots; the times conspire with you;

[For he that sleeps his safety in true blood⁶
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.]

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up⁷ their zeal, 150
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;

[No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope⁷ of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no custom'd event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives,⁸ présages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.]

Lew. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life, 160
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.⁹

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the
hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick strong matter of¹⁰ revolt and
wrath

Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.

[Methinks I see this hurly¹¹ all on foot:
And, O, what better matter breeds for you 170
Than I have nam'd!]—The bastard Faulcon-
bridge

Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side,
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king:—'t is wonderful

⁵ Lays you, i.e. lays for you.

⁶ True blood, i.e. the blood of one who has the legitimate claim.

⁷ Scope, free effort.

⁸ Abortives, monstrosities.

⁹ In his prisonment, i.e. in the fact that he (Arthur) is in prison.

¹⁰ Strong matter of, i.e. strong reason for

¹¹ Hurly, tumult.

¹ Show, appear.

² Rub, obstacle: a term in the game of bowls.

³ Misplac'd, usurping.

⁴ Makes nice of, scruples at.

What may be wrought out of their discontent,
 Now that their souls are topfull of offence: 180
 For England go:—I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions:
 let us go:
 If you say ay, the king will not say no.
[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *England. A room in a castle*
[Northampton].

Enter HUBERT and Executioners.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look
 thou stand
 Within the arras: when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
 And bind the boy which¹ you shall find with
 me
 Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and
 watch.

First Exec. I hope your warrant will bear
 out the deed.

Hub. Unmanly scruples! fear not you: look
 to't.

[Exeunt Executioners.]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say² with
 you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince, having so great a
 title 10

To be more³ prince, as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks no body should be sad but I:
 Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
 Only for wantonness. By my christendom,⁴
 So I were out of prison, and kept sleep,
 I should be merry as the day is long;
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt⁵
 My uncle practises⁶ more harm to me: 20
 He is afraid of me and I of him:

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
 No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hu-
 bert.

Hub. *[Aside]* If I talk to him, with his in-
 nocent prate⁷

He will awake my mercy which lies dead:
 Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale
 to-day:

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
 That I might sit all night and watch with
 you: 30

I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. *[Aside]* His words do take possession
 of my bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur. *[Showing a paper.]*

[Aside] How now, foolish rheum!⁸
 Turning dispiteous⁹ torture out of door!

I must be brief, lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—
 Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine
 eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will. 40

Arth. Have you the heart? When your
 head did but ache,
 I knit my handkercher¹⁰ about your brows,—
 The best I had, a princess wrought it me,—
 And I did never ask it you again;
 And with my hand at midnight held your
 head;
 And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,

¹ Which = whom.

² To say, to speak.

³ More = greater.

⁴ Christendom, i.e. Christianity

⁵ Doubt, suspect.

⁶ Practises, plots.

⁷ Prate, prattle.

⁸ Rheum, moisture = tears.

⁹ Dispiteous, pitiless.

¹⁰ Handkercher, the old spelling of handkerchief.

Saying, "What lack you?" and "Where lies your grief?"

Or "What good love¹ may I perform for you?"
Many a poor man's son would have lien still, 50
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love
And call it cunning:—do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?

These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you.

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it! 60

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,

And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the water of mine innocence;

[Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.]
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?

An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,

I would not have believ'd him;—no tongue
but Hubert's— 70

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*]

Re-enter Attendants, with a cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert!—drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb; 80

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily: 82
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

First Exec. I am best pleased to be from such a deed. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself. 90

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then feeling what small things are boisterous² there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. [Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:]
Let me not hold my tongue,—let me not, Hubert; 100

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!—
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,

[Being create for comfort, to be us'd³
In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;]
The breath of heaven has blown his spirit out 110

And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

¹ Love, act of love.

² Boisterous, troublesome, violently disturbing.

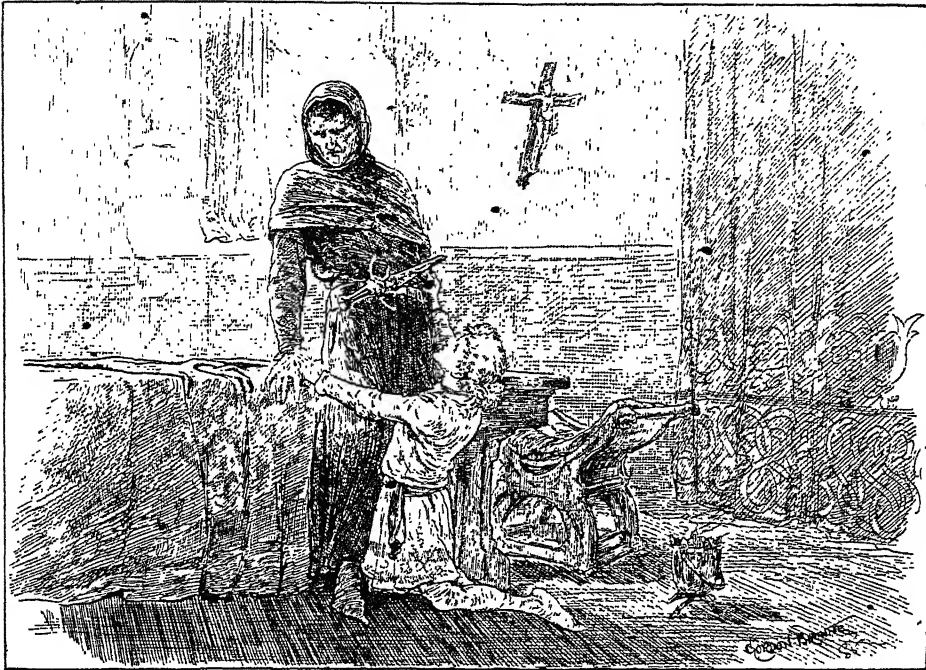
³ To be us'd, i.e. that it should be used.

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it
blush, 113
And glow with shame of your proceedings,
Hubert:
[Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.¹
All things that you should use to do me wrong

Deny their office: only you do lack 119
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.]

Hub. [Well, see to live;] I will not touch
thine eye

• For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
[Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.]



Arth. O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!—(Act iv. 1. 102, 103.)

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this
while

You were disguis'd. •

Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless² and se-
cure³ 130

That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

¹ Tarre him on, set him on.

² Doubtless, free from suspicion or fear.

•³ Secure, confident.

Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: go closely⁴ in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *King John's palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY,
and other Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again
crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

⁴ Closely, secretly.

Pem. This once again, but that your high-
ness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous:¹ you were crown'd
before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double
pomp,
To guard² a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
[To smoothe the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to gar-
nish,]

Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be
done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

[*Sal.* In this the antique and well noted
face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch
about;³

Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth sus-
pected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better
than well,
They do confound⁴ their skill in covetous-
ness;⁵
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the ex-
cuse,—

As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault⁶
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.]

Sal. To this effect, before you were new
crown'd,

We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your
highness

To overbear it; [and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness
will.]

K. John. Some reasons of this double coro-
nation

I have possess'd you with, and think them
strong;

And more, more strong than less—so is my
fear—

I shall indu⁷ you with: meantime but ask
What⁸ you would have reform'd that is not
well;

And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I—as one that am the tongue
of these,

To sound⁸ the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies—heartily request
Th' enfranchisement of Arthur; whose re-
straint

Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
[To break into this dangerous argument,—
If what in rest⁹ you have in right you hold,
Why, then, your fears—which, as they say, at-
tend

The steps of wrong—should move you to mew
up

Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his
youth

The rich advantage of good exercise?¹⁰
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions,] let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask, his liberty;
[Which for our goods¹¹ we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts if your weal he have his liberty.]

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his
youth

To your direction.

¹ Once superfluous, i.e. once too many.

² Guard, to ornament with fringe or trimmings.

³ To fetch about, to veer round.

⁴ Confound, destroy.

⁵ Covetousness, i.e. eagerness to excel

⁶ Fault, blemish, defect.

⁷ Indue, supply

⁸ To sound, to give utterance to.

⁹ In rest, in peace.

¹⁰ Exercise, study.

¹¹ For our goods, i.e. for our own good.

Enter HUBERT. KING JOHN takes him aside.

Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;

He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine: 70
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close¹ aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:²
[His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue
thence 80

[The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.]

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong
hand:—

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past
cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death
he was

Before the child himself felt he was sick:—
This must be answer'd either here or hence.³

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn
brows on me? 90

Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent⁴ foul play; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with
thee,

And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.⁵

[That blood which ow'd⁶ the breadth of all
this isle,

Three foot of it doth hold:—bad world the
while!] 100

This must not be thus borne: this will break
out

To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

[*Exeunt Lords*]

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repe
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that bloo
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—how goes all
France?

Mess. From France to England.—Ne
such a power

For any foreign preparation

Was levied in the body of a land.

The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For when you should be told they do prepa
The tidings comes that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligen
been drunk?

Where hath it slept? Where is my mothe
care,

That such an army could be drawn⁸ in Fran
And she not hear of it?

Mess.

My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April di
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lor
The Lady Constance in a frenzy di
Three days before: but this from rumo
tongue

I idly⁹ heard,—if true or false I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful
casion! 10

O, make a league with me, till I have plea
My discontented peers!—What! mother de
How wildly, then, walks¹¹ my estate in France
Under whose conduct came those powers
France

That thou for truth giv'st out are landed he

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the BASTARD and PETER of Pomfre

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings. [To the Bast

Now, what says the wc

¹ Close, reserved.

² Set, appointed.

³ Hence, i.e. in another world.

⁴ Apparent, evident.

⁵ A forced grave, i.e. a grave to which he had come by
a violent death.

⁶ Ow'd, owned.

⁷ Our intelligence, i.e. those whose duty it was to su
as with intelligence.

⁸ Drawn, levied.

⁹ Idly, casually.

¹⁰ Occasion, fortune.

¹¹ How wildly walks, how ill goes.

To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff 133
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afraid to hear the
worst,

Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was
amaz'd¹

Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft² the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will. 140

Bast. How I have sped among the clergy-
men,

The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;³
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I
found

With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding
rhymes, 150

That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst
thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall
out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison
him;

And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety;⁴ and return,
For I must use thee. [*Exit Hubert with Peter.*]

O my gentle cousin,

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths
are full of it: 161

Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;

Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better
foot before. 170

O, let me have no subjects enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!

Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me
speed.

K. John. Spoke like a sprightly⁵ noble
gentleman. [*Exit Bastard.*]

[*To Messenger.*] Go after him; for he perhaps
shall need

Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. 180
[*Exit.*]

* *K. John.* My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were
seen to-night;⁶
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons!

Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their
mouths:

And when they talk of him, they shake their
heads

And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's
wrist, 190

Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling
eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, - which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet, -
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattail'd and rank'd in Kent:

¹ *Amaz'd*, stunned.

² *Aloft* - above.

³ *Strangely fantasied*, filled with strange fancies.

⁴ *Safety*, safe-keeping.

⁵ *Sprightly*, full of spirit.

⁶ *To-night*, i.e. last night.

Another lean unwash'd artificer 201
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me
with these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty
cause

To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill
him.

Hub. No had,¹ my lord! why, did you not
provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be at-
tended

By slaves that take their humours for a war-
rant

To break within the bloody house of life; 210

And, on the winking of authority,

To understand a law; to know the meaning



Hub. I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thrice. —(Act iv. 2. 193.)

Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it
frowns 213

More upon humour² than advis'd respect.³

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what
I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt
heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been
by, 220

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd, 221

Quoted,⁴ and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,

This murder had not come into my mind:

But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,

Finding thee fit for bloody villany,

Apt, liable⁵ to be employ'd in danger,

I faintly broke with thee⁶ of Arthur's death;

And thou, to be endeared to a king,

Made it no conscience⁷ to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,— 230

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head,
or made a pause,

¹ No had = had none. ² Humour, caprice.

³ Advis'd respect, deliberate consideration.

⁴ Quoted, noted.

⁵ Liable, suitable, fit.

⁶ Broke with thee, opened the subject with thee.

⁷ No conscience = no matter of conscientious scruple.

When I spake darkly what I purposed, 232
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
 As¹ bid me tell my tale in express words,
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me
 break off,

And those tily fears might have wrought fears
 in me:

But thou didst understand me by my signs,
 And didst in signs again parley with sin;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And consequently thy rude hand to act 240
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to
 name.

Out of my sight, and never see me more!
 My robes leave me; and my state is brav'd,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign
 powers:

Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 [Laying his hand upon his breast.
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns
 Between my conscience and my cousin's
 death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and
 you. 250

Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet
 The dreadful motion² of a murderous thought;
 And you have slander'd nature in my form,—
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee
 to the peers, 260

Throw this report on their incensed rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience!
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 O, answer not; but to my closet bring
 The angry lords with all expedient³ haste.
 I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

[Exeunt.

¹ As—as if.

² Motion, impulse.

³ Expedient, expeditious.

SCENE III. *The same. Before the castle.*

*Enter, on the walls, disguised as a ship-
 boy* ARTHUR.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap
 down:

Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!—
 There's few or none do know me: if they
 did,

This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me
 quite.

I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
 As good to die and go, as die and stay.

[Leaps down.

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my
 bones! [Dies. 10

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *an open letter in
 his hand, and* BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him⁴ at Saint Ed-
 mundsbury:

It is our safety, and we must embrace
 This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the
 cardinal?

Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of
 France;

Whose private⁵ with me of the Dauphin's love
 Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him,
 then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward; for't will be
 Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distem-
 per'd⁶ lords! 21

The king by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath disposess'd himself of
 us:

We will not line his thin bestained cloak
 With our pure honours, nor attend the foot

⁴ Him, i.e. the Dauphin.

⁵ Private=private communication.

⁶ Distemper'd, discontented, out of humour.

That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.

Return and tell him so: we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs,¹ and not our manners, reason now. 20

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief; Therefore, 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true,—to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison:—what is he lies here?

[*Seeing the body of Arthur, he stoops to examine it: the others gather round him.*]

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,

Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,

Found it too precious-princely for a grave. 40

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? [have you beheld,

Or have you read or heard? or could you think?

Or do you almost think, although you see, That you do see? could thought, without this object,

Form such another? [*Turning to the others*]

This is the very top,

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest, Of murder's arms:] this is the bloodiest shame,

The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,

That ever wall-ey'd² wrath or staring rage

Presented to the tears of soft remorse.³ 50

[*Pem.* All murders past do stand excus'd in this:

And this, so sole and so unmatched,

Shall give a holiness, a purity,

To the yet unbegotten sin of times;

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,

Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.]

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;•

The graceless action of a heavy hand,—
If that it be the work of any hand. 50



Arth. Good ground, be pitiful and nurt me not!—(Act iv. 3. 2.)

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand!—
We had a kind of light what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;

¹ *Griefs*, grievances.

² *Wall-ey'd* = staring, fierce-ey'd.

³ *Remorse*, pity.

The practice¹ and the purpose of the king:—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul, 64

[*He kneels beside Arthur's body.*

Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his² breathless excellence,
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness, 70
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. } Our souls religiously confirm thy

Big. } words. [*They both kneel:*
and then all three rise.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking
you:

Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold and blushes not at death.
Avant, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law?
[*Drawing his sword.*

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up
again.

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's
skin. 80

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury,—stand
back, I say;
By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as
yours:

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a
nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so; 90
Yet³ I am none: whose tongue soe'er speaks
false,

Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by,⁴ or I shall gall you, Faulcon-
bridge. 94

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salis-
bury:

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword be-
time;

Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from
hell. 100

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulcon-
bridge?

Second a villain and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince?

[*Pointing to Arthur's body.*

Hub. [*Seeing the body for the first time: he
rushes up to it—then bursts into tears.*]

'Tis not an hour since I left him well:

I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep

My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his
eyes,

For villany is not without such rheum;

And he, long traded in it,⁵ makes it seem

Like rivers of remorse⁶ and innocency. 110

Away with me, all you whose souls abhor

Th' uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;

For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin
there!

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire
us out. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Bast. Here's a good world!—Knew you of
this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach

Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,

Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.—

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what; 120

Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so
black;

Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lu-
cifer:

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell

As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

⁴ Stand by, i.e. stand back.

⁵ Long traded in it, expert in it, as in a trade long prac-
tised.

⁶ Remorse, pity.

¹ Practice, device, plot.

² His, i.e. Arthur's.

³ Yet—hitherto.

Hub. Upon my soul—

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a
beam

To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thy-
self, 130

Put but a little water in a spoon,

And it shall be as all the ocean,

Enough to stifle such a villain up.—

I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous
clay,

Let hell want pains enough to torture me!—

I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—

[*Hubert goes, and takes up the body of*

Arthur in his arms.

I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way 140

Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; [and England now is left
To tug and scramble,¹ and to part by the
teeth

The unworn² interest of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:] 150
Now powers from home and discontents at
home

Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture³ can
Hold out this tempest.—[*To Hubert*] Bear
away that child

And follow me with speed: I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,⁴
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. [? *Northampton.*] *A room in*
KING JOHN'S palace.

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH, with the crown,
and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your
hand

The circle⁵ of my glory.

Pand. Take again

[*Giving King John the crown.*

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go
meet the French,

And from his holiness use all your power⁶

To stop their marches 'fore we are inflam'd.⁷

[Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul 10
To stranger's blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd⁸ humour
Rests by you only to be qualified:¹⁰
Then pause not; for the present time's so
sick,

That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.]

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tem-
pest up,

Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;

But since you are a gentle convertite,¹¹

My tongue shall hush again this storm of
war, 20

And make fair weather in your blust'ring¹²
land.

On this Ascension-day, remember well,

¹ *Scamble.* to seize violently; or, perhaps, to struggle.

² *Unworn.* unworn. ³ *Cincture,* girdle.

⁴ *Are brief in hand,* must be speedily despatch'd.

⁵ *Circle*=crown.

⁶ *And from his holiness, &c.,* "Use all the power you
derive from the Pope."

⁷ *Inflam'd,* burnt up, set on fire.

⁸ *Stranger,* an adjective here=of strangers.

⁹ *Mistemper'd,* disaffected. ¹⁰ *Qualified,* moderated.

¹¹ *Convertite,* convert. ¹² *Blust'ring,* turbulent.

Upon your oath of service to the pope, 23
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

[*Exit.*]

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not
the prophet
Say that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off?¹ Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there
holds out 30
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down



K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.—(Act v. 1. 1, 2.)

The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me
again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into
the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life 40
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en
away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he
did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he
knew.

But wherefore do you droop? why look you
sad? 44

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner and outface the
brow

Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes, 50
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glister² like the god of war,

¹ Give off = give up.

² Glister, glisten.

When he intendeth to become¹ the field : 55
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble
there?

O, let it not be said!—Forage,² and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors, 60
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been
with me,

And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,³
Send fair-play orders,⁴ and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,⁵
A cocker'd⁶ silken wanton, brave our fields, 70
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance the cardinal cannot make your
peace;

Or if he do, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this
present time.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage! yet,⁷ I
know,

Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Near St. Edmundsbury. The
French camp.*

*Enter in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN,
PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied
out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:⁸

¹ To become, to grace.

² Forage, i.e. "go in search of prey."

³ Upon the footing of our land, i.e. standing upon our
own land. ⁴ Orders, terms of agreement.

⁵ A beardless boy, i.e. the Dauphin.

⁶ Cocker'd, pampered.

⁷ Yet, still, i.e. in spite of the defection of some of the
lords.

⁸ Remembrance, to be pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

Return the precedent⁹ to these lords again;
That, having our fair order¹⁰ written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,¹¹
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.

And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, an unurg'd faith 10

To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time

Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound

By making many. [O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal¹² from my side

To be a widow-maker! O, and there
Where honourable rescue and defence

Cries out upon¹³ the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time, 20

That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand

Of stern injustice and confused wrong.]
[*Turning to the English lords*] And is't not

pity, O my grieved friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,

Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger,¹⁴ march

Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks,—[I must withdraw and

weep
Upon the spot¹⁵ of this enforced cause,— 30

To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted¹⁶ colours here?

What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst
remove!

That Neptune's arms, who clippeth¹⁷ thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy-

self,
And grapple¹⁸ thee unto a pagan shore;

Where these two Christian armies might com-
bine

The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in
this; 40

⁹ Precedent, rough draft.

¹⁰ Order, arrangement

¹¹ Sacrament, oath.

¹² Metal, sword.

¹³ Cries out upon, i.e. calls upon to take their side.

¹⁴ Stranger = foreigner.

¹⁵ Upon the spot, i.e. on account of the disgrace.

¹⁶ Unacquainted, strange.

¹⁷ Clippeth, embraceth. ¹⁸ Grapple, fasten securely.

And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Doth make an earthquake of nobility. 42

[O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect! 1

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks: 7

My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;

But this effusion of such manly drops, 49
This shower blown up by tempest of the soul,

Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven

Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.]
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,

And with a great heart heave away this storm:
[Commend these waters to those baby eyes

That never saw the giant world enrag'd; 7
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,

Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.]
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand

as deep 60
Into the purse of rich prosperity

As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of

mine.—
And even there,² methinks, an angel spake:

Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,

And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this,—King John hath reconcil'd

Himself to Rome; [his spirit is come in, 70
That so stood out against the holy church,

The great metropolis and see of Rome:]
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind

up;
[And tame the savage spirit of wild war,

That, like a lion fostered up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,

And be no further harmful than in show.]
Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not

back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,³

To be a secondary at control, 80

Or useful serving-man, and instrument, 81
To any sovereign state throughout the world.

Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,

And brought in matter that should feed this
fire;

And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.

You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to⁴ this land,

Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart; 80
And come ye now to tell me John hath made

His peace with Rome? What is that peace to
me?

I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;

And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with

Rome?
[Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath

Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,

To underprop⁵ this action? Is't not I
That undergo this charge?⁶ who else but I, 100

And such as to my claim are liable,⁷
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?

Have I not heard these islanders shout out
"Vive le roi!" as I have bank'd⁸ their towns?

Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?

And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?⁹
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this
work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return 110
Till my attempt so much be glorified

As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,¹⁰

And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, and to win renown

Even in the jaws of danger and of death.]
[Trumpet sounds.

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

⁴ Interest to=claim to. ⁵ To underprop, to support.

⁶ Charge, expense. ⁷ Liable, associated.

⁸ Bank'd, sailed by: the towns being on the banks of the river.

⁹ Set, here= set, or rubber, of six games: a term used at tennis.

¹⁰ Drew this gallant head of war, i.e. collected together this army.

¹ Respect, i.e. consideration (for thy country).

² There, i.e. in what I have just said.

³ Propertied, made a property or tool of.

Enter the BASTARD, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,

Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:
My holy lord of Milan, from the king 120
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize¹ with my entreaties;
He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury
breath'd,
The youth says well.—Now hear our English
king;

For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason too he should: 130
[This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd² masque and unadvis'd revel,
This unhair'd³ sauciness and boyish troop,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms.
From out the circle of his territories.]

That hand which had the strength, even at
your door,

To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,⁴
[To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
To crouch in litter⁵ of your stable planks, 140
To lie like pawns⁶ lock'd up in chests and
trunks,]

To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: know the gallant monarch is in arms
And, like an eagle o'er his airy⁷ towers,
To souse⁸ annoyance that comes near his
nest.— 150

[To the English lords.] And you degenerate,
you ingrate revolts,⁹

¹ *Temporize*, come to terms with.

² *Harness'd*, clad in armour.

³ *Unhair'd*, i.e., beardless.

⁴ *Take the hatch*, i.e. leap over the half-door (into the house).

⁵ *Litter*, the straw on the floor.

⁶ *Pawns*, i.e. articles pledged or pawned.

⁷ *Aery*, brood.

⁸ *To souse*, to pounce upon.

⁹ *Revolts*, deserters.

You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb 152
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
For your own ladies and pale-visag'd maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needs¹⁰ to lances, and their gentle
hearts

To fierce and bloody inclination.]

Lew. There end thy brave,¹¹ and turn thy
face in peace;

We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee
well; 160

We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabblor.¹²

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.—
[To the French soldiers] Strike up the
drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten
will cry out;

And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall 171
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's¹³ ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at
hand,—

Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than
need,—

Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this
danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do
not doubt. [Exeunt. 180

SCENE III. *The same. The field of battle.*

Alarums. Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O,
tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

¹⁰ *Needs*, needles.

¹¹ *Brave*, bravado.

¹² *Brabblor*, brawler.

¹³ *The welkin's*, the sky's.

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me
so long,
Lies heavy on me;—O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to
the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great
supply,¹
That was expected by the Dauphin here, 10
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin
Sands.

This news was brought to Richard but even
now:

The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.²

K. John. Ay me! this tyrant fever burns
me up,

And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. 17

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, and BIGOT.

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd³ with
friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the
French:

If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say King John sore sick hath
left the field.

Enter MELUN, wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts⁴ of England
here.

Sal. When we were happy we had other
names.

Pem. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought
and sold; 10

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He⁵ means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more⁶ with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love. 20

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Melun. Have I not hideous death within
my view,

[Retaining but a quantity⁷ of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth⁸ from his figure 'gainst the fire?]
What in the world should make me now de-
ceive,

[Since I must lose the use⁹ of all deceit?
Why should I, then, be false, since it is true
That I must die here and live hence¹⁰ by
truth?]

I say again, if Lewis do win the day, 30
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:

[But even this night,—whose black contagious
breath

Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated¹¹ treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.] 39

Commend me to one Hubert with your king:
The love of him,—and this respect¹² besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour¹³ of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my
thoughts

In peace and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

⁵ *He*, i.e. Lewis.

⁶ *More*, more.

⁷ *Quantity*, i.e. small portion.

⁸ *Resolveth*, dissolveth.

⁹ *Use*, advantage.

¹⁰ *Hence*, i.e. in another world.

¹¹ *Rated*, appraised.

¹² *Respect*, consideration.

¹³ *Rumour*, confused noise.

¹ *Supply*, reinforcements.

² *Retire themselves*, retreat.

³ *Stor'd*, supplied.

⁴ *The revolts*, i.e. the deserters: the lords who had revolted against King John, and joined the French.

Sal. We do believe thee: and beshrew my soul
 But I do love the favour¹ and the form 50
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of damned flight,
 And, like a bated and retired flood,
 Leaving our rankness² and irregular course,
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-
 look'd;³
 And calmly run on in obedience
 Even to our ocean, to our great King John.—
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee
 hence;
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death
 Right in thine eye. Away, my friends! New
 flight; 60
 And happy newness, that intends old right.
[Exeunt, leading off Melun.]

[SCENE V. *The French camp.*]• *Enter LEWIS and his train.*

Lew. The sun of heaven methought was
 loath to set,
 But stay'd and made the western welkin⁴ blush,
 When English measure backward their own
 ground
 In faint retire.⁵ O, bravely came we off,
 When with a volley of our needless shot,
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
 And wound our tott'ring⁶ colours clearly⁷ up,
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

*Enter a Messenger.**Mess.* Where is my prince, the Dauphin?*Lew.* Here: what news?*Mess.* The Count Melun is slain; the Eng-
 lish lords, 10

By his persuasion, are again fall'n off,
 And your supply,⁸ which you have wish'd so
 long,

Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! beshrew thy
 very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night 15
 As this hath made me.—Who was he, that
 said

King John did fly, an hour or two before
 The stumbling night⁹ did part our weary
 powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.*Lew.* Well; keep good quarter¹⁰ and good
 care to-night: 20

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
 To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

*[Exeunt.]*SCENE VI. *An open place near Swinstead
 Abbey. Night-time.**Enter, severally, the BASTARD and HUBERT.**Hub.* Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly,
 or I shoot.*Bast.* A friend.—What art thou?*Hub.* Of the part of England.*Bast.* Whither dost thou go?*Hub.* What's that to thee?*Bast.* Why may not I demand
 Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?*Hubert, I think?*

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
 I will, upon all hazards, well believe
 Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue
 so well.

Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please,
 Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
 I come one way of the Plantagenets. 11

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and end-
 less nightHave done me shame:—brave soldier, pardon
 me,

That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
 Should scape the true acquaintance of mine
 ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what
 news abroad?*Hub.* Why, here walk I, in the black brow
 of night,

To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?⁹ *The stumbling night*, i.e. the night which makes one
 stumble.¹⁰ *Keep good quarter*, i.e. keep your quarters well guarded.¹ *Favour*, look.² *Rankness*, excess.³ *O'erlook'd*, i.e. overborne.⁴ *Welkin*, sky.⁵ *Retire*, retreat.⁶ *Tott'ring*=tattered. Some make it=wavering.⁷ *Clearly*, completely, or, perhaps, stainlessly.⁸ *Supply*, reinforcements.

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,—

Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible. 20

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news:

I am no woman, I'll not swoond¹ at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:

I left him almost speechless; and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might

The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved² villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover. 31

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not the lords are all come back,

And brought Prince Henry in their company?
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,

And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,

And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,

Passing these flats, are taken by the tide; 40
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt³ he will be dead or ere I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The orchard of Swinestead Abbey.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood

Is touch'd corruptibly;⁴ and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,

¹ Swoond, swoon.

² Resolved, resolute

³ Doubt, fear.

⁴ Corruptibly, i.e. so as to be corrupted.

Doth by the idle comments that it makes 4
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief

That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.— 10

Doth he still rage? [*Exit Bigot.*]

Pem. He is more patient

Than when you left him; even now he sung

P. Hen. [O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,

In their continuance, will not feel themselves.

Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he picks and wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,

Confound themselves.] 'Tis strange that death should sing.— 20

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born

To set a form upon that indigest⁵

Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter BIGOT, with Attendants, carrying
KING JOHN in a chair.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;

It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom, 30
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

⁵ Indigest, a shapeless mass; chaos.

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook,
cast off: 35

And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;¹
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the
north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched
lips, 40

And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you
much, 41

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,²
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in
my tears,

That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison



K. John Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast off.—(Act v. 7 35.)

Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent
motion,

And spleen³ of speed⁴ to see your majesty! 50

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set⁴
mine eye:

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should
sail,

Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And module⁵ of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hither-
ward,

Where heaven He knows⁶ how we shall
answer him; 60

For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon⁷ advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily

¹ *Maw*, stomach.

² *Strait*, niggardly.

³ *Spleen*, eagerness.

⁴ *To set*, to close.

⁵ *Module*, model= image.

⁶ *Heaven He knows*= God only knows.

⁷ *Upon*, on account of.

Devoured by the unexpected flood. 64

[*King John dies.*]

Sal. 'You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—

My liege! my lord!—but now a king,—now thus. 65

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,

When this was now a king, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind 70

To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,

As it on earth hath been thy servant still. 71

[[*To the revolted Lords*] Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,

Where be your powers? show now your mended faiths,

And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.

Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;

The Dauphin rages at our very heels. 80

Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we:

The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;

For many carriages he hath dispatch'd 90
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:

With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,

If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so: and you, my noble prince,

With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.]

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be inter'd;

For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then: 100

And happily may your sweet self put on

The lineal state and glory of the land!

To whom, with all submission, on my knee,

I do bequeath my faithful services

And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,

To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks,

And knows not how to do it but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful true, 110

Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—

This England never did, nor never shall,

Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,

But when it first did help to wound itself.

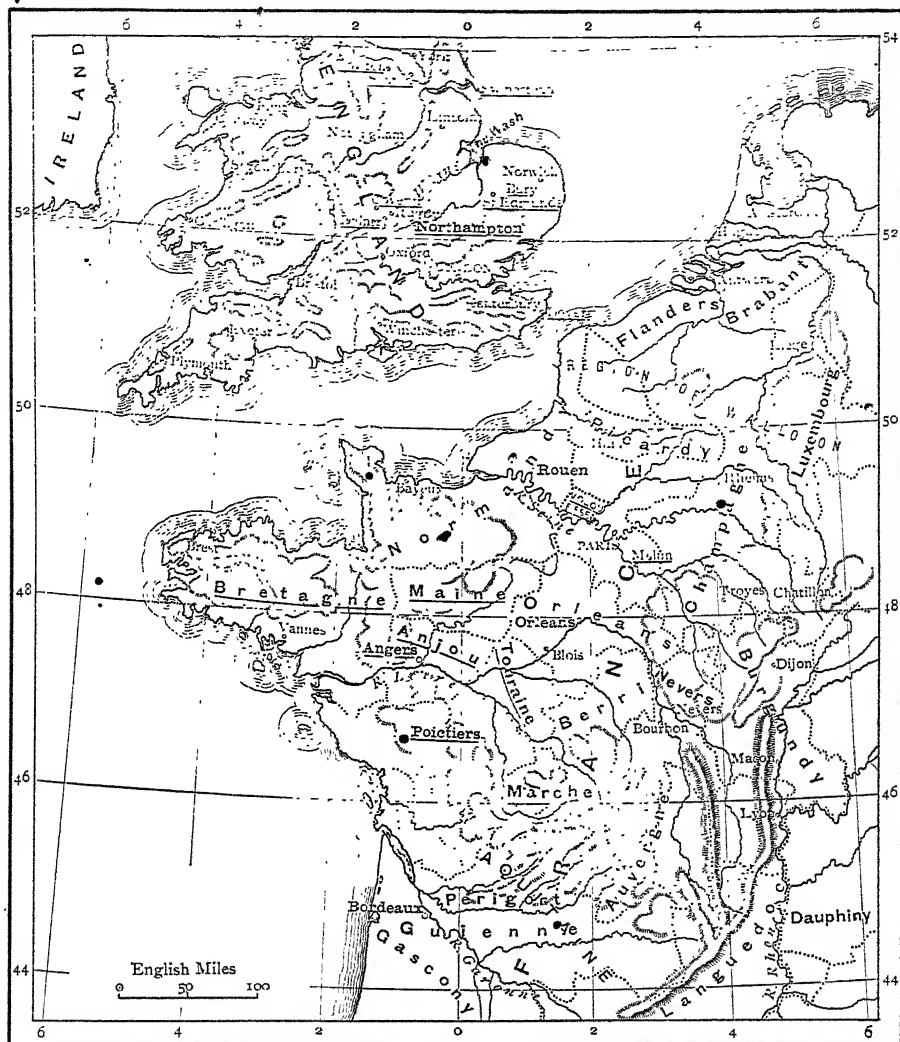
Now these her princes are come home again,

Come the three corners of the world in arms,

And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,

If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*]

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE KING JOHN.



NOTES TO KING JOHN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. JOHN, surnamed LACKLAND, was the youngest of the five sons of Henry II. by Eleanor his wife, Duchess of Guienne (or Aquitaine). The other four sons were: William, the eldest, who died in 1155, and was buried

at Reading (see Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 112); Henry, who married Margaret, daughter of Lewis VII., and died of a fever at a village near Limoges; Richard Cœur-de-Lion; Geoffrey, the husband of Constance and father of Arthur, who was killed in a tournament at Paris, 1186. John was born 1166; in 1185 he was sent over as governor of Ire-

land, but recalled after nine months. John does not appear to have joined his brothers in their rebellion against their father until 1188. Early next year, peace being concluded between Henry II. and Philip Augustus of France, a list of barons who had joined the French king was at Henry's request handed to him. The very first that his eye fell upon was that of his youngest and favourite son, John, the discovery of whose treachery broke his father's heart. On June 6th of that same year Henry II. died, and was succeeded by Richard Cœur-de-Lion. John appears to have been as faithful to his brother as to his father, for he was always intriguing against him. As early as 1190, when Richard was absent at the Crusades, John had resolved to seize the throne on the earliest opportunity. On the death of Cœur-de-Lion, in 1199, he immediately declared himself heir to the throne, in spite of the undoubted right of Arthur, the son of his elder brother, Geoffrey. It was pretended that Richard on his deathbed had declared John his successor, and heir to one-third of his property. It is to this that Queen Eleanor alludes, when she tells Constance (ii. 191, 192):

Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.

John reigned from 1199 to 1216, and died in the forty-ninth year of his age. John was married first (in 1189) to Isabel, or Havia, as some of the chroniclers call her, daughter and heiress of the Earl of Gloucester, by whom he had no issue. In 1201 he married Isabella, daughter of Aymar, Count of Angoulême, she being at that time privately espoused to Hugh le Brun, Count de la Marche. She bore him three sons and three daughters. Henry, the eldest son, alone figures in this play. Four years after John's death she married her old love, the Count de La Marche.

2. PRINCE HENRY was born October 1st, 1206. He was therefore just ten years old when, on October 26th, 1216, he was crowned king; the Earl of Pembroke being chosen as protector. He married Eleanor, daughter of Raymond Count of Provence, in 1236; and by her was father, amongst other children, of Edward I., and Margaret, who married Alexander, King of Scotland. He reigned fifty-six years; and died on November 16th, 1272.

3. ARTHUR DUKE OF BRETAGNE was the posthumous son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, fourth son of Henry II., who, according to some historians, was trampled to death at a tournament, on August 19th, 1185. Holinshed, however, says: "his death was occasioned (as men iudge) by a fall which he caught at a tourney, for he was sore bruised therewith; and never had his health, but finally fell into a flux and so died" (vol. ii. p. 190). Arthur had one sister, the Princess Eleanor, who was taken prisoner by John and confined in Bristol Castle for many years. Mr. Russell French, in his *Shakespeareana Genealogica*, (p. 6) says: "she afterwards took the veil, and became Superior of the nunnery of Ambresbury, where she died in 1235." Arthur was in his fourteenth year when the action of this play begins. At first King Philip Augustus of France strongly supported his just claim to the throne; but having become reconciled to John, in 1200, he withdrew his support. Soon afterwards Arthur fell into his uncle's hands, as he was engaged in besieging the town of

Mirabeau, in which his grandmother, Queen Eleanor, was beleaguered. He was confined first at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen, where he died (see note 236). With regard to the question of John's having had anything to do with Arthur's death, Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy has proved that the king was at Rouen from the 3d to the 7th April, 1203, Arthur's death having taken place on the 3d April of that year. (See Russell French, p. 6.)

4. EARL OF PEMBROKE. William Marshall was the second son of John Marshall, Lord Mareschal to Henry II. He became Earl Mareschal at the death of his elder brother, 1199. William Marshall became Earl of Pembroke by his marriage with Isabel de Clare, daughter of Richard Strongbow; he had five sons by her—William, Richard, Walter, Gilbert, and Anselm, who were in succession Lords Mareschal and Earls of Pembroke. According to Holinshed on the day of his coronation King John "invested William Marshall with the sword of the earldome of Striguille" (Strigull) "and Geoffrey Fitz Peter," (see below) "with the sword of the earldome of Essex" (vol. ii. p. 276). Further on (p. 349) he thus records the death of this nobleman: "The next yeare, which was after the birth of our lord 1219, William Marshall the foresaid earle of Pembroke died, gouernour both of the realme and also of the kings person, a man of such worthinesse both in stoutnesse of stomach and martiall knowledge, as England had few then liuing that might be compared with him. He was buried in the new temple church at London vpon the Ascension day." French says (p. 7): "The noble in this play did not fall away as therein implied, to the French interest; on the contrary, he remained faithful to King John, and it was chiefly through his steady valour, aided by Hubert de Burgh, that England was cleared of her foreign foes. His eldest son, of the same name, one of the TWENTY-FIVE BARONS who obtained MAGNA CHARTA from John, was among the nobles who joined the Dauphin, and hence the mistake of the Poet."

5. EARL OF ESSEX. Geoffrey Fitz-Peter, or Fitz-Piers, was created Earl of Essex in 1199, in the first year of King John's reign, and died in 1212. The earldom of Essex came to him by "his marriage with Beatrice, granddaughter of William de Say, by Beatrice, only sister of Geoffrey de Mandeville, created Earl of Essex by King Stephen" (French, p. 8). In 1198, when Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, resigned the office of High Justiciary, Geoffrey Fitz-Peter was appointed in his place. The holder of this office was second in rank only to the king himself. The eldest son of this nobleman, also named Geoffrey, assumed the name of Mandeville, and was one of the Twenty-five Barons. His only sister Maud Fitz-Peter married Henry de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, who was the ancestor of Humphrey de Bohun, last Earl of Hereford, whose daughter and heiress Henry Bolingbroke (afterwards Henry IV.) married. Holinshed gives the following character of Essex: "Vpon the second of October, Gefrey Fitz Peter earle of Essex and lord cheefe iustice of England departed this life, a man of great power and autoritie, in whose politike direction and gouernement, the order of things pertaining to the common-wealth cheefelie consisted. He was of a noble mind, expert in knowledge of the lawes of the Land, rich in

possessions, and joined in blood or affinity with the more part of all the Nobles of the realm, so that his death was no small losse to the commonwealth: for through him and the archbishop Hubert, the king was oftentimes reuoked from such wilfull purposes, as now and then he was determined to haue put in practise, in so much that the king, as was reported (but how true I cannot tell) seemed to reioice for his death, because he might now worke his will without anie to controll him" (vol. ii. p. 313).

6. EARL OF SALISBURY. William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, was the natural son of Henry II. by Rosamond Clifford (Fair Rosamond). He married Ela, daughter of William Devereux, Earl of Salisbury, to which title he succeeded on the death of his father-in-law. He was, at the beginning of John's reign, sheriff of Wiltshire, and warden of the Welsh Marches. He was one of the lords who represented the king in the negotiations with the twenty-five barons concerning Magna Charta. He ravaged the counties of Essex, Hertford and Middlesex, Cambridge and Huntingdon, in 1216, with his array. He afterwards revolted from King John's side, and joined the discontented barons, who had invited the Dauphin to claim the English crown; but, on the death of John, and accession of Henry III., he returned to his allegiance.

7. EARL OF NORFOLK. Roger Bigot—not Robert as he is generally called—second Earl of Norfolk, was the son of Hugh Bigot, steward to King Stephen. He was created Earl of Norfolk, and died, in 1177, in the Holy Land. He was also one of the twenty-five barons who coalesced against King John. He married Isabel, daughter of Hamelyn Plantagenet, Earl of Warren and Surrey. His eldest son, Hugh Bigot, who was also one of the twenty-five barons, married Maud Marshall, daughter of the Earl of Pembroke. (See above.)

8. HUBERT DE BURGH. Shakespeare has scarcely given us any idea of the importance of this nobleman; for though he had no title in the reign of King John, he was subsequently created Earl of Kent by Henry III. in 1226. He was the great grandson of Robert, Earl of Cornwall, half brother of William the Conqueror. He was also descended from Charlemagne, so that he was of the very noblest blood. French says (p. 9): "he was made Lord Chamberlain, Warden of the Welsh Marches, Sheriff of five counties, Seneschal of Poitou, and governor of several castles." He was one of John's securities for the fulfilment of Magna Charta; and, unlike most of the nobility, remained uniformly faithful to his king to the end. With only 140 soldiers he defended for four months the Castle of Dover, defying all the efforts of the French to take it. Though he appears to have been a most devoted servant to Henry III.; yet he was stripped of all his dignities, employments, and possessions by that king, in consequence of the jealousy which his wealth and honours had excited among the barons. He died in 1243. He was married four times, his last wife being Margaret, daughter of William the Lion, King of Scotland.

9. ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE or FAUCONBRIDGE. About this character nothing historic is known. The most re-

markable thing about him seems to have been that he was the son of his father. In the old play, *Look About You*, quarto, 1600 (see Dodsley, vol. vii. p. 339-506), the husband of Lady Faulconbridge is called Sir Richard Faulconbridge. That play deals very fully with the intrigue between Prince Richard and Lady Faulconbridge, so that, probably, there was some story or tradition on the point, of which the author of *Look About You* and the author of *The Troublesome Raigne* (on which Shakespeare founded his *King John*) both made use. In Shakespeare the father of Robert Faulconbridge is called Sir Robert Faulconbridge.

10. PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE. The chief historical ground for this character seems to be a paragraph in Holinshed: "Philip bastard sonne to king Richard, to whome his father had giuen the castell and honour of Coinacke, killed the vicount of Limoges, in reuenge of his father's death" (vol. ii. p. 278). French says, p. 11: "The continuator of Hardyng's *Chronicle* calls him 'one Faulconbridge, the eale of Kent, his bastarde, a stoute-harted man.' Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas identifies him as a baron by tenure;—I. John, FOULKE DE BREANTE, ob. circa 1228, s. p. m. Eve, his sole daughter and heir, married Llewellyn, Prince of N. Wales." This same Foulke de Breante is one of the 'managers and disposers' in King John's will, dated at Newark; and he is also one of 'the noble persons' named in the 'First Great Charter' of Henry III. Matthew Paris speaks of him as 'Falcasius de Brente,' in his *General History*, and Rymer, in his *Fœdera*, gives several letters in Latin respecting 'Foulke de Breante.' Holinshed frequently mentions "Foukes de Brent," especially, in connection with the Earl of Salisbury, as fighting on the side of the king against the barons in 1216. If this *Foulke*, or *Faukes*, as he is called in Lingard, who describes him as "a ferocious and sanguinary ruffian" (vol. ii. p. 391), was the same as the Faulconbridge of this play, his character must have altered considerably for the worse. Holinshed thus describes his end: "Howbeit at length the foresaid Fouks, hauing obtained his purpose at Rome (by meanes of his chapleine Robert Paslew an Englishman, who was his solicitor there) as he returned towards England in the yeare ensuing, was poisoned and died by the waile, making so an end of his inconstant life, which from the time that he came to yeares of discretion was neuer bent to quietnes" (vol. ii. pp. 356, 357).

11. JAMES GURNEY. Nothing is known historically of this personage. The name Gurney or Gourney is a very old one.

12. SHERIFF OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. French says (p. 18): "There can be no difficulty in naming this official, as Sir Simon de Pateshull was Sheriff of N. Hants for the last four years of King Richard's reign, and during the first four years of King John. One of the witnesses to two charters . . . is 'Simon de Pateshull,' no doubt this Sheriff, who was also Justice of the King's Court from 7 Richard I. to 16 John; and is called by Matthew of Westminster 'a noble faithful honest man.'"

13. PETER OF POMFRET is mentioned in Holinshed, who

gives the following account of his death: "Herevpon being committed to prison within the castell of Corf, when the day by him prefixed came, without any other notable damage vnto King John, he was by the kings commandement drawne from the said castell, vnto the towne of Warham, & there hanged together with his sonne" (vol. ii. p. 311).

14. PHILIP, KING OF FRANCE. Philip Augustus succeeded his father in 1180 at the age of fifteen. He married Isabella of Hainault, daughter of Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, who brought him the county of Artois as part of her dower. He encouraged the sons of Henry II. in their rebellion against their father. He joined in the Third Crusade with Richard Cœur-de-Lion, of whom he was very jealous. After the siege of Acre in 1191 he returned hurriedly to France; and immediately commenced to intrigue with John against Richard, supporting him in his endeavour to seize the crown of England in his brother's absence; in return for which support Philip himself was to obtain possession of Normandy. He died in 1223.

15. LEWIS, THE DAUPHIN, was the son of Philip Augustus by his wife Isabel. He married Blanch of Castile, daughter of Alfonso VIII. of Castile, and of Eleanor, the sister of Richard I. and John. Having been invited over to England by the discontented barons in 1216, he landed with a large body of troops, and was joined by many of the English nobles; but soon after the accession of Henry III. he was deserted by his English allies and was compelled to conclude a peace and return to France. In 1223 he succeeded to the throne as Lewis VIII., but only reigned three years, dying in 1226. He was the father of Louis IX., generally known as Saint Louis.

16. LYMOGES, ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA. Shakespeare has here followed the author of *The Troublesome Raigne* in confusing two personages, both of whom were enemies of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. Lymoges, as this character is called both in *The Troublesome Raigne* and in Shakespeare's *King John*, was really Vidomar, Viscount of Lymoges: "whose vassal having found, as was reported to King Richard, a treasure of golden statues, representing a Roman emperor with his wife, sons and daughters, seated at a golden table, was required to yield up the prize to Richard Suzerain of the Limousin, and on Vidomar's refusal he was besieged in his castle at Chalus-Chabrol, before which the heroic king received the wound of which he died twelve days after, viz. April 6, 1199" (French, p. 10). This Lymoges was killed by Faulconbridge in 1200. The Archduke of Austria from 1104 to 1230 was Leopold VI., son of Leopold V. The latter died in consequence of a fall from his horse in 1194, five years before the death of his enemy Richard; so that, historically speaking, the Archduke of Austria, who lived in the time of King John, had nothing on earth to do with the death of Cœur-de-Lion.

17. PANDULPH. He was, when he is first introduced in this play, only an envoy and not a legate of the pope's. According to Lingard he was never a cardinal; but according to French (p. 17) "Pandulphus de Masca, a native of Pisa, was made 'Cardinal of the Twelve Apostles' in 1182." When he was appointed envoy he had the title of

"subdiaconus Domini Papæ" (see Lingard, vol. ii. p. 338, note 2). He was not even in deacon's orders till later. In November, 1218, he succeeded Gualo or Walter, cardinal of St. Martin's, as legate; and after rendering considerable services to the young king, Henry III., he returned to Rome in 1221. Holinshed tells us: "Pandulph, who (as before is expressed) did the message so stoutly from pope Innocent to king John, was also made bishop of Norwich" (in 1219). Lingard does not mention this latter circumstance.

18. MELUN. The Viscount de Melun is referred to in the passage from Holinshed given in note 295. French says (pp. 17, 18): "The 'Comte de Melun' is mentioned in a treaty, dated A.D. 1194, between the kings of England and France, and is probably the same person as the *Melun* of this play."

19. CHATILLON. There is no historic mention of the embassy of Chatillon. French (p. 18) says: "In the treaty between King Richard and Philip Augustus, dated July 23, 1194, the concluding article sets forth:—'Now Gervais de Chatillon, as representative of the King of France, has sworn to observe all the articles above recited, and maintain the truce.' He therefore might be the person sent as ambassador to England, five years after the above date." The family was a very distinguished one; Jacques de Chatillon, Admiral of France, was killed at the battle of Agincourt.

20. QUEEN ELINOR.¹ This princess, generally known as Eleanor of Guienne, was the daughter and heiress of William V., Duke of Aquitaine, and Count of Poitou. She was born in 1122, and married, at the age of fifteen years, Lewis VII. of France. Guienne appears to have been the name for that part of Aquitaine which belonged to the Counts of Poitou. When Lewis VII. went to the Crusades she accompanied him; but her conduct was so scandalous that he sued for and obtained a divorce in 1152. Six weeks after, Eleanor married Henry Plantagenet, afterwards Henry II. Her husband, to whom she was at first passionately attached, subsequently gave her so much cause for jealousy by his numerous infidelities, that she conceived an aversion to him, and excited her sons to rebel against their father. The story of her jealousy of Rosamond Clifford (Fair Rosamond), the mother of William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, and of the vengeance she took against her, is well known. In 1173 she was confined in a convent by the king, and not released till her son Richard came to the throne. In 1202 she took the veil in the Abbey of Fontevaux, where she died in 1204, above eighty years of age. Although she was jealous of Constance, she is said to have done all she could to obtain kind treatment for Arthur after he was taken prisoner by his uncle.

21. CONSTANCE was the daughter of Conan le Petit, Duke of Brittany and Earl of Richmond in Yorkshire, and his

¹ We have adopted in the text the spelling *Elinor*, usually adopted by Editors; but in the body of the notes we have spelt the name Eleanor, the more usual form. In F. x the name is written in full *Rithor*, but variously in abbreviated form, *Eli*, *Ele*, *Eleg*, *Elea*.

wife Margaret, daughter of Henry Earl of Huntingdon. Constance was not a *widow* at the time of which this play treats. She married first (in 1182) Geoffrey, son of Henry II., who was killed, 'by accident,' at a tournament about three years after his marriage. Shortly after his death Constance gave birth to Arthur; and while the rejoicings of the people of Bretagne at this event were going on, Henry II. invaded Bretagne, treacherously seized the persons of Constance and her children, and married the young widow forcibly to Randal de Blondeville, Earl of Chester. From this brutal tyrant she divorced herself in 1199, and soon afterwards was remarried to Guy, Count of Thouars. She died suddenly in 1201, a few months after her son Arthur was taken prisoner. Shakespeare takes a liberty with history, much to the prejudice of the play, by killing off Constance before Arthur's death.

22. BLANCH was the daughter of Alphonso VIII. of Castile and Eleanor, daughter of Henry II. Her marriage with the Dauphin was principally brought about by the influence of her grandmother, Queen Eleanor. The marriage was a very happy one: after her husband's death Blanch acted as Regent of France during the minority of her son, Lewis IX., and afterwards, when he was absent at the Crusades. She was very beautiful, talented, and good. From her are descended the royal houses of Valois, Bourbon, and Orleans; her granddaughter Isabel married Edward II., and by him became the mother of Edward III.

23. LADY FAULCONBRIDGE. French says (p. 21): "Some writers assert that the mother of Philip Faulconbridge was a lady of Poitou, of which province Cœur-de-Lion was made count or earl by his father, with half its revenues for his support; he was much engaged in his foreign *apanage*, before he came to the throne of England." In *Look About You* she is called Marian, and is represented as the sister of Robert Earl of Gloucester.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

24. Line 1: *Chatillon*.—In the old play this name is printed *Chattillon*; and so it is intended to be pronounced here.

25. Line 4: *The borrowed majesty*.—The final *ed* is not elided in *borrowed* in F. 1, either in this line or the following.

26. Lines 8-11.—Shakespeare copied the demands of Chatillon from the old play. According to Holinshed what Philip Augustus demanded, not by his ambassador, but at an interview with John held "in a place betwixt the townes of Buteuant and Guleton," was "the whole countrie of Veuquessine (the Vexin) to be restored vnto him, as that which had bene granted by Geoffrey earle of Aniou, the father of King Henrie the second, vnto Lewes le Grosse, to haue his aid then against king Stephan. Moreover, he demanded, that Poictiers, Aniou, Maine, and Touraine, should be deliuered and wholie resigned vnto Arthur duke of Britaine" (vol. ii. p. 277).

27. Line 28: *And Sullen présage of your own decay*.—This probably refers to the sound of a tolling bell. Compare II. Henry IV. i. 1. 101-103:

and his tongue

Sounds ever after as a *sullen* bell,
Remember'd tolling a departing friend.

28. Lines 30-34.—Holinshed says (vol. ii. p. 274): "Surelie queene Elianor the kings mother was sore against hir nephue Arthur, rather mooued thereto by enuie conceiued against his mother, than vpon any iust occasion giuen in the behalfe of the child, for that she saw if he were king, how his mother Constance would looke to beare most rule within the realme of England, till hir sonne should come to lawfull age, to gouerne of himselfe."

29. Line 37: *Which now the MANAGE, &c.*—Compare Richard II. i. 4. 83, 29:

Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,—
Expedient *manage* must be made, my liege.

30. Line 38.—The entrance of the Sheriff is not marked till line 43, in the Folio, and in all modern editions that I have seen. But, in following Charles Kean's Acting Edition and placing it here, we only follow the dictates of common sense. There must be some little time allowed for the Sheriff to impart his information to Essex, before Essex can impart it to the king. The stage direction in the old play is: "Enter the *Shrine* and whispers the Earle of Salisbury in the eare."

31. Lines 40-43.—That this speech is spoken aside to John is clear from line 43. The Sheriff is whispering to Essex during this speech of Eleanor's.

32. Line 50.—Shakespeare has so expanded and improved the character of the *Bastard* from the meagre and uninteresting sketch in the old play, that he may be said fairly to have created it. It may be mentioned here that Shakespeare wisely excludes *Lady Faulconbridge* from this scene, during the whole of which, in the old play, she is present, and is there made to take a very unseemly part in the discussion.

33. Line 54: *Of Cœur-de-Lion*.—Fi. have *Cordelion*, in one word; and so has the old play.

34. Line 63: *Of that I doubt*.—Steevens quotes from Chapman's Translation of Homer's *Odyssey*, book i. lines 335-337:

My mother certain says I am his son;
I know not; nor was ever simply known
By any child the sure truth of his sire.

A correspondent has sent (under the signature M. M.) an ingenious communication, proposing to amend the line thus:

If that I doubt, as all men's children may—

taking the speech of Eleanor's which follows to be an interruption. The writer's argument amounts to this; that the Bastard would not at this point "commit himself to an avowal of a definite belief" in his own illegitimacy. But this cynical avowal of doubt is in accordance with Philip Faulconbridge's character, as Shakespeare has drawn it; and by,

Of that I doubt, as all men's children may,

he merely means to say that the legitimacy of every child is a fair subject for doubt; a variation of the old proverb that "It is a wise child who knows his own father." Facetious allusions to this *doubt*, as to a child's paternity.

are to be found in all dramatists down to the time of Sheridan.

35. Line 78: FAIR FALL the bones that took the pains for me! i.e. "Good luck befall the frame that bore the pains of labour for me!" Compare Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 124, 125:

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!
Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

36. Line 85: He hath a TRICK of *Cœur-de-lion's* face.—Compare Winter's Tale, ii. 3. 97-100:

Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, &c.

Some commentators (wrongly, I believe) connect this use of *trick* with its heraldic sense = copy.

37. Line 93: With HALF THAT FACE would he have all my land.—Theobald, unnecessarily, altered this to "With that half face." But surely *half that face* means "half my father's face."

38. Line 94: A half-fac'd groat.—This is an anachronism; the reference being to the half-groats, coined first in the year 1504, in the reign of Henry VII., which, like the groats coined at the same time, bore the king's face in profile. The groat was not coined at all till the reign of Edward III.; it was worth four pence. Stevens quotes from The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington, v. 1:

You half-fac'd groat, you thick-check'd chitface.
—Doddsley, vol. viii. p. 188.

The expression *half-faced*, or "with half a face" would seem to have been used as a more or less contemptuous expression. In "The Stallion," out of the Custom of the Country (Droll 8), we find the following passage: "Would I were honestly married, to anything that had but half a face, and not a groat to keep her."—Kirkman's The Wits, or, Sport upon Sport (edn. 1602), p. 54.

39. Line 110: and took it on his death.—Compare I. Henry IV. v. 4. 154, 155: "I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh."

40. Line 137: Lord of thy presence.—The meaning of this phrase is somewhat doubtful. Probably the right explanation is: "Lord or master of that handsome personal appearance which you inherited from your father." Warburton suggests that we should read: "Lord of the presence, i.e. prince of the blood;" an emendation which is scarcely necessary.

41. Line 139: And I had his, sir Robert's his, like him.—F. 1 reads:

And I had his, sir Roberts his like him.

F. 4 adds the apostrophe, as in our text, *Robert's*. Theobald altered it to "Sir Robert his," making it the old form of the genitive = *Sir Robert's*. Possibly the double form of the genitive, *Sir Robert's his*, was intentional. Walker suggests *Sir Robert's his* making his emphatic (*δυσκρινῶς*); this seems a very probable explanation; no other use of the double genitive having yet been found. Fleay reads:

And I had his Sir Robert's; his, like him.

i.e. "his (my brother's) shape of Sir Robert; his (my brother's); like him (my brother)—Philip pointing at his

brother at the words *his* and *him*." The passage is certainly obscure.

42. Line 141: My arms such FEL-SKINS stuff'd.—Compare Blurt, Master Constable, ii. 2:

An *eel-skin* sleeve lashed here and there with lace.
—Works, vol. i. p. 259.

The modern expression "*eel-skin* dresses," used of dresses fitting tight to the figure, is very similar.

43. Lines 142, 143:

That in mine ear I durst not stick a ROSE,
Lest men should say, "Look, where THREE-FARTHINGS goes!"

This passage is characterized by Theobald as "very obscure." He says: "We must observe, to explain this allusion, that Queen Elizabeth was the first, and indeed the only prince, who coined in England three-half-pence, and three-farthing pieces. She coined shillings, six-pences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-half-pence, pence, three-farthings, and half-pence; and these pieces all had her head, and were alternately with the rose behind, and without the rose" (Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 208). Malone adds that these coins "were made of silver, and consequently extremely thin." As to the custom of wearing roses in the ear, in Planché's Cyclopædia of Costume, vol. ii. p. 232, is an engraving from a portrait, wrongly described as the portrait of Richard Lee, in which a rose is seen fixed behind the ear. The Hon. Harold Dillon kindly informs me that the portrait should be that of "Thomas Lee, a brother of Sir H. Lee, K.G. He (Thomas Lee) died in 1573; but the portrait, one of a set of the five brothers may have been painted later as some of the brothers are shewn much older. I do not think however that it was after 1597, as Sir Henry Lee does not wear the Garter which he received that year."

44. Line 161: Kneel thou down Philip, but rise UP more great.—Ff. read *rise more great*; the emendation is Pope's. Stevens reads *arise*; and Keighley suggests to *rise*. The line is defective without an extra syllable; and Pope's seems on the whole the best conjecture.

45. Line 162: Plantagenet.—Malone has the following note here which is worth preserving: "It is a common opinion, that *Plantagenet* was the surname of the royal house of England, from the time of King Henry II.; but it is, as Camden observes, in his Romanes, 1614, a popular mistake. *Plantagenet* was not a family name, but a nickname, by which a grandson of Geoffrey, the first Earl of Anjou, was distinguished, from his wearing a broom-stalk in his bonnet. But this name was never borne either by the first Earl of Anjou, or by King Henry II., the son of that earl by the Empress Maude: he being always called *Henry Fitz-Empress*; his son, Richard *Cœur de Lion*; and the prince who is exhibited in the play before us, John *sans-terre*, or *lackland*" (Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 210). Geoffrey of Anjou, who was the second husband of Matilda or Maud, the daughter of Henry I., was always known apparently as Geoffrey *Plantagenet*. He was the son of Fulk, Earl of Anjou, whose daughter Matilda was married to William, son of Henry I., who was drowned 1120. Lingard says (vol. ii. p. 33. note): "The father of Fulk was

called *Plantagenet*, probably from his device, a sprig of broom, or *plante de genêt*. It does not, however, appear to have been assumed as a family name by any of his descendants before the fifteenth century, when Richard, duke of York, was called Richard *Plantagenet*." Another account of the origin of the name is given, on the authority of Skinner and Mezeray, in Haydn's Dictionary of Dates (Fourteenth edn. 1873, p. 520): "Fulke Martel, earl of Anjou, having contrived the death of his nephew, the earl of Brittany, in order to succeed to the earldom, his confessor sent him, in atonement for the murder, to Jerusalem, attended by only two servants, one of whom was to lead him by a halter to the Holy Sepulchre, the other to strip and whip him there, like a common malefactor. Broom, in French *genet*, in Latin *genista*, being the only tough, pliant shrub in Palestine, the noble criminal was smartly scourged with it, and from this instrument of his chastisement he was called *Planta-genista*, or *Plantagenet*."

46. Line 170-174: *Something about, a little from the right, &c.*—Johnson explains this somewhat obscure passage: "I am, says the sprightly knight, *your grandson*, a little irregularly, but every man cannot get what he wishes the legal way. He that *dares not go* about his designs by day, must *make his motions in the night*; he, to whom the door is shut, must climb the window, or leap the hatch. This, however, shall not depress me; for the world never enquires how any man got what he is known to possess, but allows that *to have is to have*, however it was caught, and that he who wins, *shot well*, whatever was his skill, whether the arrow fell near the mark, or far off it" (Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 211).

47. Line 171: *In at the window, or else O'ER THE HATCH.*—Both these expressions are found in the old dramatists as equivalent to "born out of wedlock." Compare Middleton's Family of Love, iv. 3: "Woe worth the time that ever I gave suck to a child that came *in at the window*" (Works, vol. ii. p. 177); and in Webster's Northward Hoe, i. 1: "kindred that comes in *o'er the hatch*" (Works, vol. i. p. 180).

48. Line 177: *A LANDLESS KNIGHT makes thee a landed squire*,—i.e. "Your brother Philip (whom I have just knighted), by resigning his claims to legitimacy, makes you a landed squire." As John was commonly called *Sans-terre*, it is necessary to explain that he means Philip Faulconbridge by the expression *landless knight*, and not himself.

49. Line 185: "Good den, sir Richard!"—"God-a-mercy, fellow!"—Faulconbridge here imagines himself holding a conversation with some inferior. There is a good deal of humour in this soliloquy, which reminds one now of Hotspur's well-known speech in I. Henry IV. i. 3, 29-69, descriptive of the coxcomb; and now of Malvolio's soliloquy in Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 71-92.

50. Line 190: *He and his TOOTHPICK at my worship's MESS.*—The use of a *toothpick* in Shakespeare's time was considered as an affectation of foreign manners. Compare Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels, ii. 1: "He that is with him is Amorphus, a traveller, . . . He walks most commonly

with a clove or *Pick-tooth* in his mouth" (Works, vol. ii. p. 264).

As for *mess* see Love's Labour's Lost, note 123. Faulconbridge, as a knight, would be in a *mess* near the head of the table.

51. Line 191: *And when my knightly stomach is SUFFIC'D.*—Compare As You Like It, ii. 7. 131-133: "

till he be first *suffic'd*,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

52. Line 193: *My PICKED man of countries.*—See Love's Labour's Lost, note 145. Steevens quotes Greene's Defence of Coney-catching, 1592: "in the description of a pretended traveller: 'There be in England, especially about London, certain quaint *pickt*, and neat companions, attired, &c. *alamode de France*'" (Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 214). The question arises whether *picked* may not refer to the custom of wearing shoes with long *picks* or *pykes*, i.e. pointed toes of extravagant length which were in some cases fastened to the knee. In the Egerton MS. Tragedy of Richard II. there are many allusions to these *picks*. (See Halliwell's Reprint, p. 49.) There was in the fifth year of Edward IV. a proclamation made against the inordinate length of these *pykes*. (See Steevens' Note, Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 472.)

53. Line 196: *like an ABSEY BOOK.*—Johnson explains this as "a catechism;" but it was more likely a primer. Compare Nash's Address "To the Gentlemen Students of Both Universities," prefixed to Greene's Menaphon: "I cease to expose to your sport the picture of those Pamphleters and Poets, that make a patrimony of *In Speech*, and more than a younger brothers inheritance of their *Absey*" (Arber's Reprint, 1880, p. 17).

54. Line 201: *Saving in dialogue of compliment.*—Tollet has a note on this passage (Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 215) in which he says: "Sir W. Cornwallis's 28th Essay thus ridicules the extravagance of *compliment* in our poet's days, 1601: 'We spend even at his (i.e. a friend's or a stranger's) entrance, a whole volume of words.—What a deal of synonim and ginger is sacrificed to dissimulation! O, how blessed do I take mine eyes for presenting me with this sight! O Signior, the star that governs my life in contentment, give me leave to interweave myself in your arms!—Not so, sir, it is too unworthy an inclosure to contain such preciousness,' &c. &c. This, and a cup of drink, makes the time as fit for a departure as can be."

55. Lines 207-209:

For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation;—
And so am I, whether I smack or no.

Faulconbridge means that every one is thought very little of who cannot talk of his travels and parade his observations of foreign manners. Of course this is an anachronism; Shakespeare is speaking of his own time. In line 208 Ff. read (substantially) *smoak*, which Theobald corrected to *smack*.

56. Line 225: *Colbrand the giant.*—A Danish giant whom Guy of Warwick overcame in the presence of King Athel-

stan. (See Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Twelfth Song, for a description of the combat.) Compare Henry VIII. v. 4. 22:

I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand.

57. Line 231: *Good leave, good Philip.*—These four words are all that James Gurney speaks. The praise that has been bestowed on this character by Coleridge and Lamb is, I think, rather fantastical. Coleridge in his *Table Talk* (edn. 1836, p. 32) says: "For an instance of Shakespeare's power in *minimis*, I generally quote James Gurney's character in *King John*. How individual and comical he is with the four words allowed to his dramatic life." To which rhapsody the editor, H. N. Coleridge, adds in a note: "The very *exit* of Gurney is a stroke of James's character." Certainly the whole scene conveys clearly enough the notion of an old family servant, somewhat reticent of speech, and lacking in ceremonious respect to his master. *Good leave* is as much as to say "you are welcome," and implies ready assent; it is an expression which would be used more between equals than by an inferior to his superior.

58. Line 231: *Philip!—sparrow!*—The meaning of this sentence is: "Philip! do you take me for a sparrow?" The allusion is to *Philip*, the common pet name for a *sparrow*. In Gascoigne's *Weedes* there is a poem called "The Praise of Phillip Sparrowe," which begins thus:

Of all the byrdes that I doe know,
Philip my Sparrow hath no peare.

—Works, vol. i. p. 488.

Skelton has a very pretty poem to the memory of *Philip Sparrow*. It is difficult to believe that the subject of these poems was the bird which we know as the common *house sparrow*. But the devoted affection, which this bird shows for its young, may be only one amongst its redeeming qualities.

59. Lines 243, 244:

Lady F. *What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?*

Bast. *Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like.*

The reference is to a passage in *Soliman and Perseda* (printed 1599), act i.:

Bas. *O, I swear, I swear.* [He sweareth him on his dagger.

Pist. *By the contents of this blade,—*

Bas. *By the contents of this blade,—*

Pist. *I the aforesaid Basilisco,—*

Bas. *I the aforesaid Basilisco,—*

Knight, good fellow; knight, knight.

Pist. *Knave, good fellow; knave, knave.*

—Dodsley, vol. v. pp. 271, 272.

60. Line 261: *Some sins do bear their privilege on earth.*—Johnson explains this line: "There are sins that whatever be determined of them above, are not much censured on earth" (Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 219).

61. Lines 266, 267:

*The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.*

Compare ii. 1. 3.

Richard, that rob'd the lion of his heart.

Grey in his note on this latter passage quotes Rastall's *Chronicles*: "It is said that a *lyon* was put to Kynge

Richarde, beyng in prison, to have devoured him, and when the *lyon* was gapynge, he put his arme in his mouth, and pulled the *lyon* by the harte so hard, that he slewe the *lyon*, and therefore some say he is called *Richarde Cure de Lyon*; but some say he is called *Cure de Lyon*, because of his boldnesse and hardy stomake" (Notes on Shakespeare, vol. i. p. 278). Malone says the story probably took its rise from "Hugh de Neville, one of Richard's followers, having killed a lion, when they were in the Holy Land; a circumstance recorded by Matthew Paris" (Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 221). For a long description of this fabulous incident see The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington, 1601. (Dodsley, vol. viii. p. 179.)

ACT II. SCENE 1.

62.—In F. 1 this scene is called *Scena Secunda*; and the next (iii. 1.) *Actus Secundus*; the latter ending at line 74 of that scene; and then *Actus Tertius*, *Scena prima* begins, continuing to end of iii. 1. *Scena Secunda* includes iii. 2. and iii. 3., and *Scena Tertia* is iii. 4. The last two acts are divided precisely as in the modern editions. Various divisions have been made by Fleay, Grant White, and other editors; but that made by Theobald, and adopted in most of the modern editions, is the one to which we have thought it best to adhere.

63. Line 1.—F. 1 gives this speech, as well as line 18 below, to Lewis. But this is manifestly absurd, as Lewis would not, in his father's presence, have assumed the position of the principal personage whose duty it was to greet Austria. In "The Troublesome Raigne," &c., the corresponding speech has the prefix *king*.

64. Line 5: *By this brave duke came early to his grave.*—This is an error copied from the old play, where we find in the fourth line of the corresponding scene:

Braue Austria, cause of Cordelions death.

—Hazlitt's *Shak. Lib.* vol. i. pt. 2. p. 237.¹

65. Lines 12–17.—This speech is more in character with the *Arthur* of the old play, who "talks like a book," than with the sweet innocent child, created by Shakespeare, who pleads for mercy from Hubert with such touching simplicity.

66. Line 23: *Together with that PALE, that WHITE-FAC'D shore.*—It is worth while to observe how the constant reference to the *white* cliffs as the distinguishing feature of England's shore—the old name of our country, Albion, is derived from Celtic *alb*, a cliff, and *bán*, white—proves that all the commerce with the Continent must, from the first, have been mainly directed to the south-east coast of the island. It was on that side that foreigners first approached England; so, although chalk cliffs are by no means the most prominent feature of our coast taken as a whole, yet the epithets *pale* and *white-faced* in our text would certainly, to Englishmen and Frenchmen alike, describe the shore of England most vividly.

67. Line 34: *To make a MORE requital to your love.*—

¹ As the references to this reprint of the play are very frequent in the course of these notes, in future we give the reference thus: *Troublesome Raigne*, p. —.

The use of *more* = greater with the indefinite article seems to occur chiefly in Shakespeare's earlier works. Compare Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 174: "with a *more* contentment."

68 Line 49: *indirectly*.—Compare Henry V. ii. 4. 94 (the only other passage where the adverb appears in the same sense = wrongfully):

Your crown and kingdom INDIRECTLY held.

In iii. 1. 276 below *indirection* is used = wrong.

69 Line 60: *expedient*.—This word, in the sense of expeditious, quick, is only used in Richard II. i. 4. 39; in Richard III. i. 2. 217; and in II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 288:

A breach that craves a quick EXPEDIENT stop!

70. Line 63: *An ATE, stirring him to blood and strife*.—Ff. have the obvious misprint "*An ACE*," &c. The emendation is Rowe's.

71. Line 65: *a bastard of the KING's deceas'd*.—This phrase, which has been unnecessarily corrected by some editors to "*a bastard of the king deceas'd*," is taken verbatim from the old play, in which it is followed by the line that gave Shakespeare the idea of Faulconbridge's character:

A hardy wildehead, tough and venturous.

—Troublesome Raigne, p. 239.

72. Line 70: *Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs*.—We find a similar idea in other writers. In the Egerton MS. play of Richard II. Woodstock says:

A hundred oaks upon these shoulders hange

To make me brave upon your wedding day;

And more than that, to make my horse more tyre,

Ten acres of good land are stitich'd up here (i.e. in his fine clothes).

—Halliwell's Reprint, p. 15.

Both the above passages seem to have been imitated by Burton in his Anatomy of Melancholy, pt. iii. sec. 2, member 3, subsec. 3, p. 295, edn. 1676: "T is an ordinary thing to put a thousand oaks, and an hundred oxen into a suit of apparel, to wear a whole manner on his back." In Henry VIII. i. 1. 83-85 we have the same idea:

O, many

Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em

For this great journey.

73. Line 97: *Out-faced infant state*.—The meaning of this phrase is somewhat vague. What Philip means to say is, that John has shamelessly disregarded the rights of the infant (Arthur) to the throne.

74. Lines 101-103:

*This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geoffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this BRIEF into as huge a volume.*

Compare with these lines Wister's Tale, ii. 3. 97-99:

Behold, my lords,

Although the print be little, the whole matter

And copy of the father.

For *brief* in the sense of an *abstract*, a short writing, compare Mids. Night's Dream, v. 1. 42:

There is a *brief* how many sports are ripe.

75. Lines 105, 106:

*England was Geoffrey's right,
And his is Geoffrey's.*

Ff. read "*And this is Geoffrey's*." The emendation is Mason's; the meaning being "England was Geoffrey's by right, and whatever was Geoffrey's by right is now his (Arthur's)." The *this* was probably caught by the copyist from the line above. If we explain the reading of Ff. to mean "This is Geoffrey's (heir)," it seems a weak repetition of "And this his son" in the line above.

76. Line 111: *To draw my answer FROM thy articles*.—Roberts (see Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 226) proposed to read "*To thy articles*," a reading which Hamner adopted; but the alteration is unnecessary. The phrase is a legal one, and means "to make an answer according to thy articles."

77. Line 114: *To look into the BLOTS and stains of right*.—There is no doubt that *blot*, in heraldry, means the difference which marked the arms of a bastard; but I doubt whether we ought to give it that peculiar sense here. In iii. 1. 45 we have the same collocation of *blots* and *stains*:

Full of unpleasant BLOTS and sightless stains,

where the word means nothing more than "blemishes." However, in lines 132, 133 below, the verb *blot* is used twice with evident reference to the heraldic sense of the word.

78. Line 131: *an if thou wert his mother*.—Constance alludes to Queen Eleanor's infidelity to her first husband, Lewis VII.

79. Line 139: *I'll SMOKE your SKIN-COAT*.—To *smoke* is used in the north of England as = to beat severely. See Cotgrave under *En*, "*T'en aura* (blowes being understood) I shall be well beaten; my *skin-coat* will be soundly curried."

80. Line 144: *As great Alcides SHOWS upon an ass*; i.e. "As Hercules' lion's skin (the skin of the Nemean lion which he wore) shows upon the back of an ass." In the Frogs of Aristophanes there is a very amusing scene, at the beginning of the play, in which Hercules and Xanthias (the comic slave) descend into hell, the latter being obliged to wear Hercules' lion-skin. Ff. read *shoes*, a ridiculous mistake; for a donkey would hardly attempt to wear Hercules' shoes; nor can that reading be justified by the various passages quoted by Steevens, in which allusion is undoubtedly made to *Hercules' shoes* being too large for a child's feet.

81. Lines 149, 150:

King PHILIP, determine what we shall do straight.

K. PHI. *Women and fools, break off your conference.*

We have printed these lines according to Theobald's most valuable and sound emendation; as they stand in the old copies they are undoubtedly wrong. Ff. read: "King Lewis determine," &c., and the next speech is assigned to Lewis. Malone proposed to print *King—Lewis*, but withdrew that suggestion, and finally assigned line 149 to *King Philip*. But why should the king ask Lewis, a mere youth, to determine the matter? The very first line of the next speech (line 150) is utterly out of place in the mouth of a young prince like Lewis. How could the Dauphin demand the various provinces of John in Philip's presence, as if he were *de facto* king and his father a mere puppet? The absurdity is obvious; and the frequent blunders as to the names prefixed to the speeches in this play leave no

doubt that Theobald's arrangement of the lines is the right one. As for the mode of address *King Philip* used by Austria, see below, iii. 1. 198:

King Philip, listen to the cardinal,

and again in the same scene, line 219. The objection that the reading *King Philip* gives a redundant syllable is of no importance, as, in the case of proper names, Shakespeare often does not strictly adhere to the metre; and it is possible *Philip* might be pronounced sometimes as a monosyllable.

82. Line 152: *Anjou*.—Fl. have *Angiers*, first corrected by Theobald.

83. Lines 169, 170:

*Drives those heaven-moaning PEARLS from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee.*

Shakespeare is fond of comparing tears to pearls, especially in his earlier works; e.g. in Sonnet xxxiv. 13, 14:

Alas! but those tears are pearls which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

84. Lines 180, 181:

*The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation &c.*

The allusion is of course to Exodus xx. 5: "For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me."

85. Line 183: *BEDLAM*, have done.—Compare *Lear*, iii. 7. 103-105:

Let's follow the old earl, and get the *Bedlam*
To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

Bedlam or *Bethlehem Hospital*, was "so called from having been originally the hospital of St. Mary of *Bethlehem*, a royal foundation for the reception of lunatics, incorporated by Henry VIII. in 1547" (Haydn's *Dict. of Dates*, p. 89).¹

86. Lines 183-190:

*I have but this to say,
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her
And with her plague, her sin: his injury,
Her injury,—the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child.
And all for her—FOR HER: a plague upon her!*

A conscientious attempt to make sense of the above, as printed in the folio, will ensure a severe headache. We have followed, substantially, Henley's arrangement and punctuation of the passage (see Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 234), with the exception of line 188, which Henley prints:

Her injury, the beadle to her sin,

and line 190, in which we have ventured to repeat *for her* in order to complete the metre. It must be remembered that *plagued* (line 184) here means "punished." (Compare *Richard III.* i. 3. 181:

And God, not we, hath *plagued* thy bloody deed.

Henley explains *the beadle to her sin*: "her injury, or the evil *she* inflicts, he suffers from *her*, as the beadle to her sin, or executioner of the punishment annexed to it" (Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 234). Henley explains it: "the injury inflicted by her, being the beadle, the chastiser (in Arthur's sufferings) of her original wrong doing." But explain it as we may, the passage is quite unworthy of Shakespeare, being wilfully obscure and unnecessarily involved. It may here be observed that this wrangling between Constance and Eleanor reminds us of the well-known scene in *Richard III.* (i. 3) where Queen Margaret rates Queen Elizabeth of York so soundly.

87. Line 196: *to CRY AIM*. The real origin of this phrase seems very doubtful. Schmidt explains it thus: "an expression borrowed from archery, to encourage the archers by crying out *aim*, when they were about to shoot, and then in a general sense to applaud, to encourage with cheers;" but is this a satisfactory explanation? The exclamation "Well aimed!" or rather "Well shot!" might express encouragement and approval, but how could the simple cry of "Aim" (Fire) express any idea of applause? If Schmidt is right the expression is a violently elliptical one. Johnson says: "But I rather think that the old word of applause was *J'aim*, *I hear it*, and that to applaud was to cry *J'aim*, which the English, not easily pronouncing *Je*, sunk into *aim*, or *ain*. Our exclamations of applause are still borrowed, as *bravo* and *queore*" (Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 235). This is certainly a more plausible explanation, though the reason for the omission of *Je* is not very clear; but I very much doubt whether the true history of the phrase has yet been discovered. Compare *Merry Wives*, iii. 2. 14, 45: "to those violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry *aim*."

Since writing the above note I have come across the following in the *City Gallant* (1599): "we'll stand by and give *aim*, and halloo, if you hit the clout" (Dodsley, vol. xi. p. 249). Is the expression to give *aim* the same as to cry *aim*, and does it mean that the competitors at an archery match gave the signal to the competitor whom they encouraged by crying *aim*? Perhaps they stood behind the shooter, and gave him the word when he had covered the object, much as a bowler gives the block at cricket.

88. Line 209: *endamage*.—This word occurs only in this passage; but it is worth noting that Shakespeare uses the verb "to endamage" in two of his earliest plays, and only there, *viz.*, in *Two Gent. of Verona*, iii. 2. 43, and in *L. Henry VI.* ii. 1. 77.

89. Line 215: *CONFRONTS your city's eyes*.—F. 1, F. 2, read *Comfort yours*; F. 3, F. 4, *Comfort your*. The correction is Capell's.

90. Line 233: *Forwarded*. Compare Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, i. iv. 13: "*Forwarded* with my sports" Chaucer uses *forwarie* (*Montaigne* of the Rose, 3336).

¹ In Notes and Queries (6th, S. XII. p. 187) Dr. J. A. H. Murray gives no less than four instances of the use of this word before 1547: from (1) Skelton's *Why come ye nat to Courte*, 1526-27: "Such a madde *bedleme* fit to rewele this realm;" (2) Sir T. More, 1534, in his Answer to the Poisoned Baker (Works, 1857, fol. 106b); (3) R. Barnes, 1541 (Works, 1871, p. 204); and (4) from Coverdale, 1545, Abridgement of Erasmus' *Enchiridion*, ch. lii, "to be look, to be deceiv'd, to doat, and to be mad *bedlemes*." It would seem from these quotations that the origin of the word *bedlam* given above is not correct.

91. Lines 247, 248:

To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely, this young prince.

Note here the verb *owe* used in two different senses in two consecutive lines. Compare above in Constance's speech (lines 187, 188) the double use of *injury* in the passive and active sense respectively.

92. Line 250: *roundure*.—Spelt in Ff. *rounder*; but in Sonnet xxi. 8 it is printed *rondure*. It is from the French *rondure*, which is used in the same sense of "round," "circle."

93. Line 268: *For him, and in his right, we hold this town*.—Taken almost *verbatim* from a prose speech in the old play "and for him, and in his right, we hold our Towne" (Troublesome Raigne, p. 244).

94. Line 272: *Have we RAMM'D UP our gates*.—This seems a peculiar use of the verb *to ram*, which none of the critics appear to have noticed. The meaning probably is that by the use of *rams* they had driven wedges between the gates to prevent them opening.

95. Line 293: *And make a MONSTER of you*.—Compare Othello, iv. 1. 63: "A horned man's a monster."

96. Lines 315, 316:

Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.

Compare Macbeth, ii. 3. 117, 118:

Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood.

And Chapman's Homer, Iliad, book xvi. p. 102:

The cures from great Hector's breast, all gilded with his gore.

97. Lines 321-323:

And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with PURPLED hands,
DYED in the DYING slaughter of their foes.

This refers to one of the customs of the chase in Shakespeare's time, by which those who hunted the deer stained their hands in the blood of the animal when killed; just as nowadays in fox-hunting, when the fox is killed, any novice in the hunting field, who may be in at the death, is smeared with the blood of the fox after the brush has been cut off. I am informed, however, that the custom is rapidly dying out. Compare Julius Caesar, iii. 1. 204-206:

Here wast thou bay'd, brave heart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy leath.

There is an obvious pun in line 323 which seems to have been rather a favourite one with authors of that period. Halliwell quotes Heywood's Epigrams, 1562: "Dyers be ever dying but never dead."

98. Lines 325-333.—This speech—as well as all the remaining ones of the First Citizen—is given in the Folio to *Hub.* i.e. *Hubert*; perhaps, as Collier suggested, because the same player who played *Hubert* doubled the part of the *First Citizen*.

99. Lines 327, 328:

whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be CENSURED.

Censured is generally explained as—"estimated," "determined." But does it not rather mean here "questioned?" The sense seems to be, that the two armies have shown themselves to be so equally matched that the citizens cannot say which is the superior; as the speaker says below (line 331):

Both are alike; and both alike we like.

100. Line 335: *Say, shall the current of our right RUN on?*—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4: the reading of F. 1 is *room*, to which Malone adhered; but as Steevens aptly remarks: "The King would rather describe his right as *running on* in a direct than in an irregular course, such as would be implied by the word *room*" (Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 242). And compare below, v. 4. 56, 57:

And calmly *run* on in obedience
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.

101. Line 354: *MOUSING the flesh of men*.—Pope proposed to read *mouthing*; but there is no need to alter the text. Malone says: "*Mousing* is, I suppose, mamocking, and devouring eagerly, as a cat devours a mouse" (Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 243). He quotes Mids. Night's Dream, v. 1. 274: "Well moused lion!" and Thomas Decker's Wonderful Year, 1603: "Whilst Troy was swilling sack and sugar, and mousing fat venison, the mad Greekes made bonfires of their houses" (Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 243).

102. Line 357: *Cry "havoc," kings!*—Compare Julius Caesar, iii. 1. 273:

Cry, "havoc," and let slip the dogs of war.

The cry was a signal that no quarter was to be given.

103. Line 358: *You equal POTENTS, fiery kindled spirits!*—Walker proposed to read *equal-potent*; but the fact that *potent* has a capital P in F. 1 points to the conclusion that it was meant to be a separate word=potentates. Steevens quotes: "Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intitult Philotus, &c. 1603: 'Ane of the *potentes* of the town'" (Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 244).

104. Line 368: *A greater power than we*.—This speech is given by Ff. to the King of France. Theobald altered *we* to *ye*; the meaning is rather doubtful whether the speaker refers to Providence who has left the issue undecided by battle, or to their fears (see below line 371).

105. Line 371: *KING'D of our fears*.—Ff. read: "*Kings* of our fear;" but as Malone says: "It is manifest that the passage in the old copy is corrupt, and that it must have been so worded, that their fears should be styled their *kings* or masters, and not they, *kings* or masters of their fears; because in the next line mention is made of these *fears* being deposed" (Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 245). We find the participle *king'd* used in the same sense in Henry V. ii. 4. 26:

For, my good liege, she (i.e. England) is so idly *king'd*.

106. Line 373: *these SCROYLES of Angiers*.—*Scroyle* is from French *Escrouelles*, i.e. "scabby, scrophulous fellows." It was a term of great contempt. Ben Jonson uses it in Every Man in his Humour, i. 1: "hang them, *scroyles*" (Works, vol. i. p. 10); and again in the Poetaster, iv. 1: "I cry thee mercy, my good *scroyle*, was't thou?" (Works, vol. ii. p. 471).

107. Lines 378-380:

*Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.*

For *mutines*—mutineers, rebels, Malone quotes a passage in A Compendious and Most Marvellous History of the Latter Times of the Jewes Common-Weale, &c. Written in Hebrew, by Joseph Ben Gorion,—translated into English, by Peter Morwyn, 1575, which may have been read by Shakespeare and have suggested the allusion, which is not in the old play. The passage is too long to quote in its entirety; but it describes how the people of Jerusalem were divided into three parties, and how when Titus was “encamped upon mount Olivet, the captaines of the seditious assembled together, and fell at argument, every man with another, intending to turne their cruelty upon the Romaines, confirming and ratifying the same atonement and purpose, by swearing one to another; and so became peace amongst them” (Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 217). The corresponding speech of the Bastard in the old play is very bald, and will serve as a specimen to show how Shakespeare improved on his original:

Bast. Might Philip conuelt two so mightie kings,
As are the Kings of England and of France,
He would aduise your Graces to unite
And knit your forces against these Citizens,
Pulling their battered waies about their ears.
The Towne once wonne, then sturme about the claim,
For they are minded to delude you both.

—Troublesome Raigne, p. 247.

108. Line 424: *Is NIECE to England*.—F. 1, F. 2 have *neere*; F. 3, F. 4 *near*. The emendation is Collier's. In line 64 above of this same scene we have:
With her (i.e., *Queen Eliza*), her NIECE, the Lady Blanche of Spain.
And again below (line 460):

Give with our NIECE a dowry large enough.

And again (line 521), “What say you, my *niece*?” In this latter passage the spelling of F. 1 is *neere*. The two words *neere*, *neere*, may easily be mistaken for one another. Compare Two Gent. of Verona, iv. 1. 49, where F. 1, F. 2 have *neere*, which Theobald altered to *near*, an emendation generally adopted, but unnecessarily. (See Two Gent. of Verona, note 91.)

109. Line 434: *If not complete, Oh! say he is not she*.—Ff. read “complete of,” which is explained: “complete thereof,” “full of those qualities.” But the emendation of Hammer, which we have adopted, is certainly most plausible, and gets rid of a very awkward phrase for which there appears to be no necessity. Compare line 441 below:

O, two such silver currents, when they join.

110. Line 436: *If want it be, BUT that she is not he*.—We have adopted the independent conjecture of Mr. Swynfen Jervis and Mr. Lettsom, in place of the reading of Ff. *not*.

If want it be *NOT* that she is not he seems to make very poor sense, and falls entirely to provide the natural antithesis to line 434 above.

111. Line 438: *Left to be finished by such a she*.—Ff. read “as she.” The correction is Theobald's.

112. Lines 455, 456:

Here's a STAY

That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death.

Many emendations have been proposed in place of the word *stay*; such as *flaw* (Johnson); *say* (Becket); *story* or *storm* (Spedding); but no alteration of the text is necessary. *Stay* here means “some one” or “something that stops or stays your progress.” This explanation seems more probable than that which would take *stay* in the same sense as that in which it is used below (v. 7. 68):

What surety of the world, what hope, what *STAY*,

where it means “support.” Schmidt takes it to be the imperative of the verb used in a substantive form; but as Steevens has pointed out: “Churchyard, in his Siege of Leeth, 1575, having occasion to speak of a trumpet that sounded to proclaim a truce, says:

This *staye* of warre made many men to mure.”

Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 251.

And a similar use of the word, in which the active sense is not lost sight of, is not uncommon. As for the argument that an obstacle could not *shake* “the rotten carcass of old Death” propriety is not always to be looked for in Shakespeare's smiles and tropical expressions, especially in his earlier plays.

113. Line 462: *He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bouncer*. This line we have arranged as Capell did, not as usually printed:

He speaks plain cannon fire, &c.

Compare the well known line in Hamlet, iii. 2. 414:

I will set *UP* A DAGGER to her, but use none.

114. Lines 461-467: *Our ears are outgeld'd*; &c. Compare Taming of the Shrew, i. 2. 239, note 64.

115. Lines 477-479:

*Least zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.*

There is no doubt that *zeal* is compared here to melted ice which *freezes* again, and not, as Steevens thought, to “metal in a state of fusion.” Compare iii. 4. 149, 150:

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and *FREEZE* UP their zeal.

116. Line 500: *Becomes a SUN, and makes your son a shadow*.—F. 1, F. 2 have *sonne*, F. 3, F. 4 *sun*. Rowe first substituted *sun*. It is clear that the wretched pun was intended.

117. Lines 501-503:

*I do protest I never lov'd myself,
Till now inflex'd I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.*

Allusions to the miniature reflection of one's face, as seen in the pupil of another's eye, are very numerous in the poets of Shakespeare's time. Compare with this passage the following one from Beaumont's Salmacis and Hermaphroditus:

“How should I love thee, when I do espie
A face more beauteous my self had in the eye?
When thou dost love let not that nymph be nigh thee,
Nor, when thou would'st, let that same nymph be by thee;
Oh quite observe her from thy lover's face,

Or hide her beauty in a darker place."
By this the nymph perceived *he did espy*
None but himself reflected in her eye.

—Works, vol. ii. p. 699.

118 Lines 527–530.—Shakespeare has—perhaps in order to condense the scene somewhat, it being very long in the old play—made an alteration in the details of this scene, the effect of which is to set John's character in a more unfavourable light. In *The Troublesome Raigne* John offers, in addition to "her dowrie out of Spaine," thirty thousand marks; but King Philip demands the provinces as well. John hesitates at first, but Queen Eleanor advises him to yield, which he does in these words:

And here in mariage I doo glue with her
From me and my Successors English Kings,
Volquesson, Putters, Anjou, Torain, Main,
And thirtie thousand markes of stipend coyne.

—*Troublesome Raigne*, p. 250.

119. Line 532: *Command thy son and daughter to join hands*.—This was the old ceremony of betrothal, and was formerly celebrated in church according to a proper ritual, as it is now in the Greek Church. In the services of the Church of Rome and the Church of England the ceremonies, formerly observed at the betrothal, are absorbed into the marriage service; for instance, the holding of the right hand of each other in turn by the bride and bridegroom while repeating the words: "I — take thee — to my wedded wife," or "husband," &c. In the Roman Church the bridegroom gives the bride gold and silver, a custom which existed in the ceremony of betrothal among the Franks before their conversion to Christianity.

120. Lines 551–553.—In the old play the corresponding passage stands thus:

Arthur, although thou troublest Englands peace
Yet here I glue thee Brittain for thine owne,
Together with the Earledome of Richmond,
And this rich Citie of Angiers withall.

—*Troublesome Raigne*, p. 250.

121. Line 563: *Hath willingly* DEPARTED *with a part*.—See *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 43.

122. Line 566: *rounded in the ear*.—Compare *Winter's Tale*, i. 2. 217, 218:

whispering, *rounding*
"Sicilia is a so-forth."

And in *Middleton's A Mad World my Masters*, iii. 3: "Then is your grandsire rounded t' th' ear" (*Works*, vol. ii. p. 381).

123. Line 584: *Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid*.—Mason has the following note: "The word *eye* in the line preceding, and the word *own*, which can ill agree with *aid*, induces me to think that we ought to read—'his own determined *ayn*' instead of *aid*. His own *aid* is little better than nonsense" (*Var. Ed.* vol. xv. p. 259). But as Rolfe suggests: *his own determined aid* may mean "the *aid* he had *determined* to give." Collier adopted Mason's suggestion into the MS. corrections.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

124. Line 24: *Be these SAD SIGNS confirmers of thy words*?—By *these sad signs* Constance means, as Malone points out, the shaking of his head, the laying his hand

on his breast, and, he might have added, the *lamentable rheum* in his eyes mentioned just above. Warburton, quite unnecessarily, substituted *signs* for *signs*. Compare *Venus* and *Adonis* (lines 929, 930):

So she at *these sad signs* draws up her breath,
And sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

125. Line 42: *I do beseech you, madam, be content*.—I do not think that, on the strength of this line one can, as Clarke does (vol. ii. p. 20, note 7), build any theory that Arthur was lacking in affection towards his mother. The boy was naturally alarmed at her vehemence; gently, and respectfully, he seeks to calm her agitation. Dramatic exigencies forbid any long speech on his part. For a similar use of the word *content* compare *Richard II.* v. 2. 80–82:

York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duch. I will not peace. &c.
Aum. Good mother, be content.

126. Lines 43–47.—Compare Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, iv. 1:

If thou hadst been born
Deform'd and crooked in the features of
Thy body, as the manners of thy mind;
Moor lipp'd, flat-nosed, dim-eyed, and beetle-brow'd,
With a dwarf's stature to a giant's waist;

I had been blest.

—*Works*, p. 54.

127. Line 46: *prodigious*.—Compare *Richard III.* i. 2. 21, 22:

If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light.

Also in *Middleton* and *Dekker's Honest Whore*, i. 1:

Twice hath he thus at cross-turns thrown on us
Prodigious looks.

—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 5.

128. Lines 68–70:

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
To me, and to the state of my great grief, &c.

The meaning of this passage is tolerably plain, in spite of the various efforts that have been made to amend it. Hammer would substitute *stout* for *stoop*; but no alteration is required. Constance says she *will instruct her sorrows to be proud*; and adds that grief or sorrow is *proud*, and makes his *owner*, i.e. the person who owns the grief or sorrow, *stoop* beneath its weight. Before that grief, sitting in state as it were, she would make *kings* assemble; and before *her* and her *sorrow* they should *bow down*. The metaphor and the various ideas expressed are alike rather confused; but this is not unnatural, considering the agitation of the speaker, and is quite in keeping with the style of Shakespeare's earlier plays.

129. Line 73: *here I and SORROW sit*.—Ff. read *sorrows*. The emendation is Pope's. Probably the *s* of *sorrows* was caught from the next word *sit*. Certainly the plural number seems out of place, and spoils the force of the line.

130. Lines 77, 78:

To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the ALCHEMIST.

Compare Sonnet xxxiii. 1-4:

How many a glorious morning have I seen
Blatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly *alchemie*.

It is always interesting to mark any similarity of expression between the sonnets and the earlier plays, in view of the theory that the sonnets were written by Shakespeare when young; this is, certainly, a remarkable one.

131. Lines 87, 88:

*Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.*

The allusion in line 87 is, perhaps, as Upton pointed out, to Job iii. 3: "Let the day perish wherein I was born," and again (verse 6) "let it not be joined unto the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months." There is a resemblance to this speech of Constance in one of Hippolyto's, in the first part of *The Honest Whore* (by Dekker and Middleton), i. 1:

Curs'd be that day for ever that tobb'd her
Of breath and me of bliss! henceforth let it stand
Within the wizard's book, the calendar,
Mark'd with a marginal finger, to be chosen
By thieves, by villains, and black murderers,
As the best day for them to labour in.

—Middleton's Works, vol. iii. p. 9.

132. Line 91: *Let that their hopes PRODIGIOUSLY be cross'd*; i.e. be disappointed by the production of a monster, a prodigy. Compare note 127 above.

133. Line 99: *You have beguild me with a COUNTERFEIT*.—Though *counterfeit* in Shakespeare generally means a picture, here it undoubtedly means a false coin; for in the next line Constance speaks of it as *being touch'd and tried*, though the word may be intended to bear here the double meaning.

134. Lines 102, 103:

*You came IN ARMS to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now IN ARMS you strengthen it with yours.*

Johnson was probably right in pointing out that a pun is intended here; as, in the second line, *in arms* means "in friendly embraces."

135. Line 105: *Is cold in amity and PAINTED peace*.—Collier's MS. substituted *faint* for *painting*; but Constance means to imply that the friendship and peace between her former allies and her enemies was unreal.

136. Line 110: *ere SUN SET*.—Fl. "*ere sunset*." I had altered *sunset* to *sun set* before I saw that Mr. Plonk had made the same suggestion. Shakespeare accentuates *sunset* on the first syllable in Sonnet lxxiii. 6:

As after *sunset* fadeth in the west.

And again in *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5. 127, 128:

When the *sun sets*, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the *sunset* of my brother's son, &c.

There we have *sun sets* and the noun *sunset* coming close together, the accent being in the first case on *sets*, and in the second on *sun*. The only passage in which *sunset* is accentuated on the last syllable is in 111. Henry VI. ii. 2. 110:

But ere *sun set* I'll make thee curse the deed,

This passage is, however, not generally attributed to Shakespeare, and in the old play (*The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*) the line is printed:

And ere *sun set* he make thee curse the deed.

(See Hazlitt's *Shak. Lib.* pt. 2, vol. ii. p. 42.)

137. Line 129: *And hang a CALF'S SKIN on those recreant limbs*.—Though there is no doubt a great contrast between a lion and a calf, and the skin of the latter may be held to typify cowardice just as that of the former would typify courage; yet it may be doubted whether the allusion is not, primarily, to the "*calf's skin coat*" worn by the fools in old time. In *Wily Beguiled* (1600) we have in the Prologue:

His *calfe-skin* jests from hence are clean exil'd.

Doddsley, vol. ix. p. 223.

And again Robin Goodfellow says in the play itself: "I'll rather put on my flashing red nose and my flaming face, and come wrapped in a *calf's skin*, and cry *Bo bo*" (Doddsley, vol. ix. p. 236). From these, and several other passages, in which the expression *calf's skin* or *calf's skin* occurs, it is evident that it was the distinctive dress of the fool, or one of the "clowns," as the comic characters are frequently described in old plays. The latter would frequently play mischievous tricks in different disguises, and were generally cowards as well as fools.

138. Lines 142-144:

*and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see!*

The dispute between King John and the pope, on the subject of the election of Stephen Langton, may be thus briefly summarized. A contest had for a long time been going on between the king and the bishops, on the one side, and the monks of Christ Church, on the other, who both claimed the right to elect the Archbishop of Canterbury. On the death of Archbishop Hubert in July, 1205, the monks assembled secretly by night, and elected their sub prior Reginald to be archbishop. He left at once for Rome to procure the confirmation of his election by the pope. On his way he assumed the title of Archbishop Elect. A deputation was promptly sent by the bishops of the province of Canterbury to protest against his election; and the king, meanwhile, had already determined to confer the primacy on his favourite John de Grey, Bishop of Norwich. The bishops signed an instrument withdrawing their claims to any share in the election of the archbishop. The king went to Canterbury and ordered the monks to proceed at once to the election. They elected the Bishop of Norwich; and a deputation of six monks, with authority to act in the name of the whole body, was sent to Rome. The pope, Innocent III., pronounced both elections null and void, and recommended Stephen Langton, an Englishman, rector of the University of Paris, who was then in Rome, to the monks, who duly elected him. The pope wrote to ask the king's assent, but received no answer; and Langton was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury at Avelin, in June, 1207. John was furious, he drove the monks out of their convent by violence, and vowed that Langton should never set foot in England as primate. The pope

had now recourse to the very strong measure of an interdict. The dispute raged till 15th May, 1213, when John made his submission to the pope, and accepted Stephen Langton as archbishop.

139. Lines 147, 148:

*What EARTHLY name to interrogatories
Can TASK the free BREATH of a sacred king?*

Ff. read *earthlie*. *Earthly* is Pope's emendation. F. 1, F. 2 have *tast* instead of *task*, which is Theobald's ingenious correction. Compare Henry V. i. 2. 5, 6:

some things of weight

That *task* our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Breath is used = "speech" not unfrequently in Shakespeare. Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 9. 90:

besides commends and courteous *breath*.

The meaning of these two lines is: "What *earthly* name appended to *interrogatories* can force a king, whose office is sacred, and whose speech is free, to answer them?" In the old play the speech runs thus: "And what hast thou or the Pope thy maister to doo to demand of me, how I employ mine own? Know Sir Priest, as I honour the Church and holy Churchmen, so I scorne to be subject to the greatest Prelate in the world. Tell thy Maister so from me, and say, John of England said it, that neuer an Italian Priest of them all, shal either haue tythe, tole, or polling penie out of England; but as I am King, so will I raigue next vnder God, supreme head both ouer spiritual and temrall: and hee that contradicts me in this, Ile make him hoppe headlesse" (Troublesome Raigne, pp. 254, 255). That gentle-mind and immaculate reformer, Henry VIII., might certainly have spoken that speech.

140. Lines 174-179:

*And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.*

In the old play the sentence of excommunication is given thus: "Then I Pandulph of Padoa, legate from the Apostolike sea, doe in the name of Saint Peter and his successor our holy Father Pope Innocent, pronounce thee *accursed*, discharging every one of thy subjectes of all dutie and fealtie that they do owe to thee, and pardon and forgiveness of sinne to those or them whatever which shall *carrie armes* against thee or *murder* thee: This I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an *excommunicate* person" (Troublesome Raigne, p. 255). Probably, there is an allusion to the Bull of Pius V., 1569, which was signed by the pope on 25th February, 1570; on 8th August, in the same year, Felton was executed for the publication of it. Johnson thought that these lines might refer to the Gunpowder Plot, in which case they must have been added long after the first production of the play.

141. Line 200: *In likeness of a new UNTRIMMED bride.*—

Dyce proposed *new UP-TRIMMED* in the sense of "newly-dressed-up," quoting Romeo and Juliet, iv. 4. 24:

Go waken Juliet, go and *trim* her up.

There is no doubt that to *trim* meant "to dress more or less finely" and not simply "to clothe;" so that those commentators who maintain that the meaning of *untrimmed* is *undressed* have gone, probably, a little too far. At the most it would mean only in *deshabille*; but the epithet here might refer to the fact that Blanch was not *fully* dressed as a bride should be. I cannot see any reason for Grant White's statement that here is an allusion to the temptation of St. Anthony. For the use of *trimmed* = "smartly dressed," compare Two Gent. of Verona, iv. 4. 166:

And I was *trimm'd* in Madam Julia's gown,

and in III. Henry VI. ii. 1. 24:

Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love.

That Blanch could not have been *trimm'd*, in this sense, is evident from the haste with which the marriage was celebrated. See above, ii. 1. 559, 560:

Go we, as well as *haste* will suffer us,
To this *unlook'd-for*, *unprepared* pomp.

But another meaning has been assigned to *untrimmed* with much plausibility, namely, that it refers to the custom of brides going with their hair dishevelled. Fleay, who is of this opinion, quotes Tancred and Gismunda, v. 2:

So let thy tresses, flaring in the wind,
Untrimmed hang about thy bared neck.

—Dodsley, vol. vii. p. 85.

142. Lines 211-216.—This speech of Constance is very characteristic of Shakespeare's earlier style; in its elaborate antithesis and play upon words it rivals some of the most affected speeches in Richard II. Compare Gaunt's speeches in act ii. scene 1 of that play.

143. Line 235: *To CLAP this royal bargain UP of peace.*—*To clap up* = "to clap hands," as used in Henry V. v. 2. 133: "and so *clap* hands and a bargain." The reference is undoubtedly to the formal pledging by lovers of their troth before marriage, one party putting his or her hand in that of the other. Compare Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 327:

Was ever match *clapp'd up* so suddenly?

144. Line 242: *Play FAST AND LOOSE with faith.*—This very common expression had its origin, apparently, from a cheating game played by gypsies and other vagrants, of which the following description is found in Nares: "It is said to be still used by low sharpers, and is called *pricking at the belt or girdle*. It is thus described: 'A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends and draw it away. *Sir J. Hawkins*.' The drift of it was, to encourage wagers whether it was *fast or loose*, which the juggler could make it at his option." Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 12. 28, 29:

Like a right *gipsy*, hath, at *fast and loose*,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.

From the following passage (quoted by Nares) it would seem that the game was sometimes played with other stock in trade than a girdle:

He like a gypsy oftentimes would go,
 All kinds of gibberish he hath learn'd to know;
 And with a stick, a short string, and a noose,
 Would show the people tricks at *fast and loose*
 —Dryden's *Moon-shall*, p. 500.

145. Line 251: *Some gentle order; then we shall be blest.* Ff. read "*and then we shall be blest.*" Pope omitted *then*. We have adopted Lettison's suggestion that *and* "seems to have intruded from the line below," and have omitted that word instead of *then*.

146. Line 259: *A CHAFED lion by the mortal paw.* Ff. have *cased*, which Dyce says could only mean "a lion stripped of his skin, flayed;" and he quotes All's Well, iii. 6. 110, 111: "We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we *case* him" (See Nares, *sub voce*). *Caged, chased*, are amongst the various suggestions, while Steevens, retaining the reading of Ff., says: "a *cased* lion" is 'a lion irritated by confinement.' So, in King Henry VI. pt. iii. act. i. sc. 3, lines 12, 13:

So looks the *pent-up* lion o'er the wretch
 That trembles under his devouring paws."

Malone adds: "Again, in Rowley's *When you See Me you Know Me*, 1621:

The Lion in his *cage* is not so stern
 As royal Henry in his wrathful spleen.

Our author was probably thinking on the lions, which in his time, as at present, were kept in the Tower in dens so small as fully to justify the epithet he has used" (Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 280). "This is plausible enough; but no instance has been adduced of a similar use of *case* in this peculiar sense. Schmidt also prefers the reading of Ff., and explains *cased* as "a lion hid in his cave." Dyce in a note (59) on this passage says: "The right reading is undoubtedly 'a *chafed* lion,' &c. In the following passage of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, where the *Acto* of 1620 has '*Chaf'd*,' the other eds. have '*Chast*,' and (let it be particularly observed) '*Cast*:'

And what there is of vengeance in a lion
Chaf'd among dogs or rob'd of his dear young, &c.

—Act V. sc. 4.

Moreover, in our author's *Henry VIII.*, we find:

so looks the *chafed* lion
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him, &c.

—iii. v. 206, 207."

We have adopted *chafed* as being, on the whole, the most probable reading.

147. Lines 270-273:

*For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
 Is not amiss when it is truly done,
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done, not doing it.*

The whole of this speech of Pandulph's, to which there is no parallel in the old play, is full of affected obscurities which are absolutely exasperating. Shakespeare was under the influence of this hyper-antithetical style, which aimed at brevity and point, but only accomplished obscurity and tediousness. It may be that this speech is

1 In the copy of this play in my possession the word is very indistinct, and seems intended for *age* more than *age* (*Q*ua, 16, 17, sig. l. 3).

intended to be a serious parody of so called Jesuitical casuistry. In line 271 several commentators have proposed to substitute some other word for *not*; but no change of the text is necessary. As Malone justly observes, if we place the second part of the sentence first, the meaning of the passage will be perfectly clear. It may be thus paraphrased: "*Truth* (that is religious fidelity to one's oath) is best done by not doing that which is evil, even when you have sworn to do so; and therefore, what wrong you have sworn to do is not wrong if *truly* done, i.e. not done at all (in accordance with *truth* as I have explained it)." Johnson says: "*Truth*, (through the whole speech, means rectitude of conduct" (Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 282). It may be so; and for such a use of the word, compare the Gospel of St. John, iii. 21: "But he that doeth *truth* cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God."

148. Lines 279-284:

*It is religion that doth make vows kept;
 But thou hast sworn against religion;
 By that, thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st by
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
 Against an oath: the truth thou art unsure
 To swear, swears only not to be forsworn.*

In F. 1 the passage is printed thus:

It is religion that doth make vows kept,
 But thou hast sworn against religion.
 By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,
 Against an oath the truth, thou art unsure
 To swear, swears only not to be forsworn.

And so F. 2; but F. 3, F. 4 punctuate line 282 thus:

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth:

The passage is very difficult to understand. We have adopted Hammer's alteration of *what* to *that* in line 281, and have ventured to insert *by* after *swear'st*, which makes the sense clearer. The *by* may easily have been omitted, the transcriber only seeing the *by* at the beginning of the line. The objection to such an emendation is the extreme rarity of double endings in the verse of this scene. The meaning of the passage (lines 281-284), as we print it, may be thus paraphrased: "*By that* (i.e. by swearing against religion) you swear against that by which you swear, and make your second oath the guarantee of your truth in not keeping your first one. The *truth* (i.e. the loyalty to the Church) to which you are *unsure* (i.e. hesitating) to swear, takes an oath only with the object of not breaking it," and he adds (line 280): "But you take an oath only with the object of breaking it," that is, by taking an oath of fidelity to John, who was the declared enemy of the Church to which he had already sworn allegiance, Philip was deliberately forswearing himself. Some editors have altered *swears* in line 284 to *swear* (imperative); but the change is not necessary. Malone thought that two half lines had been lost. All attempts, however, to render this passage clear must be only partially successful, the obscurity being intentional.

149. Line 289: *rebellion to thyself.* Compare Mach. Acto, II. 1. 243: "The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you."

150. Line 294: *If thou VOUCHSAFE them.*—Compare Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 313:

Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

151. Line 303: *loud churlish drums.*—Compare Venus and Adonis, line 107:

Scorning his *churlish drum* and ensign red.

152. Line 320. *England, I'll FALL FROM thee.*—Compare III. Henry VI. iii. 3. 209:

He's very likely now to *fall from* him.

153. Line 330. *They whirl asunder and dismember me.*—The allusion is probably, not to the Roman punishment, inflicted by Tullus Hostilius on Mettius Fuffetius for withdrawing the Alban troops from the field of battle in the war with the Veientes (see Virgil, *Æneid*, viii. 642),—namely, being torn to pieces by two chariots,—but to those punishments inflicted, in Shakespeare's own time, on some murderers who were torn to pieces by wild horses; notably, according to Malone, on Balthazar de Gerrard, who assassinated William Prince of Orange in 1584; and on John Chastel for attempting to assassinate Henry IV. of France in 1594. (See Var. Ed. vol. xiv. p. 127.)

154. Line 337: *Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.*—This is the punctuation usually adopted: Ff. have *with me, with me.* Capell altered *lies to lives* because of Blanch's answer in the next line:

There where my fortune *lives*, there my life dies.

But surely the antithesis between *lives* and *dies* is made by Blanch independently of Lewis's speech.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

155. Line 2: *Some AIRY devil hovers in the sky.*—Theobald altered *airy* to *fiery* "by Mr. Warburton's suggestion." The alteration was not only unnecessary, but quite out of place. Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, pt. 1, sec. 2, memb. 1. subsec. 2, in describing the different sort of devils, tells us: "*Aerial* spirits or Devils are such as keep quarter most part in the air, cause many tempests, thunder, and lightnings, tear Oaks, fire Steeples, Houses, strike men and beasts, make it rain stones, as in Livies time, Wooll, Frogs," &c. (p. 28, edn. 1676.)

156. Line 5: *Hubert, keep THOU this boy.* *Philip, make up.*—Ff. have: *Hubert, keep this boy*, the defective syllable making a very halting verse. Pope inserted *there* before *Hubert*. The reading in the text is Tyrwhitt's, adopted by Dyce. Though John had knighted the Bastard by the name of "*Sir Richard*," he here calls him by his former Christian name *Philip*. In the old play John does so constantly.

ACT III. SCENE 3.

157. Lines 1, 2:

*So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded.*

Lettson says the second *so* should be *more*. But if we refer to line 70 below of this scene we find that Queen Eleanor had asked for some specified number of forces:

I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

So, therefore, although it looks very much like an accidental repetition by mistake of the word in the line above, may be the right reading, the meaning being: "*so strongly guarded* as you have asked to be." In the old play Queen Eleanor is left:

As Regent of our Prouinces in Fraunce.

—Troublesome Raigne, p. 259.

158. Lines 7-9:

*see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; set at liberty
Imprison'd angels.*

Ff. read:

imprisoned angells

Set at libertie;

making two very unrhymical lines. The transposition of the two sentences, which makes the metre perfect, was suggested by Walker. Shakespeare has very much toned down all that part of the old play which relates to the plundering of the monasteries by John, and contains coarse and vulgar abuse of the monks and nuns.

159. Lines 9, 10:

the fat ribs of peace

Must by the hungry NOW be fed upon.

For now Warburton substituted *war*, and Haumer *man*. Steevens suggests that "*the hungry now*" is "*the hungry instant*," and quotes from Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 186, 187:

till this very *now*,

When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how.

But, unfortunately, that is only the conjectural reading of Pope. Ff. have "*EVER TILL now*." Malone suggested:

Must by the hungry *soldiers* now be fed on.

It is most probable that Shakespeare uses *the hungry* in the same way as it is used in the Magnificat. "He hath filled the *hungry* with good things" (St. Luke i. 53); that is, in a general and collective sense.

160. Line 12: *Bell, book, and candle.*—Dr. Grey quotes a long description of the old ceremony of excommunication as "given by Henry Care," according to which three candles were severally extinguished at different points of the curse; but he only mentions "two wax tapers" at the beginning of his account (Grey's Notes on Shakespeare, vol. i. pp. 285, 286). Compare Marlowe's Doctor Faustus (Qto., 1616):

Bell book and candle,—candle book and bell,—
Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell.

—Works, p. 121.

161. Line 17:

Eli. Farewell, MY gentle cousin.

K. John.

Coz, farewell.

Ff. omit *my*; added by Pope. *My* is necessary to complete the metre; the two speeches are evidently intended to form only one line.

162. Line 26: *But I will fit it with some better TIME.*—Ff. have *tune*: the emendation is Pope's. So in Macbeth, iv. 3. 235: "*This time goes manly*," instead of "*This tune goes manly*."

163. Line 39: *Sound ON into the drowsy RACE of night.*—Theobald altered *on* into *one*, which Dyce adopts, together

with *car* for *race*, the latter conjecture being also adopted by Staunton, and, independently, by Walker. It is neither a grateful nor a safe task to differ from a commentator at once so temperate and learned as Mr. Dyce; but it certainly seems to me that, in this case at least, he has rashly adopted alterations which not only are not required by the text, but which absolutely enfeeble and corrupt a beautiful passage. Let us look at the context. The king declares he has something to say to Hubert, but he could not say it in broad daylight with the sun shining brightly:

if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs,

That is to say, the king is trying to picture the most solemn and gloomy surroundings for his intended revelation to Hubert. Now the question is, which best expresses this—the undoubted meaning of the passage; the *midnight bell*, sounding with its deep resonant voice the hour of midnight, the echoes of which voice float as it were into the drowsy stream of the night, and linger for some time on the ear of the listeners; or the same bell sounding *one* only—a short sound—which has no time to impress the senses, and which heralds the approach of morning, and the termination of that hour of darkness and silence usually known as midnight; namely, from 12 to 1 o'clock? It is beside the question to show that, because *one* was often printed *on*, and even pronounced so, therefore it is, necessarily, so misprinted in this case. Nor does it follow because *care*, as F. 1 prints *car*, might easily be mistaken for *race*, that it was so mistaken here. If the sense absolutely required *car*, we should not hesitate to adopt it; but is not the sense weakened by such a change? On the other hand, it must be granted that no exactly similar use of *race* can be found in Shakespeare. In Sonnet II. 10, 11 we have:

Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
Shall weigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery *race*;

But that is the only passage I can find, in which *race* is used at all in the sense of *course*, and that is not very satisfactory, as one wants the same use of the word as in “mill-race,” where it signifies “a swift stream;” and here, being qualified by the epithet *drowsy*, the very paradoxical use of the word would of itself be forcible. But it may be that *race* here means “disposition,” “nature,” as in *Tempest*, i. 2. 358-360:

But thy vile *race*,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with.

And in *Measure for Measure*, ii. 4. 160:

And now I give my sensual *race* the rein.

Or by “drowsy *race* of night” Shakespeare might have meant the sleeping people and animals. The first meaning of the word given above, viz. “course” (as of a stream) is decidedly the one to be preferred; in which case, we need not take *into* to mean *unto* as most of the commentators do; nor, indeed, if *car* be adopted, would any other than the ordinary sense of the preposition be required.

164. Line 59: *Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert*.—Note here the triple repetition of the name *Hubert*. To repeat a

word or phrase three times has been alleged to be one of the signs of insanity, apropos of Hamlet's thrice-repeated “except my life” (ii. 2. 231); but it would rather seem to be intended to indicate the brooding over some grief or anxiety. Sometimes Shakespeare uses the triple repetition in order to intensify the pathetic expression of some passage, as in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 15. 11, 12:

O Antony,

Antony, Antony!

Here, certainly, John is seeking to impress Hubert with the deep trouble of his mind which is caused by the existence of Arthur, and wishes to be as pathetic as possible. It may be here observed that this fine scene between John and Hubert, one of the most dramatic bits in this tragedy, has no parallel whatever in the old play.

165. Line 72: *Hubert shall be your man, attend on you*.—So F. 1, F. 2; but F. 3, F. 4 have *to attend*, which Pope altered *attend* for the sake of the metre. But does not the elliptical construction better express the agitated state of John's mind?

ACT III. SCENE 4.

166. Line 2: *A whole ARMADO of CONVICTED sail*.—The word *armado*, which is Shakespeare's form of the Spanish word *armada*, occurs only once again, in the *Comedy of Errors*, iii. 2. 140. See note 88 of that play. Various emendations have been proposed in place of *convicted*; but there is no necessity for any change. The word meant “conquered” in Shakespeare's time, a meaning strictly in keeping with its derivation. Compare the use of *to convince* to overcome, in more than one passage, e.g. in *Cymbeline*, i. 4. 104: “to convince the honour of my mistress.”

167. Line 12: *Such temperate order in so fierce a CAUSE*.—Hammer, adopting a suggestion of Theobald, substituted *course* for *cause*. Among other editors, Dyce and Staunton adopt the same reading, the latter explaining *course* as here “the *carrière* of a horse, or a charge, in a passage of arms.” But no change of the text seems necessary. *Cause*, from meaning “the ground of an action,” came to mean the “action,” or “course of action” itself.

168. Lines 18, 19:

Holding th' eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.

For *breath* Farmer suggested *earth*; but, by the *vile prison of afflicted breath*, Shakespeare means the *body* which is the prison of the breath of *Ple*. So Hubert below (iv. 3. 135-137):

If I in act, consent, or sign of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet *breath*
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay.

169. Line 21: *Lo, now! NOW see the issue of your peace*.—Is not this second *now* a mistake of the transcriber's for *you*?

170. Lines 22-25:

*K. *Phil. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!*
Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death.

Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 15. 2-4:

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise.

171. Line 35: *And buss thee as thy wife.*—Strange as it may seem, Pope altered *buss* to *kiss*. He forgot the well-known passage in the Fairy Queen, where Malbecco finds his wife amongst the satyrs, bk. iii. 3. c. 10, st. 46:

But every Satyre first did give a *büsse*
To Hellenore; so *busses* did abound.

Compare Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 220:

Yond towers, whose wanton tops do *buss* the clouds.

172. Line 42: a MODERN invocation.—Johnson says: "It is hard to say what Shakespeare means by *modern*: it is not opposed to *ancient*." But from this passage, and the well-known line in As You Like It, ii. 7. 156:

Full of wise saws and *modern* instances,

and Macbeth, iv. 3. 169, 170:

where violent sorrow seems

A *modern* ecstasy:

as well as from others, in which Shakespeare uses it in a similar sense, it evidently means "trite," "commonplace," "conventional."

173. Line 44: *Thou art NOT holy to belie me so.*—F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 omit *not*, which was added in F. 4. Some editors read *unholy*.

174. Lines 48, 49:

I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!
For then, 't is like I should forget myself.

With this speech of Constance, compare Hamlet's defence of his sanity, iii. 4. 141-144:

It is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from.

175. Line 64: *ten thousand wiry FRIENDS.*—Ff. read *fiends*, which is nonsense; the obvious emendation is Rowe's.

176. Line 68: *To England, if you will.*—Surely it is not necessary to give these few words of Constance—evidently uttered when her distracted mind is not paying any attention to what Philip had just been saying—such a far-fetched meaning as some commentators have assigned to them. She does not mean: "Tell all that to England (i.e. to John);" nor does she mean, as Malone suggests, "Take my son to England if you will;" still less is she addressing her hair, as Staunton conjectures; but she is most probably answering what King Philip said to her when she first entered (see above line 20):

I prithee, lady, go away with me.

She has not yet given any reply to that request; and, as she sits brooding over her grief, she remembers he had asked her to go away with him and answers mechanically: "To England—if you will." Clarke takes the same view.

177. Line 80: *To him that did but yesterday SUSPIRE.*—*Suspire* is only used by Shakespeare in one other passage, II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 33, 34:

Did he *suspire*, that light and weightless down;
Perforce must move.

178. Line 91: *He talks to me that never had a son.*—Compare in Macbeth (iv. 3. 216) the touching exclamation of Macduff:

He has no children.

179. Line 93: *Grief fills the room up of my absent child.*—Malone quotes a line from Lucan where exactly the same idea occurs (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 302):

Perfruitur lachrymis, et amat *pro conjuge luctum*.
—Pharsalia, lib. ix.

He also quotes from Maynard, a French poet, a passage which resembles this even more closely:

Mon deuil me plaît, et me doit toujours plaire,
Il me tient lieu de celle que je plains.

180. Lines 107-111.—Johnson points out that the young prince naturally feels the shame of their defeat more strongly than his father. This short speech bears some resemblance to the more beautiful one in Macbeth, v. 5. 24-28:

Life's but a walking shadow,
.....
It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Possibly, as Malone suggests, Shakespeare had in his mind Psalm xc. verse 9: "For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told."

181. Lines 110, 111:

And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet WORLD'S taste,
That it yields nought but SHAME and bitterness.

Ff. have words: the emendation is Pope's. For the second *shame* in line 111 Walker proposed to read *gall*, on the ground that "something is wanting that shall class with bitterness." Fleay thought the reading of Ff., in the first case, might be the correct one, the *sweet word* being "the tedious tale of life." But it might mean simply *life*, which is a *sweet word* to many people. Delius would read: "that sweet world's taste," which, certainly, is an improvement, as the repetition of *world*, after its occurrence in line 108, is rather weak; and so is the repetition of *shame*, as the passage stands at present.

182. Line 149: *This act, so evilly born.*—Shakespeare only uses *evilly* in one other passage, in Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 467: "good deeds *evilly* bestow'd."

183. Line 154: *No scope of nature.*—Pope changed *scope* to *scape*, a change utterly unnecessary and destructive of all sense in the passage. *Scape* would mean "a transgression," something out of the common course, and against the normal laws of nature; while the very force of Pandulph's speech lies in the fact that he is urging that no *common* and *ordinary* operation of nature will take place without the people calling it a prodigy. Mark, for instance, in line 153, "No *natural* exhalation," &c., and below, line 155:

No *common* wind, no *customed* event.

It is difficult to see how any editor could read the passage, and yet print *scape* in the text. *Scope* is exactly the word required, signifying "the sphere in which the proper action of any force lies," and so, any "usual operation or effect" produced by nature.

184. Line 155: *no CUSTOMED event*.—Shakespeare uses *customed* in the sense of "customary," "common" (note that it is not *customed* abbreviated from *accustomed*) only in one other passage in II. Henry VI. v. 1. 188:

To widow from her *customed* right.

185. Line 169: *hurly*.—Used only thrice by Shakespeare: here; in Taming of the Shrew, iv. 1. 296; and in II. Henry IV. iii. 1. 25:

That, with the *hurly*, death itself awakes.

186. Line 182: *Strong reasons make STRONG actions: let us go*.—F. 1 has *strange*, altered in F. 2 to *strong*, the reading generally adopted. The older reading may be the right one; but, as Steevens points out: "The repetition, in the second folio, is perfectly in our author's manner, and is countenanced by the following passage in Henry V. ii. 4. 48, 49:

Think we King Harry strong;
"And princes, look you *strongly* arm to meet him."

—Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 306.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

187. This scene is laid, conjecturally, by most editors at Northampton. All that is certain is that it is somewhere in England; both the author of The Troublesome Raigne and Shakespeare, having taken this liberty with history, to transfer the scene of Arthur's imprisonment at Rouen, where he died or was killed to England. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips places this scene at Dover, and Grant White at Canterbury. There seems to be no particular reason why Northampton should be fixed upon, except that we learn from Holinshed (vol. ii. p. 273) that the estates of the realm assembled at Northampton to swear allegiance to John on his accession to the crown, and that John appears afterwards to have held his court sometimes at Northampton. That Shakespeare intended Hubert to take Arthur to England we learn from iii. 2. 71 above. The only possible authority for such a transference of scene—and that is merely a negative one—is that Fabian says nothing about Arthur's dying, or of his being imprisoned in France. What he says, under the Third Year of John's reign, is that John "toke hym (Arthur) prysomer;" and further that John "returned with his prysoners into England" (pp. 312, 313).

188. Line 7: *UNMANLY scriptures*.—*Uf*. read *uncleanly*. It is a curious fact that no one but Dr. Grey seems to have suggested the very obvious emendation given in our text, an emendation which I had marked in the margin of my copy before seeing Dr. Grey's conjecture. *Unmanly* and *uncleanly* would be written so much alike that it would be difficult for any transcriber to distinguish them; the former word seems appropriate, the latter quite the contrary. There was nothing *uncleanly* in the scriptures of the excentioners; but Hubert might well call them *unmanly*. In all the other passages in which the word *uncleanly* is used by Shakespeare it is connected with something foul or impure. In As You Like It, iii. 2. 51: "that courtesy would be *uncleanly*, if courtiers were shepherds;" and in Othello, iii. 3. 138, 139:

who has a heart so pure,

But some *uncleanly* apprehensions, &c.

the word, though not used in its literal sense, is, obviously from the context, associated, in the first case, with physical dirt, and in the second with moral impurity; so that to give the word here simply the sense of "uncleaning" seems to me an arbitrary assumption not justified by any instance of a similar use of the word.

189. Lines 14-16:

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness.

This affectation of *sadness* certainly existed in England; for more than one writer of Shakespeare's time alludes to it; but it is doubtful if it was in any way adopted from the French; rather it seems to have been a native product. Lilly alludes to it in his Midas, 1592: "*melancholy* is the crest of courtiers, and now every base companion, &c., says he is *melancholy*." Steevens quotes The Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell (1613):

It is not most gentleman like to be *melancholy*!

—Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 308.

Dyce in A Few Notes on Shakespeare, 1853 (pp. 89, 90), gives a long extract from one of Nash's Tracts, in which, speaking of "the follies which 'idle travellers' brought home from France," he mentions "to wear a velvet patch on their face, and *walke melancholy with their armes folded*" (The Unfortunate Traveller, or, The Life of Jacke Wilton, 1594, sig. l. 4). But that Lilly's reference to this affectation is of an earlier date than the date when Hamlet was probably first produced, one might imagine that the great popularity of that play set up, or, at any rate, encouraged this fashionable affectation of *melancholy*. But it might be this affectation had no deeper seat than the liver. The same affectation of *melancholy* may be observed among the upper classes in Southern Italy, either to distinguish them from their humbler compatriots, or, more probably, because of their bilious temperaments. The gross over-feeding, which was the fashion in Shakespeare's time—as we know from the *menus* which have been preserved in some cases—must have induced liver complaints and, consequently, *melancholy*.

190. Line 16: *By my CHRISTENDOM*. In All's Well, i. 1. 187-189, *christendom* is used in the sense of "Christian name;"

with a w. old
Of perty, fond, adoptions, *christendoms*,
That blinking Cupid goads.

Here it is generally held to mean "Christianity." It is also used baptism. Halliwell quotes Taylor, the Water Poet, Works, 1630:

A halfe peece, or a *roune*, or such a *summe*,
Hath forc'd them take the *christendome*.

There it evidently means "Christianity," or "Christian faith," perhaps with the original sense of "baptismal vows."

191. Line 23: *Read here, young Arthur*. In the old play the corresponding passage runs as follows, the *Warr* rant being given in full:

Peruse this letter, lines of wride war,
Reade ore my charge, and pardon when you know.

"Hubert, these are to commaund thee, as thou tendrest our quiet in minde, and the estate of our person, that presently vpon the receipt of our commaund, thou put out the eies of Arthur Plantaginet" (Troublesome Raigne, p. 268). There would seem to be some inconsistency between this scene and iii. 3. 65-67, where John clearly tells Hubert that he wishes Arthur killed, and Hubert engages to carry out that wish. Holinshed gives the following account of the incidents on which this beautiful scene of Shakespeare's is founded: "it was reported, that king John through persuation of his counsellors, appointed certeine persons to go vnto Falais, where Arthur was kept in prison, vnder the charge of Hubert de Burgh, and there to put out the young gentlemans eies."

"But through such resistance as he made against one of the tormentors that came to execute the kings commandement (for the other rather forsooke their prince and countrie, than they would consent to obeie the kings authoritie heerein) and such lamentable words as he vtered, Hubert de Burgh did preserue him from that iniurie, not doubting but rather to haue thanks than displeasure at the kings hands, for deliuering him of such infamie as would haue redounded vnto his highnesse, if the young gentleman had bene so cruellie dealt withall. For he considered, that king John had resolu'd vpon this point onellie in his heat and furie (which moueth men to vndertake manie an inconuenient enterprise, vnbeseeeming the person of a common man, much more reprochfull to a prince, all men in that mood being meere foolish and furious, and prone to accomplish the peruerse conceits of their ill possessed heart; . . .) and that afterwards, vpon better aduisement, he would both repent himselfe so to haue commanded, and giue them small thanks that should see it put in execution. Howbeit to satisfie his mind for the time, and to staie the rage of the Britains, he caused it to bruted abroad through the countrie, that the kings commandement was fulfilled, and that Arthur also through sorrow and greefe was departed out of this life" (vol. ii. p. 236). Holinshed does not give his authority for this statement. According to other accounts John visited Arthur in prison at Falaise: "exhorted him to desist from his pretensions, and represented the folly of trusting to the friendship of the king of France, the natural enemy of his family. To this admonition the high-spirited youth answered, that he would resign his claim only with his breath; and that the crown of England, together with the French provinces, belonged to himself in right of his father. John retired pensive and discontented; Arthur was transferred to the castle of Rouen, and confined in a dungeon in the new tower" (Lingard, vol. ii. p. 303).

192. Line 49: Or "What good LOVE may I perform for you?"—For a similar instance of the use of the word *love* in this senso=act of love, compare Pericles, ii. 4. 49:

But if I cannot win you to this love.

The only other passage in which any similar use of the word occurs is in Ant. and Cleo., i. 2. 186: "And get her love to part," where nearly all the modern editors read *leave*.

193. Line 51: though HEAT red-hot.—This old form of the

past participle of "to heat" is to be found in Chapman's Homer's Iliad, book xx. lines 25, 26:

but when blows, sent from his fry hand,
(Thrice heat by slaughter of his friend).

And again in the Odyssey, book xix lines 534, 535:

And therein bath'd, being vnapeately heat,
Her sov'reign's feet.

This is the only instance of its occurrence in Shakespeare.

194. Line 63.—And quench HIS fiery indignation.—Fi. read *this*; the emendation is Capell's, and seems preferable to *their* or *its*, both of which were adopted by Rowe at different times.

195. Line 64: Even in the WATER of mine innocence.—We have followed Dyce in altering the *matter* of Fi. to *water*; his note on the passage is as follows: "The correction in the second line I owe to the late Mr. W. W. Williams: see *The Parthenon* for August 16th, 1862, p. 506. Compare, in scene iii. of the present act, lines 107-110:

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.

Compare too in Wilkins's novel, Pericles Prince of Tyre, 1608; 'While her eyes were the glasses that carried the water of her mishap,' p. 66, Reprint." It is remarkable that the same alteration is made in the Long MS.¹ quoted by the Camb. Ed. The word *rust* in the next line seems to confirm the probability that *water* is the true reading here.

196. Lines 68-70:

An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him;—no tongue but Hubert's—

In F. 1 the last line stands:

I would not have believ'd him: no tongue but Hubert's;

Pope printed:

I would not have believ'd a tongue but Hubert's,

and Steevens suggested omitting the *and*, taking the passage as an instance of the double negative:

I would not have believ'd no tongue but Hubert's;

but previously he had suggested that the line was broken off, the last sentence being unfinished; this suggestion we have adopted. There seems no reason to alter the text; the extra syllable in this case strengthens the dramatic force of the line, the word *him* being necessary to emphasize the fact that Arthur would not have believed even an angel; he might have meant to exclaim: "No tongue but Hubert's could convince me that Hubert was capable of such cruelty."

197. Line 76: so BOIST'ROUS-rough.—We do not use *boisterous* now, except as applied to strong winds, or noisy

¹ "The 'Long MS.' to which we have referred, is a copy of the Second Folio in the Library of Pembroke College, Cambridge, which was formerly in the possession of Dr. Roger Long, Master of the College from 1733 to 1770. It contains marginal emendations, some from Theobald and Warburton, marked 'T.' and 'W.' respectively; some to which the initial 'L.' is affixed, and some without any initial letter at all" (Cambridge edn. vol. iii. Preface, p. viii.).

nuisances, such as schoolboys. In Shakespeare's time, however, the word was employed in a more general sense intractable, rudely violent. Compare line 95 below in this scene.

198. Lines 106-108:

*the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes.*

Johnson's explanation of this passage is the simplest: "the fire, being created not to hurt, but to comfort, is dead with grief for finding itself used in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have not deserved" (Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 313).

199. Lines 116, 117:

*And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth TARRE him on.*

Shakespeare uses the word *tarre* in two other passages; in *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3. 391, 392:

pride alone
Must *tarre* the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

And in *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 374, 372: "and the nation holds it no sin to *tarre* them to controversy." The derivation of the word is uncertain.

200. Line 122: *I will not touch thine EYE*.—So Ff. Steevens prints *eyes*, a conjecture of Capell's. But perhaps the singular number was used purposely here to avoid the somewhat awkward juxtaposition with *eyes* at the end of the next line; *eyes* and *eyes* might be suggestive of a play on words not intended here.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

201. Line 1: *Here once again we sit, once again crown'd*.—F. 1, F. 2 have "once against crown'd," an obvious mistake, corrected in F. 3. John was actually crowned four times; first with his Queen Isabella at Westminster on Ascension-day, May 27, 1199; secondly at Canterbury, again with Isabella, at the festival of Easter in 1201; a third time, alone, in April, 1202; and after the murder of Arthur, also at Canterbury.

202. Lines 28, 29:

*When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness.*

Compare sonnet ciii. lines 9, 10:

Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?

Also King Lear, i. 4. 309:

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

203. Lines 38, 39:

*Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.*

The meaning of these two lines is "since all our desires, every wish of ours, stops short at whatever may be your will."

204. Lines 42, 43:

*And more, more strong THAN less—so is my fear—
I shall induce you with.*

In F. 1, line 42 stands thus:

And more, more strong, *then* less is my fear.

In F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 (substantially) "*then less is my fear*." Various emendations have been propounded and adopted; e.g. "*the less that is my fear*" (Rowe); "*the lesser is my fear*" (Pope); "*when lesser is my fear*" (Steevens); "*thus lessening my fear*" (Collier MS.). The one we have ventured to print seems the most probable one, the meaning being "reasons more strong than less (strong) so I fear than those I have given you already." But the reading of F. 1 may be correct and it may mean: "And more reasons more strong than those I have already given you I shall give you at some future time—then my fear will be less that you will continue to disapprove of my being crowned." I cannot make any other possible sense of the passage as it stands in the Folio. The emendation adopted does little violence to the text, *then* might easily be miswritten or misprinted for *than*; and *lesser* for *less* so, John's desire seems to be to impress on the lords that he had very important and serious reasons, which he could not just then reveal, for the step he had taken.

205. Line 50: *for the which myself and THEM*.—No doubt this is very bad grammar, and would ensure the writer a bad mark in any school board examination; but we have scrupled to follow Pope in altering *them* to *they*, a change very obvious and easy enough to make, but one which destroys the characteristic carelessness of Shakespeare in such superficial minutiae. The occurrence of *myself and them* in the previous line probably led to the mistake, if mistake it was.

206. Lines 55-57:

*If what in rest you have in right you hold,
Why, then, your fears—which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong—should move you &c.*

Most editors appear to think this passage wants amending, and therefore they transpose *then* and *should*. Steevens conjectured: "If what in *arrest* you have." But the meaning of the text is surely clear enough and needs no altering. This, according to the speaker, is the argument of the discontented: "If what you have peaceful possession of you rightfully hold, why then should your fears—fears which (as they, who argue thus, point out) attend the steps of him who is doing wrong—induce you to imprison your nephew?" Does not the transposition of *then* and *should* weaken the sentence rather than make it any clearer?

207. Line 60: *The rich advantage of good EXERCISE*.—Percy pointed out, with good reason, that physical exercises formed by far the most important part of a young prince's education in those days; and, therefore, imprisonment was a greater injury than it would be in days when more attention is given to mental improvement.

208. Lines 61, 62:

*That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions.*

i.e. "that those who at present are your enemies may not have this imprisonment of Arthur to *grace* matters which they may urge against you." So Schmidt explains

occasions; but perhaps it may mean simply "the opportunities they seize to attack your government."

209. Line 77: *Between his purpose and his conscience*.—Johnson explains this sentence: "Between his consciousness of guilt and his design to conceal it by fair professions" (Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 319). But does it mean anything more than the struggle between John's *purpose* to kill Arthur and his *conscience*?

210. Lines 79–81.—The simile here is taken from a boil or gathering, not a pleasant or poetical one. In *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 1. 5–7, Shakespeare borrows an image from the same disagreeable source: "And those *boils* did run? say so: did not the general run then? were not that a *botchy* core?"

211. Line 85: *He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to-night*.—It is evident from this line that Arthur, according to this play, was imprisoned in England.

212. Line 89.—This line is addressed not to the king, but to Salisbury and the other lords.

213. Line 93: *It is APPARENT foul play*.—For a similar use of *apparent*=evident, compare Two Gent. of Verona, ii. 1. 115, 116:

one cannot climb it
Without *apparent* hazard of his life.

214. Line 95: *So thrive it in your game! i.e.* "So (shamefully) thrive it (greatness) in the game you are playing!"

215. Line 110: *From France to England*.—In answer to the king's question: "How goes all in France?" The messenger answers, with a quibble on the word *goes*, that "All goes *from France to England*."

216. Lines 116, 117:

*O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept?*

Compare Macbeth, i. 7. 35, 36:

Was the hope *drunk*
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it *slept* since?

217. Line 117: *Where is my mother's CARE?*—In F. 1 the word is printed indistinctly and might be *care* or *eare*; but F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 all read *care*, which seems to me the preferable reading. To say, as Dyce does, that "the context plainly requires" *ear* is surely exaggerated. In lines 119, 120 below, the messenger certainly answers:

My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust;

but this is the natural answer to John's last words: "And she not *hear* of it?" Supposing the last words had been: "And she not *tell* of it?" or "And she not *write* of it?" should we have said that "the context plainly required" in the first case "my mother's *tongue*," and in the second, "my mother's *hand*?"

218. Line 128: *How WILDLY, then, WALKS my estate in France!*—The verb to *walk* is used in a great variety of senses by the writers of Shakespeare's time. Malone quotes Menner's Compter's Commonwealth, 1618: "The keeper, admiring he could not hear his prisoner's tongue *walk* all this while" (Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 322). And for *wildly* in the sense of *ill* Stevens quotes the Paston Let-

ters, vol. iii. p. 99: "The country of Norfolk and Suffolk stand right *wildly*" (Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 322). But for this instance of a similar use of the word we might be tempted to think *wildly* a mistake for *wildly*, i.e. *vilely*.

219. Line 131: *Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pomfret*.—In the old play the prophet is introduced first, in a short scene, as coming on *with people*, when he is questioned by *Philip*, to whom he thus describes himself:

"I am of the world and in the world, but live not as others, by the world: what I am I know, and what thou wilt be I know. If thou knowest me now, be answered: if not, enquire no more what I am" (Troublesome Raigne, p. 266).

220. Lines 137–139:

*for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood.*

The image here is taken from a man struggling for his life against a powerful current, and no doubt was suggested by lines 103, 109. By the *tide* John means the *tide* of bad news that had just overwhelmed him.

221. Lines 151, 152:

*That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.*

Shakespeare makes Peter more accurate in his prophecy than does the author of the old play. What the prophet says to the king in The Troublesome Raigne is:

By my prescience, ere Ascension day
Hauke brought the Sunne vnto his vsual height,
Of Crowne, Estate, and Royall dignitie,
Thou shalt be cleane dispoild and dispossessed.
—Troublesome Raigne, p. 277.

222. Line 165: *Of Arthur, WHOM they say is kill'd to-night*.—Pope altered *whom* to *who*, quite unnecessarily, as there are many similar instances in Shakespeare of such an offence against the strict rules of grammar. Take for instance The Tempest, iii. 3. 92:

Young Ferdinand, *whom* they suppose is drown'd.

223. Line 171: *O, let me have no SUBJECTS enemies*.—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4; but F. 1 has *subject*. Surely, in this case, the correction of F. 2 is worth adopting. "*Subject enemies*" seems to me to be nonsense.

224. Lines 182–184:

*My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;
Four fix'd, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.*

Holinshed mentions this phenomenon under date 1201: "About the moneth of December, there were seene in the prouince of Yorke five moones, one in the east, the second in the west, the third in the north, the fourth in the south, and the fift as it were set in the midst of the other, hauing manie stars about it, and went five or six times encompassing the other, as it were the space of one houre, and shortlie after vanished awaie" (vol. ii. p. 282). In the old play the Bastard sees the five moons and describes them to the king (Troublesome Raigne, p. 275). The phenomenon is thus explained to the king by the Prophet Peter:

The Skies wherein these Moones have residence,
Presenteth Rome the great Metropolis,

Where sits the Pope in all his holy pompe.
 Fowre of the Moones present fowre Provinces,
 To wit, Spaine, Denmarke, Germanie, and France,
 That beare the yoke of proud commanding Rome,
 And stand in feare to tempt the Prelates curse.
 The smallest Moone that whirles about the rest,
 Impatient of the place he holds with them,
 Doth figure forth this Island Albion,
 Who gins to scorne the See and State of Rome,
 And seekes to slum the Edicts of the Pope:
 This shewes the heauen, and this I doo asserre
 Is figured in the apparitions.

—Troublesome Raigne, p. 276.

225. Lines 185–202.—This powerful description, so vivid in all its details, reads like the result of personal observation. Could Shakespeare have observed such signs of popular excitement after the execution of Mary Queen of Scots? In the old play there is no parallel to this passage, the hint for which may have been taken by Shakespeare from Holinshed: "For the space of fifteene daies this rumour incessantlie ran through both the realmes of England and France, and there was ringing for him through townes and villages, as it had beene for his funeralls" (vol. ii. p. 280).

226. Line 198: *Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet.*—The learning displayed by the various commentators on this passage may be briefly summed up in stating the fact that numerous passages, to be found in writers of Shakespeare's time, prove that different shoes were made for the right and left foot. In the Two Gent. of Verona, ii. 3. 17, 18, Launce says: "This shoe is my father: no, this left shoe is my father." To put the left shoe on for the right, or *vice versa*, was considered unlucky. Tailors generally provided bare-footed, as Malone observes; a circumstance which makes this description all the more life-like.

227. Line 207: *No had, my lord!*—Some commentators have thought fit to alter this expression; but the idiom is not of uncommon occurrence. See Dyce's note (vol. iv. p. 92). Staunton gives an instance of the occurrence of this very phrase *No had* in one of Sir Thomas More's letters: "From ignorance of this archaism most editors alter it to 'None had,' or 'Had none.' *No had, no did, no will*, &c., were ordinary forms of expression with the old English writers:—'Nay, verily sir,' quoth I, 'my Lord hath yit no word,' &c. '*No had*,' quoth he, 'I mych mervaille therof,' &c. — *Letter of Sir Thomas More to Wolsey*. (Ellis's 'Original Letters,' &c. vol. i. p. 253.)"

228. Lines 208–214.—This speech might well have been meant by Shakespeare as an apology for Queen Elizabeth's cruel execution of Mary Queen of Scots, for which she would fain have held her servant Davison responsible. The excuse is quite worthy of the crime. There is no parallel to this powerful scene between John and Hubert in the old play. It was doubtless suggested by the passage in Holinshed quoted above (note 191).

229. Lines 219, 220:

*How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
 Make ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been by.*

Ff. read: "make deeds ill done." The transposition was first suggested by Capell, and is absolutely necessary, not

only to the sense, but also to the force of the passage, which is weakened if the words *ill deeds* are not repeated in the same order as that in which they occurred before. We may compare with this passage the following in Beaumont and Fletcher's *A King and no King*, iii. 3:

Arb. If there were no such instruments as thou,
 We kings could never do such wicked deeds!

—Works, vol. i. p. 66

The whole scene between Arbares and Bessus may be read and compared with this, certainly not to Shakespeare's disadvantage. Some editors alter *make to makes*, but unnecessarily; the plural is suggested by *means* in the previous line. The break, caused by the deficient syllable in the middle of this line, is very dramatic, and is not to be "corrected" by the weak device of printing *hadest* instead of *hadst*. The actor naturally supplies the hiatus by a half groan, half sigh.

230. Lines 220–223:

*Hadst not thou been by,
 A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
 Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
 This murder had not come into my mind.*

Surely a weaker excuse for crime never was offered, even by such an abject creature as John is represented by Shakespeare to have been. A wretch like this would, doubtless, if he had committed a rape, excuse himself to his victim in some such vile language as this:

*Hadst thou not been by,
 So fair a body for so sweet a sin,
 This crime had never come into my mind.*

Of course the excuse was utterly untrue, for John evidently conceived his plan of murdering Arthur before he saw Hubert.

231. Lines 237, 238:

*But thou didst understand me by my signs,
 And didst in signs again parley with sin.*

Mr. Collier's MS. corrector altered *sin* to *sign*, a very foolish and needless alteration which some commentators have approved. It is difficult to imagine a weaker piece of tautology than such a line would furnish; and, in any case, we should have to read *signs*, as Lettson observes, to make any sense of it. John is complaining that Hubert seemed immediately to comprehend his purpose, though only hinted at in *signs*; and that he did not even delay his consent, much less remonstrate with the proposer of the crime. That he *parleyed with sin* was in fact the essence of Hubert's offence.

232. Line 245: *Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,* [Laying his hand upon his breast. — The stage direction is from the Long MS. and is given in the foot-note of the Cambridge edition, vol. iv. p. 69.

233. Line 251: *Young Arthur is alive.* These words Charles Kean, with an eye to dramatic effect, transferred to the end of the speech, thus making the question of John in line 250 *Doth Arthur live?* an echo of the words immediately preceding. The alteration is certainly one fitted for the stage; but there is not the slightest ground for adopting it in the text.

234. Line 209.—At this point the First Part of The Troublesome Raigne ends; the Second Part commencing with the death of Arthur.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

235. Line 1.—Shakespeare follows the old play in making Arthur's death the result of an accident while attempting to escape from his prison. The speech in The Troublesome Raigne is more elaborate; it runs as follows:

Enter young Arthur on the walls.

Now helpe good hap to further mine intent,
Crosse not my youth with any more extreames:
I venter life to gain my libertie,
And if I die, worlds troubles have an end.
Feare gins dissuade the strength of my resolute,
My holde will faile, and then alas I fall,
And if I fall, no question death is next:
Better desist, and lue in prison still.
Prison said I? nay, rather death than so:
Comfort and courage come againe to me,
Ile venter sure: tis but a leape for life.

He leapes, and brushing his bones, after he was from his traunce, speaks thus:

Hoe, who is nigh? some bodie take me vp.
Where is my mother? let me speake with her.
Who hurts me thus? speake hoe, where are you gone?
Ay me poore Arthur, I am here alone.
Why cald I mother, how did I forget?
My fall, my fall, hath kilde my Mothers sonne.
How will she weepe at tidings of my death?
My death indeed, O God, my bones are burst.
Sweet Iesu saue my soule, forgieue my rash attempt,
Comfort my Mother, shield her from despair,
When she shall heare my tragick ouerthrowe,
My heart controules the office of my tongue,
My vitall powers forsake my brused trunk,
I dye I dye, heauen take my fleeting soule,
And Lady Mother all good hap to thee.

(He dies.)

—Troublesome Raigne, pp. 283, 284.

As Shakespeare had already killed Constance he was obliged to leave out that pathetic anxiety for his mother, expressed by the dying boy in the older playwright's work. From what source he got the idea of disguising Arthur as a ship-boy is not known.

236. Line 10.—The manner of Arthur's death remains shrouded in mystery. There is only one thing certain; namely, that shortly after his confinement in the Castle of Rouen, to use the words of two of the old chroniclers, he disappeared (*evanuit*). In a note Lingard gives the *ipsissima verba* of three of his authorities, of which I give here a translation. Matthew Paris says: "He disappeared in a manner unknown to nearly all let us hope not as invidious report relates." Matthew of Westminster says: "Quickly afterwards he disappeared. The king was held in suspicion by all as if he had killed him with his own hand." The Annales de Margan are more positive: "On the fifth day before Easter" (John) "killed" (Arthur) "with his own hand." Lingard adds: "Will. Brito says he took Arthur into a boat, stabbed him twice with his own hands, and threw the dead body into the river about three miles from the castle" (vol. ii. p. 304, note 1). There is little doubt that John was guilty of his murder directly or indirectly, otherwise he would not have re-

fused to prove his innocence when summoned by Philip to do so before the French peers.

237. Line 16: *Whose PRIVATE WITH ME of the Dauphin's love*.—This harsh elliptical expression is probably the correct text, the meaning being: "Whose *private* conversation *with me* concerning the dauphin's love." For another peculiar use of *private* by Shakespeare, as a substantive, see Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 100: "let me enjoy my *private*." Collier's MS. substituted *missive*, and Spedding, much more plausibly, *witness*; but the text is sufficiently intelligible without emendation. Schmidt explains the word here: "personal not official communication," and it seems that *private* must refer to an oral, and not to a written communication, in contradistinction to *these lines* below, i.e. "the letter from the Cardinal" which Salisbury had in his hand. The Cardinal was Pandolph.

238. Line 20: *OR ere we meet*.—Or here=before, as frequently in old writers. The *ere* is augmentative "before ever we meet."

239. Line 21: *DISTEMPER'D lords*.—Compare Hamlet, iii. 2. 310-312:

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous *distempered*.

240. Line 24: *We will not line his THIN BESTAINED cloak*.—Ff. have *thin-bestained*, which Collier's MS. altered to the very obvious and somewhat commonplace epithet *sin-bestained*. Clarke says: "*thin* exactly agrees with the metaphor implied in the verb *line*." But *line* would equally apply to a cloak whether *thin* or thick. We do not accept the emendation of Collier's MS. which Singer adopted, simply in accordance with our principle that where the text is intelligible it should not be altered. Dyce has a long note on this passage in which he gives instances of words wrongly hyphenated in F. 1.

241. Line 41: *HAVE YOU beheld?*—So F. 3; but F. 1, F. 2 read *you have*, by an obvious mistake transposing the words, which must here be put interrogatively.

242. Line 49: *WALL-EY'D wrath*.—This word is only used by Shakespeare in one other passage; viz. in Titus Andronicus, v. 1. 44: "say *wall-ey'd* slave." The word is of Scandinavian origin, and probably from the same derivation as *wally*, a word used by Spenser (Fairy Queen, i. iv. 24):

And wally eies (the signe of gelousy.)

though in that passage it seems to mean "green-ey'd."

243. Line 54: *To the yet unbegotten sin of TIMES*.—It is almost incredible that any commentator should have wanted to alter *times* to *time*, as Pope did, and support it by reference to the well-known line in Hamlet, iii. 1. 70:

For who would bear the whips and scorns of *time*!

Surely nothing could be clearer than that of *times* means here "of times to come." The epithet *unbegotten* manifestly indicates that meaning

244. Lines 71, 72:

Till I have set a GLORY to this HAND,

By giving it the worship of revenge.

Farmer proposed to read *head*, taking *glory* to be the

glory depicted round the heads of saints, a suggestion much approved of by Gray the poet. Mason suggested that Salisbury should "take hold of" the dead Arthur's *hand*; but surely it is to his own *hand* he proposes to *set glory* (i. e. honour, fame) by giving it the sacred task of avenging Arthur's death. Clarke, who takes a similar view of the meaning of the passage, adds, "that the romantic and poetic tone of this speech" is in keeping with Salisbury's character throughout.

245. Line 79: *Your sword is BRIGHT, sir; put it up again.*—Compare Othello, i. 2. 59:

Keep up your *bright* swords, for the dew will rust them.

In both cases the word *bright* is used with some contempt.

246. Line 87: *Out, dunghill!*—So in King Lear this word is used as a term of abuse, where Oswald says to Edgar: *Out, dunghill!* (iv. 6. 249):

247. Line 99: *your TOASTING-IRON.*—A contemptuous term for a sword. So Nym says in Henry V. ii. 1. 7-9: "I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine *iron*: it is a simple one; but what though? it will *toast* cheese."

248. Line 121: *Thou'rt DAMN'D AS BLACK*—*may, nothing is so black.*—No doubt, as Staunton suggested, Shakespeare was thinking here of the "*black souls*" which appeared in the old mystery plays of Coventry. The persons who enacted the souls of the damned appear to have had their faces blackened, and to have been completely dressed in black. Rolfe gives an extract in a note on this passage from a bill (quoted by Sharp):

Item for makyng and mendinge of the blacke soules hose vjd
p'd for blakynr the sollys fawsys

—Rolfe's edn. of King John, p. 170.

In the account given by Spence of a mystery called the *Damned Soul*, represented at Turin in 1739, the heroine (the *Damned Soul*) "was drest as a fine lady in a gown of flame-coloured satin" (Hone's *Ancient Mysteries Described*, p. 183).

249. Lines 127, 128:

*the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb.*

This is a sufficiently accurate way of describing the source whence a spider evolves the marvellous fine threads that compose its web. They do not issue from the mouth, as in the case of silkworms, but from the hinder part of the abdomen, in which you may perceive four little leaf-like protuberances or spinners. The thread, which is secreted in reservoirs in the form of a viscid gum, is drawn through these spinners. "Each spinner is furnished with a multitude of tubes, so numerous and so exquisitely fine, that a space often not much bigger than the pointed end of a pin, is furnished, according to Réaumur, with a thousand of them. From each of these tubes, consisting of two pieces, the last of which terminates in a point infinitely fine, proceeds a thread of inconceivable tenuity, which, immediately after issuing from it, unites with all the other threads into one. Hence from each spinner proceeds a compound thread; and these four threads, at the distance of about one-tenth of an inch from the apex

of the spinners, again unite, and form the thread we are accustomed to see, which the spider uses in forming its web" (Kirby and Spence, vol. i. pp. 406, 407).

250. Line 133: *Enough to STIFLE such a villain up.*—For an instance of the use of *stifle up* to smother, see *The Misfortunes of Arthur* (1587), i. 3:

Whether to drown or *stifle up* this leech.

—Dobley, vol. iv. p. 270.

251. Lines 143-145.—It is remarkable that, though so faithful and zealous a partisan of John's, the Bastard here clearly recognizes Arthur's right to the throne.

252. Line 146: *To tug and SCAMBLE.*—The meaning of the verb *to scramble* seems doubtful. Most commentators make it—"to scramble," or "to struggle," which latter sense it may have in this passage; but it certainly seems to have a transitive sense in some passages, e.g. in Ford's *The Fancies Chaste and Noble*, i. 3:

The *scrambling* half a ducat now and then
To roar and noise it with the tattling hostess.

—Works, vol. ii. p. 241.

In the Epistle Dedicatorie prefixed to Holinshed's *Chronicles* it is used in a totally different sense: "It may be in like sort that your Honour will take offense at my rash and retchlesse behaviour used in the composition of this volume, and much more that being *scrambled* up after this manner, I dare presume to make tendour of the protection thereof unto your Lordships hands" (vol. i. p. vii.). Shakespeare uses the word in three other passages; in Henry V. i. 1. 4: "the *scrambling* and unquiet time," where it seems riotous; and in the same play, v. 2. 218, where it also conveys the notion more or less of violence; and in *Much Ado*, v. 1. 94:

Scrambling, out-fairing, fashion monging boys,

where it may mean anything.

253. Line 155: *cincture.*—Fl. read *centre*; which may, after all, as Clarke suggests, be only an anglicized corruption of the French *ceinture*.

254. Line 158: *A thousand BUSINESSES.* Shakespeare uses this very awkward and cacophonous plural in no less than five other passages: *All's Well*, i. 1. 220; *iii.* 7. 5; *iv.* 3. 98; *Winter's Tale*, iv. 2. 15; and *Lear*, ii. 1. 129 (in Fl.).

ACT V. SCENE 1.

255.—The scene is again laid conjecturally at Northampton. Charles Kean places the ceremonial of Pandolph restoring the crown to John in the "interior of the Temple Church at Northampton."

256. Line 2: *The CIRCLE of my glory.* Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 12. 16-18, where Cleopatra submits to the sovereignty of Caesar:

Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The *circle* of the Ptolemies for her heirs.

257. Line 2: *Take again.* Dyce reads: "Take't again," following Lettsom; while Heath very plausibly suggested

the transposition of *this* and *from* in line 3, reading the passage thus:

Take again

THIS (*i.e.* the crown) FROM *my hand*.

But is any change necessary? The subject of *Take* is: "your sovereign greatness," &c.; the action of giving back the crown being sufficient to indicate the speaker's meaning.

258. Lines 3, 4:

as holding of the pope,

Your sovereign greatness and authority.

Shakespeare took this incident of John swearing fealty to the pope, in the person of Pandulph, partly from the old play, and partly perhaps from Holinshed. In *The Troublesome Raigne* the scene is a very meagre one. Holinshed's account is as follows: "shortlie after (in like manner as pope Innocent had commanded) he tooke the crowne from his owne head, and deliuered the same to Pandulph the legat, neither he, nor his heires at anie time thereafter to receiue the same, but at the popes hands." . . . "Then Pandulph keeping the crowne with him for the space of five daies in token of possession thereof, at length (as the popes vicar) gaue it him againe" (vol. ii. p. 306). About this transaction between John and Pandulph there has been a great deal of inaccuracy shown by chroniclers and historians. In note B (vol. ii. pp. 624-626) Lingard gives a clear and accurate account of the whole matter, the principal points, in which account, are here subjoined. It appears from the authentic records that John first on May 15, 1213, made an act of fealty to Pope Innocent in the presence of Pandulph, putting into the hands of the latter a signed charter: "By this he rendered himself and his heirs by his wife feudatories of the Roman Church for the kingdoms of England and Ireland by the yearly payment of 1000 marks, but reserved at the same time to himself all the rights and prerogatives of the crown" (Lingard, vol. ii. note B, p. 625). On October 3d of the same year Nicholas, Bishop of Tusculum, having been sent by the pope, as legate, with full powers, John gave to him an exactly similar charter, renewed the oath of fealty, did homage (which he had not done before), and paid the first year's rent of 1000 marks for the kingdoms of England and Ireland. The grant and acceptance (by the pope) of this charter are treated, according to Lingard, "not as a national, but as a personal transaction," John only binding himself and the heirs of his body begotten by his wife, not all his successors. John was the only King of England that ever did homage to the pope; his son Henry III. was the only other king who ever swore fealty to the pope, which he did when at the age of ten years, and under the charge of the papal legate Gualo. The rent was sometimes paid, and sometimes evaded, till it was absolutely refused in the reign of Edward I. (in 1306) by the Lords and Commons, with the approval of the Episcopate; all being unanimous that John's act was done without the consent of the realm and in violation of his coronation oath. After this the claim was never revived by any of the popes.

259. Line 7:

To stop their marches 'FORE we are INFLAM'D.

Mason proposed to read:

To stop their marches, *for* we are inflam'd;

on the ground that "the nation was already as much inflamed as it could be, and so the king himself declares" (Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 340). But *inflam'd* is used here in its literal sense of "set on fire," "burned," a somewhat rare sense of the word, and only to be found, in Shakespeare, in this one passage (unless we accept the literal sense in *Pericles*, ii. 2. 35). Chapin uses the verb, in this sense, in at least three passages, *e.g.* *Iliad*, bk. i. lines 310-312:

the angry God they grac'd

With perfect hecatombs; some bulls, some goats, along the shore

Of the unfruitful sea, *inflam'd*.

Milton also uses *inflam'd* = burning:

till on the beach

Of that *inflam'd* sea he stood.

—Par. Lost, bk. i. lines 299, 300.

In F. 1 the word is spelt *enflam'd*; and at first I thought it ought to be printed so to distinguish it from *inflam'd*, in its figurative sense, as ordinarily used; but, on examining the various passages in Shakespeare where *inflame* is used in its commoner sense, I found the spelling was indifferently *inflame* and *enflame*.

260. Line 8: *Our discontented COUNTIES do revolt.*—*Counties* may possibly be used here in the sense of lords (as *County Paris* frequently in *Romeo and Juliet*), and not, in its usual sense, the divisions of the kingdom.

261. Line 11.—In the Folio the two words are hyphenated *stranger-blood*; perhaps purposely, to show that *stranger* is the noun, used adjectively. In *Richard III.* i. 4. 48, in Clarence's speech, F. 1 has *stranger-soule*; but, in *Richard II.* i. 3. 143: "the *stranger* paths of banishment," there is no hyphen after *stranger*.

262. Lines 14, 15:

for the present time 's so sick,

That present medicine must be minister'd.

Compare below, scene 2, lines 20, 21:

But such is the *infection of the time,*

That, for the health and *physic* of our right, &c.

263. Line 19: *But since you are a gentle convertite.*—Hunter (vol. ii. pp. 13, 14) says: "The word 'Convertite,' which occurs in this Play, is an ecclesiastical term, with a peculiar and express meaning, distinct from 'Convert.' It denotes a person who, having relapsed, has been recovered, and this, it will be perceived, is the sense in which Shakespeare uses it." I can find no mention of such special meaning in Roman Catholic authors. Shakespeare uses the word in two other passages; in *As You Like It*, v. 4. 190, it is used by Jaques of the companions of the banished Duke, where it seems to mean "persons who had retired from the world;" and in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 743:

He thence departs a heavy *convertite*;

where it seems to mean nothing more than "a penitent," "one struck with remorse."

264. Line 31: *But Dover castle.*—It was at Ewell, a house of the Knights Templars near Dover, that John received Pandulph, and put into his hand the charter containing his submission to the pope. So that, follow-

ing history, this scene should be at Ewell near Dover, not at Northampton.

265. Line 59: *FORAGE*, and *run*.—Some commentators have doubted whether *Forage* is the right reading; and Collier's MS. substituted *Courage*. It seems quite clear that to *forage* meant "to range abroad in search of prey," and *forage* is twice used by Shakespeare in connection with a lion; the verb in Henry V. i. 2. 108-110:

Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.

The noun in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 1. 90-93:

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from *forage* will incline to play.

Compare Chapman's Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois, ii. 1:

And looke how Lyons close kept, fed by hand,
Lose quite th' innate fire of spirit and greatness
That Lyons free breathe, *forraging* for prey.

—Works, vol. ii. p. 125.

These instances are quite sufficient to prove that the text is right, the word having been suggested by the comparison of John to a lion, just above, in line 57.

266. Line 61: *And grapple with him ere he COME so nigh*.—It is worth noting that the Cambridge Edd. and the Globe Edd. print "*comes* so nigh," without a word of explanation. F. 1 decidedly has *come*; and the use of the subjunctive is evidently intentional.

267. Line 67: *Send fair-play ORDERS*.—Dyce, Singer, and other commentators adopt the commonplace alteration of the Collier MS. *offers*. *Orders* here is, undoubtedly, the right word; a few lines below, in the next scene, line 4, *order* is used = "arrangement," as we have explained it; or "agreement," "stipulation," as Wordsworth explains it in his marginal notes, having deliberately printed *offers* instead of *orders*, in this passage, without the faintest indication that it was a conjectural gloss on the text; while the meaning he gives to *orders* in the passage below is the very sense required here. *Fair-play* is used here more in the sense of "friendly treatment" than in its strict sense of "fair" or "just dealing."

268. Line 70.—*A COCKER'D silken wanton*.—This word is not used by Shakespeare in any other passage. It means "pampered," or "petted;" compare Heywood's King Edward IV.:

That have been kist and *cocker'd* by a king.

—Works, vol. i. p. 151.

269. Line 71: *And FLESH his spirit in a warlike soil*.—Compare I. Henry IV. v. 4. 133, 134:

Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou *flesh'd*
Thy maiden sword.

And again in I. Henry VI. iv. 7. 36:

Did *flesh* his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood.

It is a similar expression to that used with regard to hounds, when we talk of *blooding* them at the beginning of the season, and let them taste the blood in order to make them keen.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

270. Line 3: *precedent*.—Compare Richard III. iii. 6. 7:
The *precedent* was full as long a-doing.

Precedent literally means "anything that has gone before;" so, in law, it acquired the technical sense of a previous decision which served as a rule for similar cases in future. Shakespeare appears to be the only writer who uses the word in this peculiar sense of the "rough draft," or "original copy" of any document; the passage quoted from Richard III., and that in the text, are the only two instances in which he so uses it. In its more usual sense the word occurs frequently in Shakespeare, e.g. in the Trial Scene in the Merchant of Venice (iv. 1. 220):

"It will be recorded for a *precedent*."

It is to be noted that, in all these passages, *precedent* should be pronounced with the first *e* long, *precedent*, not, as it too often is in the careless modern fashion, as hardly distinguishable from *president*.

271. Line 10: *A voluntary zeal, an unurg'd faith*.—Ff.:

A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,

a very inharmonious line. Pope omitted *an*; Capell and. We prefer to follow the latter, his correction of the metre making a better line in all respects.

272. Lines 27, 28:

Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom.

So Ff. Theobald reads *stranger march*, making *stranger* an adjective, or substantive used adjectively, as in v. 1. 11 above. Dyce hyphenated *stranger-march*, as Ff. hyphenated *stranger-blood* in the passage referred to above. But the reading of the Folio makes good sense, and seems the more forcible of the two. For *step* used in a similar sense compare II. Henry IV. i. 3. 20:

My judgment is, we should not *step* too far.

273. Line 30: *Upon the spot of this enforced cause*.—So Ff. Grant White adopts *thought*, the very commonplace alteration of the Collier MS. Dyce and Walker have *spur*; and other emendations have been proposed. But the meaning of the phrase *Upon the spot* given in our footnote is justified by the use of *spot* for "stain" in v. 7. 107 below; and by the use of *upon* = "on account of" in iv. 2. 214 above. For *spotted* = stained see Mid. Night's Dream, i. 1. 110, note 19; and compare The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London (1590):

The *spotted* ladies of that stately town.

—Dobson, vol. vi. p. 405.

274. Line 36: *And GRAPPLE thee unto a pagan shore*.—Ff. read *cripple*; the emendation is Pope's. Steevens suggested *gripple*.

275. Line 42: *DOTH make*, &c.—Altered by many editors to *do*; but the use of a singular verb with a plural nominative is common enough in Shakespeare, and in the writers of his time.

276. Line 44: *Between COMPULSION and a brave respect*.—Lewis refers to Salisbury's speech above (line 39), where

he talks of the "enforced cause," which made him take up arms against his country.

277. Line 50: *This shower blown up by tempest of the soul.*—Compare Lucrece, lines 1788, 1789:

This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more.

278. Line 59: *Full of warm blood.*—Ff. have *Full warm of*; the transposition is Heath's, and seems to be demanded by the context.

279. Line 64: *And even there, methinks, AN ANGEL SPAKE.*—This appears to have been a proverbial expression. Compare Marston's Eastward Hoe, ii. 1: "*Quick-silver. . . the bloud-hound Securitie will smel out ready money for you instantly. Sir Petronell. There spake an angel*" (Works, vol. iii. p. 31). There generally seems to be a play upon the word *angel*=the coin of that name; and so there undoubtedly is here, in connection with line 61 above.

280. Line 79: *I am too high-born to be PROPETIED.*—For a similar use of this verb to *property* compare Timon of Athens, i. 1. 55-57:

his large fortune
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging
Subdues and *properties* to his love and tendance.

281. Line 89: *Acquainted me with INTEREST to this land.*—So I. Henry IV. iii. 2. 98:

He hath more worthy *interest* to the state.

282. Line 99: *To UNDERPROP this action.*—Compare Richard II. ii. 2. 82:

Here am I left to *underprop* his land.

283. Line 104: *as I have BANK'D their towns.*—The meaning given to the word *bank'd* here (see footnote) may seem a forced one; but by analogy with such words as "to coast," "to flank," such a sense may very well be presumed in this case; the more so as it corresponds with the description given by Lewis of his progress in the old play:

And from the hollow holes of Thamesis,
Echo apace replide, Vive la Roy.

—Troublesome Raigne, p. 299.

Other explanations are given of the word; such as "to throw up entrenchments before;" while Schmidt suggests that to *bank* here = French *aborder*, to land on the banks of; and Staunton in his note says: "but from the context it seems more probably an allusion to card-playing; and by 'bank'd their towns' is meant *won their towns, put them in bank or rest.*"

284. Line 108: *No, on my soul.*—Ff. have *No, no*, an unnecessary repetition which spoils the metre; corrected by Pope.

285. Line 113: *Before I DREW this gallant HEAD of war.*—Compare iv. 2. 118 above:

That such an army could be *drawn* in France,
and for *head* I. Henry IV. i. 3. 283, 284:

And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by *raising of a head.*

286. Line 133: *This UNHAIR'D sauciness.*—Ff. have *unheard*. This necessary and ingenious emendation is Theobald's. Faulconbridge continually refers to the extreme

youth of the Dauphin; e.g. v. i. 69 above: "shall a beardless boy," &c.

287. Line 138: *make you TAKE the HATCH.*—The same sense is given to the verb to *take*, in hunting parlance, nowadays, when we talk of "*taking a fence.*" Compare Troilus and Cressida, v. 4. 20, 21:

Fly not; for shouldst thou *take* the river Styx,
I would swim after.

The *hatch* seems to have been a door divided into two parts across, the lower part of which, called the *hatch*, was kept shut. See note 47 above: and compare Comedy of Errors, iii. 1. 33, and Lear, iii. 6. 76: "Dogs leap the *hatch*." It appears from The Three Ladies of London (1584) that there was a proverb: "Tis good having a *hatch* before the door" (Dodsley, vol. vi. p. 343). One sees, sometimes, in the cottages of the poor, nowadays, a very similar arrangement in order to keep the children indoors, while the upper part of the door is open to admit air and light.

288. Lines 144, 145:

*Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking HIS voice an armed Englishman.*

The allusion is of course to a cock; the Latin name *Gallus* being the same as *Gallus*, a Gaul. Punch was anticipated by two or three centuries in representing a noisy, bragging Frenchman as a crowing cock. In line 145 Ff. have *this*, which Rowe changed to *his*; the change is demanded more by the ear than by the understanding; the alliteration *Thinking this* being very cacophonous, though it might make sense.

289. Line 150: *To SOUSE annoyance.*—Halliwell (Dict. of Archaic Words) quotes from Florio (p. 48, edn. 1611): "To leape or seaze greedily upon, to *souse* doune as a hauke." It is a term used in hawking to express the sudden plunge with which the hawk darts down on its prey. Pope uses the word in his Epilogue to Satires, Dialogue ii.:

Come on then Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and *souse* on all the kind.

(Lines 24, 25.)

290. Line 157: *Their needs to lances.*—F. 1, F. 2 have *need's*; F. 3, F. 4 *needles*. For *needs*, old form of *needles*, compare Mids. Night's Dream, iii. 2. 204:

Have with our *needs* created both one flower.

291. Line 162: *drabblor.*—Compare Twelfth Night, v. i. 68:

In private *drabble* did we apprehend him.

292. Line 177: *A bare-ribb'd death.*—Compare Lucrece, line 1761:

Shows me a *bare-bon'd* death by time outworn.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

293. Line 8: *Swinstead.*—The real name of this place is *Swineshead*; but Shakespeare copied the old play which calls it *Swinstead*. It is in Lincolnshire, about seven miles south-west of Boston, between that town and Donington. It was, in the time of John, a seaport, but is now quite an inland town. Rolfe, on the authority of Timbs, says

in his note: "The abbey, about half a mile east of the town, was founded by Robert de Greslei in 1134. It was a large and magnificent structure, but nothing is now left of it. The mansion known as *Swineshead Abbey* stands near the site, and was built with materials from the ancient abbey (Timbs)." *Swineshead* is not mentioned in Smith's England, 1588.

294. Lines 9-11:

*for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
ARE wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.*

It must be confessed that there is a good deal of confusion here as to grammar. In line 10 *supply* is treated as a singular noun; while we have it treated as a plural in the next one. Still we would not alter *are* to *was*, as Capell did. Dyce suspects a line has dropped out between lines 10 and 11; but it may be the inconsistency was deliberate. In scene 5, lines 12, 13, below, we have *supply* again treated as a plural noun:

And your *supply*, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

Dr. Charles Annandale justly remarks that *supply* is, in the first passage, spoken of as a whole collectively. It was the individual ships that were *wrecked* and *cast away*, not all at the same time, so that the plural verb is really more appropriate, both in line 11 and in line 13. In the latter passage it is probable also that the speaker had in his mind the fact of the numbers of persons who were *cast away* with the *supply*, and therefore used the plural verb. *Goodwin Sands*, commonly called "The Goodwins," are still the dread of all sailors on our south-eastern coast. They lie off the east coast of Kent between the North and South Forelands. Tradition says that they were once an island, the property of Earl Godwin, which was swallowed up by the sea about A.D. 1180.

ACT V. SCENE 4.

295. Line 7: *Enter MELUN, wounded.*—This incident is mentioned in Holinshed under the year 1216: "About the same time, or rather in the years last past as some hold, it fortun'd that the *viscount of Melune*, a French man, fell sicke at London, and perceiuing that death was at hand, he called vnto him certeine of the English barons, which remained in the cite, vpon safegard thereof, and to them made this protestation: 'I lament (saith he) your destruction and desolation at hand, because ye are ignorant of the perils hanging ouer your heads. For this vnderstand, that Lewes, and with him 16 earles and barons of France, haue secretlie sworne (if it shall fortune him to conquire this realme of England, & to be crowned king) that he will kill, banish, and confine all those of the English nobilitie (which now doo serue vnder him, and persecute their owne king) as traitours and rebels, and furthermore will dispossesse all their linage of such inheritances as they now hold in England. And because (saith he) you shall not haue doubt hereof, I which lie here at the point of death, doo now asseure vnto you, and take it on the perill of my soule, that I am one of those sixteen that haue sworne to performe this thing: wherefore I aduise you to provide for your owne

safeties, and your realmes which you now destroie, and keepe this thing secret which I haue vttered vnto you.' After this speech was vttered he streightwaies died" (vol. ii. p. 334).

296. Line 10: *you are BOUGHT AND SOLD.*—A proverbial expression. See Comedy of Errors, iii. l. 72, note 67.

297. Line 11: *UNTHREAD the rude EYE of rebellion.*—Several alterations of the text here have been proposed; the most probable being Theobald's, "*Untread* the rude way." But we prefer to leave the reading of the Folio unaltered. The simile is taken from the difficulty of *threading* a needle, and the easiness of *unthreading* it. Compare Lear, ii. l. 119, 120:

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—
Reg. Thus out of season, *threading* darkness'd night;

where the expression plainly refers to the difficulty of finding one's way in adark night. Schmidt, who is strongly in favour of adhering to the reading of the Folios, gives a German sentence: "*entfädelt die roh eingefädeltte Empörung*" (i.e. *unthread the rude threaded rebellion*); but does not say if it is a sentence from any German author, or merely a translation of Shakespeare's line. He quotes the passage from Lear (given above), and also the well-known passage from Richard II. v. 5. 16, 17:

It is as hard to come as for a camel
To *thread* the postern of a needle's eye.

He says: "The constant combination of the words *thread* and *eye* in all these passages is sufficient to refute the different emendations proposed by the commentators;" and does not except even his own proposed emendation, to substitute *tie* for *eye*; but as the two passages, above referred to, are the only ones in which we have the words *thread* and *eye* in conjunction; and as one of these is founded on the well-known passage in the New Testament, it seems to me that Schmidt goes a little too far in claiming that they are sufficient to establish the correctness of the text in reading *unthread*. Certainly the expression seems rather a forced one, though the epithet *rude* may bear the double sense of "rough," as applied to rebellion, and of "rudely" or "coarsely made" as applied to the *eye* of a needle. Dr. Charles Annandale suggests *unthreat*, i.e. "deprive of threatening look or expression;" but I cannot find any instance of such a word, nor of the analogous use of any verb compounded with *un*. As Staunton points out, the spelling of F. 1 is *unthred*; and *thred* whenever it occurs in F. 1 is spelt *thred*. It is remarkable that, in this same scene below, (line 52) we have:

We will *unthread* the steps of damned flight.

I do not think that Shakespeare would have put the same expression into the mouths of two separate speakers at such a short interval, though, in the latter case, it is used in the more literal sense.

298. Line 14: *For if the French be LORDS of this LOUD day.*—There certainly seems to be something wrong with this line. We should expect, as the Cambridge Edd. suggest, the *French* to be in the singular, or, as Walker suggests, *France*. *Loud* is a singular epithet, and in spite of Clarke's rapturous praise of it, rather unintelligible. The only somewhat similar use of this adjective to be

found in Shakespeare is in Henry VIII. i. 2. 29, "In loud rebellion." The Cambridge Edd. make a very plausible conjecture:

For if the French be *lord* of this *proud* day.

They quote in support Henry V. iv. 4. 80, 81: "*the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it.*"

299. Line 18: *Saint Edmundsbury*.—The town of Bury St. Edmund's in Suffolk. It was in the abbey here that the Barons assembled, before they drew up their petition to King John on which Magna Charta was founded. Holinshed thus describes the event under A.D. 1214: "There was brought forth and also read an ancient charter made sometime by Henrie the first (which charter Stephan the archbishop of Canturburie had deliuered vnto them before in the cite of London) containing the grant of certeine liberties according to the lawes of king Edward the confessor, profitable to the church and barons of the realme, which they purposed to haue vniuersallie executed ouer all the land. And therefore being thus assembled in the queers of the church of S. Edmund, they receiued a solemne oth vpon the alter there, that if the king would not grant to the same liberties, with others which he of his owne accord had promised to confirme to them, they would from thenceforth make warre vpon him, till they had obtained their purpose, and inforced him to grant, not onlie to all these their petitions, but also yeeld to the confirmation of them vnder his seale, for ener to remaine most stedfast and inuiolable" (vol. ii. pp. 317, 318). Shakespeare does not mention Magna Charta, because it does not come into the scheme of his play; the mainspring of the action being the murder of Arthur and all the circumstances surrounding it.

300. Lines 24, 25.—Compare Two Gent. of Verona, ii. 4. 201, and see note 53 on that passage. Holinshed mentions that the chief accusation against Roger Bolingbroke, Margaret Jordan, and the other accomplices of Elinor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, was "that they (at the request of the said duchess) had deuised an image of wax representing the king, which by their sorcerie by little and little consumed, intending thereby in conclusion to waste and destroye the kings person" (vol. iii. p. 204). For a description of this mode of practising by magic art upon the life of an enemy, see Middleton, *The Witch*, v. 2:

Hee. What death is't you desire for Almachildes?

Duch. A sudden and a subtle.

Hee. Then I've fittid you.

Here lie the gifts of both: sudden and subtle:

His picture made in wax, and gently molten

By a blue fire kindled with dead men's eyes,

Will waste him by degrees.

Duch. In what time, prithee?

Hee. Perhaps in a moon's progress.

Duch. What, a month?

Out upon pictures, if they be so tedious!

Give me things with some life.

—Works, vol. iii. p. 325.

301. Lines 40–43:

Commend me to one Hubert with your king:

The love of him,—and this respect besides,

For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—

Argaeths my conscience to confess all this.

In *The Troublesome Raigne* (p. 306) the motive assigned by Melun is different in one particular:

Two causes Lords, makes me display this drift,
The greatest for the freedom of my soule,
That longs to leaue this mansion free from guilt:
The other on a naturall instinct,
For that my Grandsire was an Englishman.

It is difficult to conjecture why Shakespeare introduces this friendship of Melun for Hubert; perhaps he intended to have made some dramatic use of it, but forgot his intention.

302. Line 55: *Stoop low within those BOUNDS we have O'ERLOOK'D*.—Compare iii. 1. 23 above:

Like a proud river *feering o'er his bounds*.

ACT V. SCENE 5.

303. Line 3: *When English measure backward their own ground*.—Altered by Pope to the cacophonous line: "*When the English measur'd,*" &c. Fleay's explanation is, surely, the right one; the meaning is general—the sky blushed at English (*i.e.* Englishmen) *measuring backward*, *i.e.* retreating.

304. Line 7: *And wound our TOTTERING colours CLEARLY up*.—See Richard II., note 228. The present participle is used here, probably for the past. *Clearly* was altered by Capell to *cheerly*. The Cambridge Edd. conjecture *cleanly*; but either of the meanings given to *clearly* in our foot-note, suits the sense; for myself, I prefer the latter. There is a passage in "Greene's Tu Quoque, or The City Gallant" (a most interesting comedy by John Cooke, 1614), which it is only fair to quote, as confirming the opinion of those who would make *tottering* = waving. The passage is:

This dagger has a point, do you see it?

And be unto my suit obedient,

Or you shall feel it too:

For I will rather *totter*, hang in clean linen, &c.

—Dodsley, vol. xi. p. 274.

The meaning of *totter* evidently being to *wave* about in the wind, as a body does when hanging on the gibbet.

ACT V. SCENE 6.

305. Lines 3–6.—Arranged in F. 1. thus:

Bast. Whether doest thou go?

Hub. What 's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affaires,

As well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I thinke.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought.

We have followed Dyce's arrangement, which seems the most sensible one, adopted by him partly from Mr. Watkiss Lloyd.

306. Lines 12, 13:

*Unkind remembrance! thou and ENDLESS night
Have done me shame.*

Theobald and Warburton, both, independently, it appears, suggested *eyeless*, an emendation very generally adopted. We have not adopted it, only because the reason for changing the text does not seem strong enough. It can-

not be denied that *eyeless* is a much more characteristic epithet here than *endless*, and there is a line in Lucrece (1013) containing a very similar epithet of night:

Poor grooms are *sightless* night, kings glorious day.

On the other hand, Shakespeare uses *endless* twice in Richard II. i. 3. 177 and 222 as an epithet of *night*; but perhaps with more strict appropriateness than here, for, in both cases, a kind of death is referred to; in the latter instance physical death, in the former the moral death of exile. In favour of the reading of *ff.* it may also be said that *endless* is not here so commonplace an epithet as at first sight might appear. Hubert had been watching by the king all night; and to him the night might well seem *endless*, anxious as he was for the day. That the night was unusually dark, we gather from lines 17 and 20 below, and from the circumstance that Faulconbridge tells Hubert (lines 39, 40 below) that he had lost half his "power," in crossing the flats of the Wash. One circumstance may be worth noting; and that is, in *F.* 1 the passage is printed "thou and *endles* night" (*F.* 2, *F.* 3 have *endlesse*), while in seven other passages in *F.* 1, in which *endless* occurs, it is invariably printed *endlesse*. Remembering Shakespeare's fondness for the fancy of calling the stars "night's candles," e.g. Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 220:

For by these blessed candles of the night,

and Rom. and Jul. iii. 5, 9:

Night's candles are burnt out.

one is almost tempted to suggest that he might here have coined a word, and written "*candleless* night."

307. Line 23: *The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk.*—Holinshed gives the following account of this tradition: "There be which have written, that after he had lost his armie, he came to the abbeye of Swineshead in Lincolnshire, and there vnderstanding the cheapnesse and plentie of corne, shewed himselfe greatly displeased therewith, as he that for the hatred which he bare to the English people, that had so traitorously reuolted from him vnto his aduersarie Lewes, wished all miserie to light vpon them, and therevpon said in his anger, that he would cause all kind of graine to be at a farre higher price, yer manie daies should passe. Wherevpon a moonke that heard him speake such words, being moued with zeale for the oppression of his countrie, gaue the king poison in a cup of ale, whereof he first tooke the assaie, to cause the king not to suspect the matter, and so they both died in manner at one time" (vol. ii. p. 336). There were many and various reports as to the nature of John's death, as may be seen in Holinshed. Shakespeare here declined to follow the author of The Troublesome Raigne, whose coarsely-expressed animosity against everything connected with the Roman Catholic Church induced him greedily to adopt this version of John's death, and to elaborate the details of it.

308. Line 23: *who did TASTE to him?*—This alludes to the custom of kings and royal personages at this time, to have a "taster," whose business it was to *taste* the dishes, before they partook of them, lest there should be poison in them. Montzner thus describes Queen Elizabeth's *tasters*: "the Yeomen of the Guard entered, bare-headed, cloathed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs,

bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes, served in plate, most of it gilt; these dishes were received by a Gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the Lady-Taster gave to each of the guard a mouthful to eat, of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison" (New Shak. Soc. publications, pt. i. series vi. No. 1, appendix ii. p. lxxvii.).

309. Lines 39-41:

*half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln Washes have deuoured them.*

This catastrophe really happened to King John himself, and is thus narrated by Holinshed: "Thus the countrie being wasted on each hand, the king hasted forward till he came to Wellestrene sands, where passing the washes he lost a great part of his armie, with horses and carriages, so that it was iudged to be a punishment appointed by God, that the spoile which had been gotten and taken out of churches, abbeies, and other religious houses, should perish, and be lost by such means together with the spoilers. Yet the king himselfe, and a few other, escaped the violence of the waters, by following a good guide" (vol. ii. p. 335). It was the stream of the Welland which caused the disaster. The spot is still known as King's Corner.

ACT V. SCENE 7.

310. Line 16: *Leaves them INVISIBLE.*—Hammer's very plausible emendation is *insensible*. But may not *invisible* be here used adverbially, meaning that Death, having preyed upon the body, passed unperceived (*invisible*) to attack the mind? But it is only fair to say that *insensible* is certainly in accordance with the first two lines of this speech (lines 13, 14). Steevens suggests *invincible*.

311. Lines 21, 22:

*I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death.*

Shakespeare is rather fond of alluding to the poetical fancy of the dying swan suddenly disclosing a capacity for singing. Compare Othello, v. 2. 247, 248:

I will play the swan,

And die in music.

And Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 44, 45:

*Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music.*

312. Line 35: *Poison'd,—its fare;—dead, forsook, cast off.*—Another instance of the dramatic use of the line with a defective syllable; the hiatus being supplied by the painful breathing of the dying king.

313. Line 42: *I beg cold comfort.*—A play upon words. For another instance of the use by Shakespeare of *cold comfort*, in the same sense of "poor comfort," as we use the phrase, see Taming of Shrew, iv. 1. 32, 34: "or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy *cold comfort*." For a worse instance of quibbling on a death-bed, compare the dying speech of John of Gaunt, Richard II. ii. 1. 73-83.

314. Line 52: *The TACKLE of my heart is crack'd and burn'd.*—Compare Coriolanus, iv. 5. 66–68:

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't; though thy *tackle* 's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel.

315. Line 58: *And MODULE of confounded royalty.*—See Richard II., note 218. *Module* is really the same word as *model*; in this passage and in All's Well, iv. 3. 114: “this counterfeit *module*” the Folio adopts this spelling: in all other passages the word is spelt *model*. Many editors print *model* here; but as the later lexicographers recognize *module* as a separate form of the word—probably because it comes to us direct from Latin *modulus*; while *model* comes from the same source, but through the French *modèle*—we have adhered to the spelling of the Folio.

316. Line 60: *Where HEAVEN He knows.*—Probably *heaven* was substituted for *God* by the editors of F. 1 in obedience to the statute of James I. forbidding the use of the name of God on the stage.

317. Line 65: [*King John dies.*—King John did not die at Swinstead Abbey. Lingard's summary of the conflicting accounts of his death is as follows: “With a heavy heart” (in consequence of the catastrophe that occurred to him in the Wash.—see note 309) “he proceeded to the Cistercian convent of Swineshead, where fatigue, or anxiety, or poison, or a surfeit (for all these causes are mentioned), threw him into a dangerous fever. He set out, however, in the morning; but was obliged to exchange his horse for a litter, and was conveyed with difficulty to the castle of Sleaford. There he passed the night, and dictated a letter to the new pope Honorius III., recommending in the most earnest terms the interest of his children to the protection of that pontiff. The next day conducted him to the castle of Newark; where, sensible of his approaching end, he sent for a confessor, appointed his eldest son Henry to succeed him, and executed a short will, by which he left the disposal of his property to the discretion of certain trustees, and his body to be buried at Worcester, near the shrine of St. Wulstan. He expired three days later, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the seventeenth of his reign” (vol. ii. p. 374). Holinshed says that he stayed “one night at the castell of Luford, and on the next day with great paine, caused himselfe to be caried vnto Newark” (vol. ii. p. 336). It would seem quite unnecessary to discuss the fact here that Shakespeare makes John's death follow so soon on that of Arthur, and that he slips over some fourteen years containing most important events, including the granting of Magna Charta. Shakespeare was writing a play and not a history; he did what all poets have done and must do, he defied chronology.

318. Line 88: *Ourselves well SINEWED to our defence.*—In F. 1 *sinewed* is elided: so very careful is F. 1 as to the elision of the vowel in the final *ed*, that we always hesitate

to go against it; but, as the metre here distinctly requires a trisyllable, we must conclude the elision was made in error.

319. Lines 99, 100:

*At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.*

Holinshed gives the following account of the funeral: “The men of warre that serued vnder his ensignes, being for the more part hired souldiers and strangers, came together, and marching forth with his bodie, each man with his armour on his backe, in warlike order, conueied it vnto Worcester, where he was pompously buried in the cathedrall church before the high altar, not for that he had so appointed (as some write) but because it was thought to be a place of most suretie for the lords and other of his freends there to assemble, and to take order in their businesse now after his decease. And because he was somewhat fat and corpulent, his bowels were taken out of his bodie, and buried at Croxton abbeye, a house of monks of the order called Præmonstratenses in Staffordshire, the abbat of which house was his physician” (vol. ii. p. 336). The remains of John are said to have been discovered under the pavement of the choir in 1597; and the effigy of the king which formed the original cover of the stone coffin in which the remains were found, may still be seen on his tomb in Worcester Cathedral.

320. Line 108:

I have a kind soul that would give YOU thanks.

Ff. omit *you*, added by Rowe. The Cambridge Edd suggest: “would *fain* give thanks.”

321. Lines 110, 111:

*O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.*

This is rather an enigmatical sentence. It seems to mean: “Let us not pay the present time—though it includes the death of our king—the tribute of more sorrow than is needful; for at the same time it has anticipated us in removing the main cause of our grief, namely, the invasion of a foreign foe and the alliance with that foe of part of our own forces.” The explanation is liable to the obvious criticism, “What all that?”; but, considering the context, it is something like what the speaker probably would have said, had he wished to be explicit.

322. Line 118: *If England to itself do rest but true.*—Compare III. Henry VI. iv. 1. 40:

England is safe if true within itself.

Shakespeare took the idea of the last speech from the old play, which ends thus:

Let England live but true within it self,
And all the world can neuer wrong her State.

If Englands Peeres and people ioyne in one,
Nor Pope, nor Fraunce, nor Spaine can doo them wrong.

—Troublesome Raigne, p. 320.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN KING JOHN.

NOTE.—The addition of sub. adj. verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb, only in the passage or passages cited.

NOTE.—The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed in F. 1 as *two* separate words.

Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line	
Abortives	iii. 4 158	Deep-sworn	iii. 1 231	*Mercy-lacking	iv. 1 121	*Stubborn-hard	iv. 1 67
Absey	i. 1 196	Disallow	i. 1 16	Metropolis	v. 2 72	Supernal	ii. 1 112
Adjunct ¹ (adj.)	iii. 3 57	Dishabited	ii. 1 220	Misheard	iii. 1 4	Threatener	v. 1 49
Adulterates (verb)	iii. 1 56	Dispiteous	iv. 1 34	Misspoke	iii. 1 4	Toasting iron	iv. 3 90
All-changing	ii. 1 582	Dominations	ii. 1 176	*Mother-queen	ii. 1 62	Twice-told	iii. 4 108
Aloft (prep.)	iv. 2 139	Down-trodden	ii. 1 241	*New-burned	iii. 1 278	Unattempted	ii. 1 591
Arch-heretic (sub.)	iii. 1 192	*Dwelling-house	v. 7 3	*New-enkindled	iv. 2 163	Unbegotten ⁵	iv. 3 54
Artificer	iv. 2 201	*Elbow-room	v. 7 28	Old-faced	ii. 1 259	Under-wrought	ii. 1 95
Badly	v. 3 2	Embounded	iv. 3 137	Orderless	iii. 1 253	Undetermined	ii. 1 355
Banked	v. 2 104	Endamagement	ii. 1 209	Outlook	v. 2 115	Unexpected	i. 1 80
Bare-picked	iv. 3 148	Excommunicate	iii. 1 173	Outcold	v. 2 160	Unfenced	ii. 1 386
Bare-ribbed	v. 2 177	Exteriorly	iv. 2 267	Overstained	iii. 1 236	Ungodly	iii. 1 109
Basilisc-like	i. 1 244	Fair-play (adj.)	v. 1 67	Ox-head	ii. 1 292	Unhaired	v. 2 133
Beforehand	v. 7 111	Fantasied	iv. 2 144	Pale-visaged	v. 2 154	Unneighbourly	v. 2 39
Bestained	iv. 3 24	*Fast-closed	ii. 1 447	Potents	ii. 1 358	Unowed	iv. 3 147
Bethumped	ii. 1 466	*Fleshy	iv. 2 245	Powerless	ii. 1 15	Unrepreivable	v. 7 48
Boisterously	iii. 4 136	Footsteps	i. 1 216	*Precious-princely	iv. 3 40	Unscratched	ii. 1 225
*Boisterous-rough	iv. 1 76	Foreigners	iv. 2 172	Prisonment	iii. 4 161	Unseared	ii. 1 471
Brabblers ²	v. 2 162	*Forewarned	ii. 1 233	Prodigiously	iii. 1 91	Unthread	v. 4 11
Braced	v. 2 169	Half-blown	iii. 1 54	Progress (verb)	v. 2 46	Untrimmed ⁶	iii. 1 209
Break-vow	ii. 1 560	*Half-conquered	v. 2 95	*Proud-swelling	iv. 3 147	Unvexed	ii. 1 253
Brooded	iii. 3 52	Half-face	i. 1 92	Puppy-dogs	ii. 1 460	Unwardly	v. 7 63
Canker (adj.)	iii. 4 32	*Harsh-sounding	iv. 2 150	Purpose-changer	ii. 1 567	Usurpingly	i. 1 13
Cincture	iv. 3 155	Heat (= heated)	iv. 1 61	*Riding-rods	i. 1 140	Valueless	iii. 1 101
*Clock-setter	iii. 1 324	Heaven-moving	ii. 1 169	Roundure	ii. 1 259	Vile-concluded	ii. 1 586
Cloddy	iii. 1 80	Honour-giving	i. 1 53	Seroyles	ii. 1 373	*Vile-drawing	ii. 1 577
Cockered	v. 1 70	Husbandless	iii. 1 14	Shock (verb)	v. 7 117	Waft (partic.)	ii. 1 73
*Cold-blooded	iii. 1 123	*Ill-tuned	ii. 1 197	Sick-fallen	iv. 3 153	Water-walled	ii. 1 27
Convicted	iii. 4 2	Incessantly	ii. 1 385	Sightly	ii. 1 143	Well-born	ii. 1 278
Corruptibly	v. 7 2	Indigest	v. 7 26	*Silver-bright	ii. 1 315	White-faced	ii. 1 23
Covetousness ³	iv. 2 29	Inglorious	v. 1 65	Silverly	v. 2 46	Widow-comfort	iii. 4 105
Cracker	ii. 1 147	Injurer	ii. 1 174	Sin conceiving	ii. 1 182	Widow-maker	v. 2 17
Crumble	v. 7 31	Invasion	iv. 2 173	Sinewed	v. 7 88	*Wifful-opposite	v. 2 124
Day-wearied	v. 4 35	Invasive	v. 1 69	Skin-coat	ii. 1 139	Wiry ⁷	iii. 4 64
*Dearest-valued	iii. 1 343	Jeopardy	iii. 1 346	Soul-fearing	ii. 1 383	*Woman-post	i. 1 218
		Just-borne	ii. 1 345	Souse	v. 2 150		
		Legitimation	i. 1 248	Sprightful	iv. 2 177		
		Longed-for	iv. 2 8	*Stone-still	iv. 1 77		
				*Strong-barred	ii. 1 370		

¹ Lucrece, 133; Sonn. xci. 5.

² Used as the name of a hound in *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 1. 99.

³ Used in its ordinary sense in *As You Like It*, iii. 5. 91, and twice elsewhere.

⁴ Lucrece, 1730.

⁵ *Unbegotten* occurs in *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 88.

⁶ Sonn. xviii. 8.

⁷ Sonn. cxviii. 4.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

Note

86. ii. 1. 190. *And all for her—FOR HER: a plague upon her!*

136. iii. 1. 110. *ere* SUN SET. So Fleay.

148. iii. 1. 281. *By that thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st by.*

Note

188. iv. 1. 7. UNMANLY scruples. So Grey.

204. iv. 2. 42. *And more, more strong THAN less—so is my fear.*

ORIGINAL EMENDATION SUGGESTED.

Note 169. iii. 4. 21. *Lo, now! you see the issue of your peace.*

·MERCHANT OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF VENICE.

PRINCE OF MOROCCO, }
PRINCE OF ARRAGON, } Suitors to Portia.

ANTONIO, a Merchant.

BASSANTO, his kinsman and friend.

SOLANIO, }
SALARINO, } friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
GRATIANO, }

LORENZO, in love with Jessica.

SHYLOCK, a Jew.

TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a clown, servant to Shylock.

OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.

LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.

BALTHAZAR, }
STEPHANO, } servants to Portia.

Clerk of the Court.

PORTIA, a rich heiress.

NERISSA, her waiting-maid.

JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants,
and other Attendants.

SCENE—Partly at Venice and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the mainland.

TIME OF ACTION (according to Daniel).

Day 1: Act I.—Interval—say a week [? two weeks].
Day 2: Act II. Scenes 1-7.—Interval—one day.
Day 3: Act II. Scenes 8, 9.—Interval—bringing the
time to within a fortnight of the maturity of the
bond.

Day 4: Act III. Scene 1.—Interval—rather more
than a fortnight. •
Day 5: Act III. Scenes 2-4.
Day 6: Act III. Scene 5; Act IV.
Day 7 and 8: Act V.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

Two quarto editions of this play were published in the same year, 1600; the first of these, known as the Roberts Quarto (Q. 1), bears the following title:

"THE | EXCELLENT | History of the Mer |
chant of Venice. | With the extreme cruelty of
Shylocke | the Jew towards the saide Mer-
chant, in cut | *ting a iust pound of his flesh.*
And the obtaining | of *Portia*, by the choyse
of | *three Caskets.* | Written by W. Shake-
speare. | Printed by *J. Roberts*, 1600."

The second quarto (Q. 2), known as the Heyes Quarto, has the following title-page:

"The most excellent | Historie of the *Mer-*
chant | of *Venice.* | With the extreame crueltie
of *Shylocke* the Iewe | towards the sayd Mer-
chant, in cutting a iust pound | of his flesh:
and the obtayning of *Portia* | by the choyse
of three | chests. | *As it hath beene diuers times*
acted by the Lord | *Chamberlaine his Seruants.* |
Written by William Shakespeare. At Lon-
don, | Printed by J. R. for Thomas Heyes, |
and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at
the | signe of the Greene Dragon. | 1600. | "

Some authorities, Johnson and Capell amongst the number, speak of the latter Quarto as being anterior to Q. 1. J. P. Kemble, who possessed a copy of each Quarto, has inscribed in his copy of the Roberts Quarto, "First edition." "Collated and perfect, J. P. K. 1798." The entry in the Stationers' Register (on July 22, 1598), of which Kemble gives an inaccurate copy, is as follows: "Entred for his copie vnder the handes of both the wardens, a booke of the Marchaunt of Venyce or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyce | Pro- uided that yt bee not prynted by the said James Robertes or anye other whatsoeuer without. lycence first had from the Right

honorab le lord Chamberlen . . . vj^d" (Arber's Transcript, iii. 122).

Dr. F. J. Furnivall, in his Forewords to the photo-lithographed reprint of Q. 1 (Shakespeare Quarto-Facsimiles, No. 7), agrees with this opinion as to the order of the two Quartos. He also makes a careful collation of various words and phrases in the two editions which go to prove that, in many passages, Q. 2 is a better guide to the reading of the text than Q. 1. It is evident that neither of these editions was printed from the other; but the Cambridge edd. seem to me to be entirely mistaken in assuming that they were both printed from the same MS. Setting aside many slight differences—all to the advantage of the Heyes Quarto (Q. 2)—it is quite clear from the test passage (i. 3. 64–66), given by Dr. Furnivall, that the second Quarto was printed not only from a different, but from a more accurate and carefully revised MS. than the Roberts Quarto. The reading of the latter (Q. 1) is:

Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend
He brake a custome: are you resolu'd
How much he would haue?

In Heyes' Quarto (Q. 2) we have what is undoubtedly the better and the true reading, which makes Antonio (in place of the sentence italicized above) say, turning to Bassanio:

is hee yet possesst
How much ye would?

I agree most heartily with Dr. Furnivall that the two Quartos were evidently printed from different transcripts of the original text, and that the Heyes Quarto (Q. 2) had the advantage of being taken from a copy which "more nearly represents the text revised by Shakespeare" (Forewords, p. iv).

Evidently the editors of the Folio, 1623 (F. 1), thought the same, for their edition of the play is a reprint of Q. 2. It is very unlikely that the Roberts Quarto would be the more correct, for it is evident, from the entry in the Stationers' Register (see above), that Roberts had obtained his copy surreptitiously, and that a successful attempt was made to restrain him from publishing at once, and so injuring the acting right of the play, which then belonged to the Lord Chamberlain's company. Also it will be noted that, on the title-page of the Heyes Quarto *only*, appears the statement, "As it hath beene divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his servants." It is certainly most probable that what advantage the author could give he would give, not to Roberts, but to Heyes; and that the latter would be allowed the benefit of any corrections that had been made in the text.

Two other Quarto editions were published. It is unnecessary to give the title-pages. The former (Q. 3) is dated 1637 and was printed "by M. P. for Laurence Hayes." The latter (Q. 4), dated 1652, was printed for William Leake. Both are reprints of Q. 2. A copy of the 1652 imprint was sent to Sotheby's for sale in 1905; and realized £200.

With regard to the date of this play, it has been fixed by some as early as 1594, by others as late as 1598. It is clear, from the entry in the Stationers' Register we have given above, and from its being mentioned by Meres, that it could not have been written later than 1598. The fact that it is the last play mentioned by Meres among Shakespeare's comedies has been held by some to point to the fact that it was a recent play; but it would be very dangerous to found any theory upon the order in which the plays are mentioned by Meres, as in that case we should have to consider King John to be later than Henry IV. and Titus Andronicus to be later than both of them. In Henslowe's Diary under the date of 25th August, 1594 (p. 40), is recorded the first representation of "the Venesyon comodey." Some editors have thought that this play may have been Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice; and, in support of this theory, the entry in the Stationers' Register by Roberts in 1598, above

referred to, has been noted. Certainly Henslowe's spelling of some of the titles of the plays recorded in his Diary is very peculiar, and the titles themselves are somewhat vague. "The Venesyon comodey" was also represented on the 5th September, 1594, and on the 15th and 22nd of the same month. It seems to have been a popular play, and was played four times before the end of November in the same year. On the 10th February, 1595 (p. 48), we have an entry, "Rd at the Venesyan," probably referring to the same play. On the 25th of the same month we have another entry (p. 50), "Rd at the Venesyan comodey." On the 24th September, 1594, there is an entry (p. 41), "Rd at venesyon and the love of and Inglish lady" with the letters "ne" indicating that it was a new play.¹ The same play is referred to on the 24th October, 1594, as "love of and Ingleshe lady" (p. 43).

With regard to the question whether this "Venesyon comodey" may have been Shakespeare's play, it is perhaps worth noting that, during the season, there were several entries of a play called "the greasyon comodey" (p. 45); and on the 11th February, 1594, of a new piece called "the Frenshe Comodey" (p. 45). Neither of these latter plays has been identified, and it is quite possible that their real titles bore no closer resemblance to the one under which Henslowe entered them than The Merchant of Venice does to "the Venesyon Comodey." Before we reject the theory that this might have been Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, we must remember that during this season, and only during this season, Shakespeare, and the Lord Chamberlain's Servants, to which company he belonged, were playing with the Lord Admiral's Servants at Henslowe's theatre; also that there was a reason for calling the play "the Venesyon comodey," if its original title was The Jew of Venice, because during this season "The Jew," that is Marlowe's Jew of Malta, was played very frequently.

Those who advocate the early date 1594 lay some stress upon the fact that in this year

¹ It is possible that two plays were played on this occasion, the Venetian Comedy and The Love of an English Lady; or may not there have been two performances of the company on the same day?

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took place the execution, accompanied by the horrible barbarities customary in that age, of Roderigo Lopez, a Spanish doctor, who, in 1586, had been appointed physician to Queen Elizabeth. His accuser was a certain Don Antonio Perez, once a favourite secretary of Philip; a great scoundrel, whom Elizabeth and Lord Burghley both treated with proper contempt, but whom Essex encouraged. The principal evidence against Lopez was furnished by Ferreira and Louis, followers of Don Antonio, who, on the rack, made confessions implicating Lopez. It is to these instances of torture that Shakespeare probably refers (iii. 2. 24-27), rather than to the execution of Throckmorton or of Squires, the latter of which did not take place till 1598; the more so as Elizabeth was very reluctant to believe in the guilt of Lopez, and was very angry, at first, with Essex for bringing the accusation against him. Perhaps it would be going too far to accept the reference to Lopez, admitting it to be one, as a positive proof that the play was first produced in 1594. Nor is the coincidence of the chief accuser of Lopez and of Shylock's proposed victim both being named Antonio, interesting though it be, of much importance: but on this subject we may refer our readers to Mr. S. L. Lee's paper in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1880, which contains some very interesting information about Lopez. Mr. Lee has succeeded in showing that Shakespeare, most probably, was well acquainted with the story of the Jew Doctor and of his tragical fate; but it may be doubted whether he has been quite so successful in proving that Lopez was the original of Shylock. As far as the internal evidence is concerned, the style of this play certainly points to a date scarcely so early as 1557. However, it is very possible, as the Clarendon Press editors suggest, if the earlier date be the right one, that Shakespeare may have revised the play between that and 1598. On the whole, the date selected by Dr. Furnivall in his Forewords to the republication of the First Quarto, namely 1596, seems the most probable conjecture. One cannot be far wrong in placing this play after *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and before *Henry IV.*

Of the two stories, on which the plot of the play is founded, there is more than one version. Indeed, the bond story seems to have existed, in some form or other, in nearly every country. Originally it came from the East. It seems first to have made its appearance in Europe in Dolopathos or the King and the Seven Sages (a collection of Latin stories), about the end of the twelfth century, and was translated into French by Herbert in 1223. The earliest English version known is that in the *Cursor Mundi*, published at the end of the thirteenth century, on which a paper by Miss Toulmin Smith will be found in the *Transactions of the New Shakespeare Society* (1875, pp. 181-188). Other versions have been found in the *Gesta Romanorum*, in the *Harleian MSS.*, and in other collections of tales. How many of these various versions Shakespeare may have seen or heard of is uncertain; but there can be very little doubt that the one, on which he founded this play, was *The Adventures of Giannetto*, from a collection of tales, called *Il Pecorone*, by Giovanni Fiorentino, Milano, 1558. We give a brief abstract of this story, in order that the many points of resemblance may be seen.

Giannetto, a young man, is left in charge of his godfather Ansaldo, who accepts the charge of him, and treats him as his own son. Giannetto wishes to join two of his friends in a mercantile expedition. Ansaldo provides him with a ship richly laden. On the voyage Giannetto gives his companions the slip, and puts into port at *Belmont*, where resides a very beautiful widow lady, who is ready to give her hand and fortune to a second husband, on conditions which it is not necessary to name. Giannetto fails on this his first visit, and, consequently, forfeits his ship and the whole of his cargo. He returns to Venice, and is, at first, ashamed to make his arrival known to Ansaldo; but the latter, having heard of his whereabouts, comes to him and embraces him, telling him not to let the loss of his ship and cargo trouble him. Giannetto soon goes upon another voyage, being again fitted out most generously by Ansaldo; he pays another visit to Belmont with the same result, and returns very sorrowful. But Ansaldo receives him in

the most affectionate manner; and soon, for the third time, provides him with a ship and valuable cargo, to obtain which, however, he has to borrow ten thousand ducats from a Jew, on the condition that, if they are not repaid on the feast of St. John in the next month of June, the Jew may take a pound of flesh from any part of his body he pleases. This time Giannetto succeeds in winning the lady, and they are married with every kind of rejoicing. In his happiness the young man forgets all about Ansaldo and the Jew's bond; till, one day, he sees a great crowd passing along the piazza with lighted torches in their hands, and some one tells him that they are going to make their offerings at the church of St. John, that day being his festival. Giannetto instantly recollects all about the bond, and tells his wife the danger in which his friend stands; she bids him go to Venice as quickly as possible, and gives him a hundred thousand ducats to take with him. She herself shortly follows him, dressed as a lawyer, with two servants. She goes to Venice, and puts up at an inn, her servants describing her as a young lawyer from Bologna. Meanwhile the Jew has refused every offer of Giannetto up to a hundred thousand ducats, and insists upon his pound of flesh. The case is much talked about; the landlord of the inn mentions it to his guest, who says that it is a matter that can be easily answered. A proclamation is issued that a famous lawyer is come from Bologna, skilled in deciding all difficult cases. Giannetto and the Jew both agree to refer the case to this lawyer. Madam Giannetto, like Portia, admits the legality of the Jew's bond, but urges him to take the offer of Giannetto, and release Ansaldo. The Jew sticks to his bond; and matters go so far that Ansaldo is stripped naked, and the Jew stands ready with his razor to execute the penalty. Giannetto is now in a terrible state of mind; when the lawyer bids him be quiet; and, just as the Jew is beginning to cut the flesh, he tells him that he may take neither more nor less than his bond, and that if he takes one drop of blood he will be put to death. Much wrangling ensues; and the Jew at last consents to take his own ten thousand ducats.

Madam Giannetto says he shall have nothing but his bond, "if not, I will order your bond to be protested and annulled. Every one present was greatly pleased; and deriding the Jew, said, He who laid traps for others is caught himself" (Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. vol. i. pt. i. p. 348). The Jew tears up his bond; Ansaldo is released; and Giannetto, delighted with the result, offers the lawyer a hundred thousand ducats. The lawyer bids him keep them, and carry them back to his lady, that she may not have the opportunity to say that he has squandered them away idly. A little scene of comedy takes place between Giannetto and the pretended lawyer, which ends in the latter asking for a ring; this Giannetto parts with very reluctantly, it having been a present from his wife. The lady hurries back to Belmont, where she is in time to receive Giannetto and Ansaldo in the most magnificent manner; but she is very cold to her husband. Giannetto seeks an interview with his wife as soon as possible, and she demands of him the ring. On his telling her to whom he has given it, she pretends to disbelieve the story, and accuses him of having given it to some lady at Venice. She teases him till he bursts into tears; when she embraces him, and in a fit of laughter tells him everything.

It will be seen from the above summary that the story contains nearly every incident of the play with the exception of the casket scene. Ansaldo is evidently the original of Antonio and Giannetto of Bassanio. Shakespeare does not seem to have borrowed any details from the other versions of the bond story, except it be from the Ballad of Gernutus; compare the thirteenth and fourteenth verses of the First Part (Percy's Reliques (edn. 1857), p. 107):

But we will make a merry feast, for to be talked long;
You shall make me a bond, quoth he, that shall be
large and strong:

And this shall be the forfeiture; of your owne fleshe
a pound.

If you agree, make you the bond, and here is a hundred crowns.

The incident of Shylock's whetting the knife may have been taken from the seventh verse of the Second Part (p. 108):

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The bloudie Jew now ready is *with whetted blade
in hand*,
To spoyle the bloud of innocent, by forfeit of his
bond.

Another work from which Shakespeare may have taken some hints, especially for the speeches of Shylock in the Trial Scene, is Silwayn's "Orator," a translation of which, from the original French by Antony Munday, appeared in 1596. Declamation 95, in this work, has for its title, "Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian." It will be found printed at length in the Var. Ed. (vol. v. p. 163). But the points of resemblance between this oratorical exercise and Shylock's defence of his conduct are not very remarkable.

For the casket story Shakespeare seems to have been indebted mainly, if not entirely, to a story in the *Gesta Romanorum*, in which a princess, after undergoing various adventures, is subjected by the emperor, whose son she is about to marry, to the following test: "he (the emperor) caused three vessels to be brought forth: the first was made of pure gold, well beset with precious stones without, and within full of dead men's bones, and thereupon was engraven this posie: *Whoso chuseth me, shall find that he desereth.* The second vessel was made of fine silver, filled with earth and worms, the superscription was thus, *Whoso chuseth me, shall find that his nature desireth.* The third vessel was made of lead, full within of precious stones, and thereupon was insculpt this posie, *Whoso chuseth me, shall find that God hath disposed for him*" (Swan's *Gesta Romanorum*, vol. i. Introduction, pp. xciv, xcvi).¹ After a few moral reflections the maiden chooses the right casket, namely, the leaden one.

As to the question whether Shakespeare borrowed anything in the case of *The Merchant of Venice* from an old play or not, there is no direct evidence as to the existence of any such play, unless the entries in Henslowe's Diary be considered to refer to an older comedy on the

same subject. Stephen Gosson in the *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579 (fol. 226) speaks of a play "representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and bloody mindes of Usurers." This passage has been supposed to refer to a play containing both the story of the caskets and that of the bond; but the description can hardly be said to be conclusive. The imitation of act v. scene 1, to be found in *Wily Beguiled* (see Note 322) may have some bearing upon the date of the play. *Wily Beguiled* was first printed in 1606, though, probably, it was acted before that date; but there is little doubt that it followed Shakespeare's play, and did not precede it.

To Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* Shakespeare was but little indebted for any ideas in this play. Those who have attempted to trace so-called *parallel passages* in the two plays, have furnished the best proof that Shakespeare owed nothing to the older dramatist, except, perhaps, the useful example of the sort of Jew he ought *not* to draw. In a curious rambling appendix, which Waldron tacked on to his edition of Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd* (London, 1783), the editor gives (at pp. 209, 210) a number of passages with the object of "shewing that Shakspeare had Barabas constantly in his mind while he was writing the character of Shylock:" but the parallel passages he quotes bear no real resemblance to one another, except in one case. (See note 97.) The conceptions of the two characters are entirely different, and are worked out in the most opposite manners.

STAGE HISTORY.

Unless we admit that the Venetian Comedy in Henslowe's Diary, already referred to, was Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, we have no contemporary record of its performance other than the statement on the title-page of Heyes's Quarto (Q. 2), that it "hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord | Chamberlaine his Seruants. |" Burbage is supposed to have played Shylock. There is no mention of this comedy in Pepys, nor does it appear to have been one of those plays of Shakespeare's which were revived, with more or less success, after the Restoration. Downes, speaking of Doggett,

¹ See Herrtage's edn. of the *Gesta*, printed for the Early English Text Society, 1879 (pp. 299-301). The translation, given above from Swan, does not differ substantially from that of the early English texts.

mentions, among the comic characters that he performed, the Jew of Venice; but this was in a version of Shakespeare's play by George Granville Marquis of Lansdowne, in which the noble author took considerable liberties with the original; thinking himself justified, no doubt, by a proper sense of his own superiority to Shakespeare, as expressed in the prologue. This generous and successful attempt to rescue an insignificant work from oblivion was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1701; the cast included Betterton as Bassanio; Doggett as Shylock; Verbruggen as Antonio; Booth as Gratiano; and Mrs. Bracegirdle as Portia. The author was kind enough to save the critics the trouble of estimating the value of this work. The prologue is supposed to be spoken by the ghosts of Shakespeare and Dryden. The former says:

These scenes in their rough native dress were mine,
But now improv'd, with nobler lustre shine;
The first rude sketches Shakspeare's pencil drew,
But all the shining master strokes are new.
This play, ye critics, shall your fury stand,
Adorn'd and rescu'd by a faultless hand.

—Genest, vol. ii. p. 245.

The chief object of the adapter seems to have been to sink the character of Shylock, and to give greater importance to that of Bassanio. Wherever the noble mutilator laid hands upon Shakespeare's text he managed to spoil it. The scene between Portia and Nerissa seems to have offended his delicate taste; so, among other conscientious attempts to refine and elevate the dialogue, he introduced the following:—Portia, speaking of the possibility of her being forced to marry her Dutch suitor, says: "*La Signora Guts!* oh hideous! what a sound will that be in the mouth of an Italian" (Genest, vol. ii. p. 243). In act ii. he introduced a grand entertainment at Bassanio's, and the masque of Peleus and Thetis, which the noble lord "writ all himself," a very namby-pamby production. One point of stage management here is worth noting. Shylock is made to sit at a table by himself, and drinks to his money as his only mistress. In act iii. portions of many of the scenes of the original are taken and jumbled up together. One notable omission is the scene between Shy-

lock and Tubal. In act iv. changes are introduced in order to make the character of Bassanio more important; for instance, "he offers Shylock the whole of his own body instead of the single pound of flesh due from Antonio; and, lastly, draws his sword (a likely circumstance in a court of justice) to defend his friend" (Genest, vol. ii. p. 244). For any poetic merit which this mutilation of Shakespeare possesses, it might have remained unnoticed. But there is no doubt that the comic view of Shylock's character, which held its own on the stage for so many years, was owing chiefly to this miserable deformation and corruption of Shakespeare's play, which for forty years was accepted, both by actors and the public, as the only acting version of *The Merchant of Venice*.

On the 14th February, 1741, Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* was revived at Drury Lane Theatre, owing to the happy persistency of Charles Macklin. It was performed some twenty-one times, and not the least happy result of this revival was that Lord Lansdowne's *Jew of Venice* was consigned to oblivion. This revival of Shakespeare's delightful comedy, which had probably never been acted for over one hundred years, is one of the most important events in theatrical annals. For it was not only one of the most decisive blows struck at those impudent manglers and defomers of our great poet, who for years did their best to bring his work into contempt, but it was the first sign of a revival of the natural style in acting, and no doubt laid the foundation for the great success of Garrick which followed some ten years after.

It is not so easy to arrive at a clear idea of what Macklin's Shylock was; but that he was not the comic buffoon, that Lansdowne and Doggett between them made him, we may safely say. Indeed, from one sentence in Davies' *Dramatic Miscellanies* we get a glimpse of what Macklin did to show the better side of Shylock's character: "In the third act, we have a scene, restored to the stage by the superior taste of Charles Macklin, to whom indeed we owe the play as it now stands, in which the Jew's private calamities make some tender impressions on the audience" (Davies' *Dramatic Miscellanies*, vol. ii. pp. 393, 394).

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Macklin did not fully enter into the psychology of Shylock as Edmund Kean did. Indeed he gave full force to, if he did not heighten, the more repulsive features of the character. But, for the first time since the death of his creator, Shakespeare's Shylock appeared on the stage; for the first time the avaricious but persecuted Jew was represented with dignity. Macklin's performance drew from Pope the well-known couplet:

This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew.

The actor also earned the praise of the great poet by his attention to the details of his dress in this part. He wore a red hat, such as, according to some authorities, was worn by the Jews in Venice, for which attention to accuracy in costume Pope justly praised him, (see note 68). In spite of its surprising merit, and the audacious reform which it inaugurated, Macklin's Shylock never seems to have taken a great hold upon the town. On this occasion Quin played Antonio and Millward Bassanio; Mrs. Clive Portia; and Mrs. Pritchard Nerissa. The Merchant of Venice was presented for the first time at Covent Garden on 13th March, 1744, for the benefit of Mrs. Clive, who acted the part of Portia. Ten years later, at the same theatre, on the 13th October, 1754, Sheridan played Shylock, and Mrs. Woffington Portia. After this, at intervals, various actors seem to have attempted the character; among them were Shuter, King, and Yates. On the 13th April, 1776, Macklin reappeared at Covent Garden in the character of Shylock for the benefit of his daughter, who played Portia. On the 11th June, 1777, Henderson made his first appearance as Shylock at the Haymarket.

On the 29th September, 1775, a young lady was announced for the part of Portia—her first appearance. This was no less a person than Mrs. Siddons, who had been engaged by Garrick on the strength of a friend's commendation. On the 22d January, 1784, John Kemble appeared for the first time, at Drury Lane, in the character of Shylock. He never seems to have made any great success in the part. Indeed, for his own benefit, 6th April, 1786, he

played the part of Bassanio, surrendering Shylock to King. Harley, Elliston, Young, and Stephen Kemble all appeared, at intervals, in this play, and all more or less failed to give any renewed vitality to the character of Shylock; till, on the memorable 26th January, 1814, to a house barely half-full, Edmund Kean made his first appearance in London. We read of the sensation which was made when this little insignificant-looking man, his threadbare clothes dripping with rain, came into the dressing-room, and took out from his shabby bundle a black wig. Such a reckless flying in the face of all tradition shocked the old conventional actors, and made them more certain than ever of the new-comer's failure. It appears that, from the time of Burbage downwards, no Shylock, not even Macklin, had ventured to discard the red wig. The large nose which Jews used to wear upon the stage Shylock was allowed to dispense with, but never the red wig. What a triumph Kean obtained is well known; and those who wish to realize the excitement that thrilled the comparatively few persons who happened to be present on that occasion, may read a most vivid description of the début of one who was probably the greatest genius ever seen on the stage, in Mr. Hawkins's *Life of Edmund Kean* (vol. i. pp. 124–132). Kean repeated the character many times; it was always a favourite of his; and it is worth noting that, in 1823, Liston played Launcelot Gobbo. On May 13, 1823, Macready made his first appearance in this character, for his benefit at Covent Garden, with Charles Kemble as Bassanio, one of the best representatives that character ever had. Macready does not seem to have made any great success in Shylock. Samuel Phelps played the part at the Haymarket in 1837; and twenty-one years later Charles Kean produced the Merchant of Venice, with himself and his wife as the Jew and Portia. In 1859 Hermann Vezin played Shylock at the Surrey Theatre.

Before closing the stage history of this, one of the most popular of Shakespeare's comedies, we may be allowed to notice the beautiful production of the play at the Prince of Wales Theatre under Mr. Bancroft's management in

875, and the very successful revival at the Lyceum in 1879; on both of which occasions Portia was represented by Miss Ellen Terry with a freshness and truth to nature which have rarely, if ever, been equalled. Never was the delightful comedy of the character more charmingly realized. Miss Terry's Portia may be classed among the few almost perfect representations of Shakespeare's heroines that the present generation has seen.

Mr. F. R. Benson revived the play during his London season of 1901 at the Comedy. In October, 1898, the Elizabethan Stage Society gave in the St. George's Hall, London, an interesting performance, presenting the whole play in sixteenth-century fashion, without scenic accessories.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

The Merchant of Venice, one of the most popular of Shakespeare's plays, whether in the study or on the stage, may be called the first of his great comedies; for a comedy it is, in spite of the tragic interest which centres round Shylock and Antonio. We should have expected to find it called on the title-page, in the old edition, a tragi-comedy, that curious composite title which is made to embrace so many plays of the Elizabethan period, varying very much in the degrees of tragedy and comedy which they contain. On the title-page of all the Quartos it is termed "the excellent" or "the most excellent history of the Merchant of Venice;" but at the head of the page it is called "the comical history," and in the Folio it is ranked among the comedies. It is a matter for congratulation that Shakespeare never adopted that composite title tragi-comedy, which certainly suggests a piece neither one thing nor the other, and is very often found attached to a dramatic work that has no dignity or pathos in its tragedy, and no humour or wit in its comedy. In all Shakespeare's comedies there is a strong element of serious interest. In fact without that element comedy, in the highest sense, can scarcely exist. We may call The Merchant of Venice the first of Shakespeare's great comedies; for it would be absurd to compare with it, in point of merit,

Love's Labour's Lost, the Comedy of Errors or the Taming of the Shrew.

The plot of the play consists, as has been said, of two distinct stories which are very skilfully blended together. In the one, the story of the caskets, Bassanio and Portia are the hero and the heroine. In the story of the Jew and his bond, Shylock and Antonio are the principal characters. The two sets of characters are very naturally brought together through the loan, which Antonio borrows from Shylock for the purpose of supplying Bassanio with the means to carry on his courtship of Portia.

It is doubtful whether Shakespeare had any particular purpose in writing this delightful play. If he had, it was probably to protest against the uncharitableness with which the Jews were still treated in his day. Although Queen Elizabeth found in Catholics and Dissenters sufficient fuel for her religious bonfires, the Jews were still the victims of great social injustice in England. In other countries (in Spain, for instance) they were vigorously persecuted. It is a curious fact, that about ten or twelve years before Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice was produced, viz. in 1584, a play (The Three Ladies of London) was printed which, apparently, was popular in those days, and had among its *dramatis personæ* Gerontus, a Jew, who is represented as possessing nearly every virtue, and is introduced in a trial scene, in which his generous forbearance is brought strongly into contrast with the meanness and turpitude of his Christian creditor (Dodsley, vol. vi. pp. 355-358).

But if Shakespeare's object was to plead for the exercise of more toleration and charity towards the Jews on the part of the Christians, he was far too wise to represent Shylock as the possessor of every virtue. He knew very well that with a popular audience, to which his plays appealed, such a character would gain but little sympathy. Accordingly, while he yielded to popular prejudice by representing Shylock as avaricious and vindictive but not such a monster of abominable cruelty as Marlowe's Barabas--at the same time he invests the greedy usurer with the dignity of a passionate pride in his race; and her puts into

INTRODUCTION.

his mouth such powerful arguments, and such eloquent pleas against the social injustice of which he is the victim, that the spectators of *The Merchant of Venice* ought to have gone away in a spirit much more likely to make them treat Jews with a moderate amount of Christian charity, than if Shakespeare had represented Shylock as a phenomenon of noble unselfishness like Gerontus. I have pointed out instances (see notes 80, 210) where, just as Shylock is beginning to exhibit some noble feeling, he is made to harp upon his avarice lest it should seem that the dramatist was about to make too strong an appeal for sympathy in the Jew's favour.

Shylock, unlike Marlowe's Barabas, has no mean selfishness in his character. He loves his money, not for the pleasures it can purchase for him, nor with that narrow-minded vanity in the sense of possession which the mere miser feels; but rather because it is the evidence of his own thrift and industry, the substantial witness, in one respect at least, to his superiority over the Christians who despise and persecute him. The insults, which Antonio has publicly inflicted on him, are felt by him not so much as directed against himself, personally, as against his tribe, and the sacred nation to which he belongs. Shylock would never have been guilty of betraying the interests of his fellow-countrymen for his own selfish ends, as Barabas cynically declares that he would do. (Jew of Malta, act i. Marlowe's Works, p. 148.) Nor could he ever be capable of those low vulgar crimes of which Barabas boasts. Shylock loves his Jessica with no ignoble love, although he feels bitterly her desertion of him and her renunciation of the old faith. He could never have conceived such a cowardly and cruel murder as Barabas plans against his daughter. In short, Shylock is the creation of a man with large-hearted human sympathies, and of a skilful dramatist; Barabas is the work of one who was devoid of any sympathetic qualities, of a powerful but gloomy poet, whose dramatic talent was extremely limited.

Nothing in this play shows more clearly the progress which Shakespeare had made in his art, than the character of Portia. Hitherto

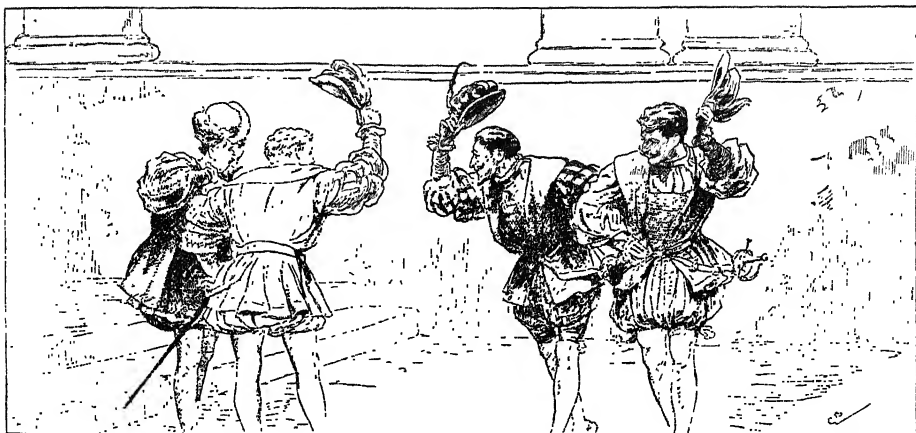
he has not given us, in his comedies at least, any female characters that could be said to possess much individuality: the heroines of his earlier comedies are all of a commonplace type; and except, perhaps, in the case of Julia (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*), do not excite our sympathy to any remarkable degree. We have certainly seen, in Juliet and Constance, two of Shakespeare's most interesting heroines; though Juliet is incomparably the finer creation of the two. But in the case of both those characters the nature of the play does not admit of the introduction of the element of comedy. Portia, however, is a worthy predecessor of Beatrice and Rosalind; full of spirit, and of that happy playfulness which it is the privilege of innocence to possess, even where innocence is not accompanied by ignorance of the world and of the evil therein. Portia, no more than Beatrice and Rosalind, is afraid of alluding to some things by name which, in our more prudish times, are spoken of by ladies only with the aid of some laboured periphrasis, and accompanied by blushes which, sometimes, may be suspected of being scarcely less laboured. In the case of Portia it would seem as if the very restrictions, imposed upon her by her father's will, instigated her to allow herself more liberty of speech and action than we should expect in an unmarried woman even of that day. But, however free Portia may be in her speech, and however much the independence of her actions may shock conventionality by the deplorable disregard for chaperons and propriety which it evinces, we must not fall into the error of thinking that Shakespeare intended the Lady of Belmont to be any relation, however distant, of those extremely free-minded heroines for whom some of his contemporaries showed such a partiality. Portia may joke with Nerissa about her lovers, and with her husband about the doctor who had obtained her ring; but there is no more of the wanton in her, perhaps less, than in those very mealy-mouthed young ladies who prate, at such length, about their virtue in dramas of more modern times, e.g. in the tragedies of the eighteenth century. When Portia sees her way to helping her husband's friend in his

dire necessity, she does not deign to consider what the Mrs. Grundy of that time would say. She dons her mannish dress, and wears the lawyer's gown, without stopping to question the propriety of such a step. She assumes all those "Woman's Rights," to which some of the sex lay claim, without any preliminary speechifying, and without the least abatement of all those feminine charms which unregenerate man most loves in woman. When one considers the fearlessness and promptitude of action which Portia displays, one cannot help thinking that, if her father's absurd legacy of the caskets had resulted in the choice of an uncongenial husband, Portia would not have found it difficult to set aside the parental injunction in spirit, if not in the letter. At anyrate we may safely prophesy that an unacceptable husband would not have had it all his own way.

The next most important character to Shylock and Portia is Antonio; a character evidently suggested, as I have already said, by the Ansaldo of the old novel. Nothing can exceed his unselfishness, his loyalty and friendship, his gentle patience in suffering, his beautiful equanimity in calamity. Misfortune after misfortune wrings from him no hasty expression; and the imminence of a most horrible death cannot shake his courage with the slightest breath of fear. Even against Shylock, the "faithless Jew," whose usury he was never tired of denouncing, whose national pride he never scrupled to wound, and whose person even he was so ungenerous as to insult,—against the man whom he had taken some pains to make his bitter foe,—even against him, when he finds himself in his power, he does not seem to feel any anger or malice. Nothing could illustrate more forcibly the intolerance which is ever the danger of a dominant faith,—more especially when that faith rests upon the consciousness that it is accompanied by the very best of works,—than the character of Antonio, as Shakespeare has drawn him. To every one else he is the model of a true gentleman and a perfect Christian; but to Shylock he is rude,

contemptuous, morally cruel, and sometimes, one is tempted to say, even mean. Shakespeare might have put into the mouth of Shylock the most high-flown sentiments of chivalrous generosity; he might have multiplied in him such acts of almost reckless self-sacrifice as those attributed to Gerontus in *The Three Ladies of London* (see above); but he would not have so cunningly won over the sympathies of the audience to the side of Shylock, in spite of his abominable avarice and relentless cruelty, as he does by making his persecutor a character whom everyone must respect and whom most men would love. In addition to this he contrasts the physical temperance and moral dignity of Shylock with the thoughtless prodigality of Bassanio, and the petty taunting wit of Gratiano. The latter character seems to have some reminiscence of Mercutio in it, and a little foreshadowing of Benedick. He is a laughing philosopher; a thorough worldling, without the robust cynicism of Mercutio, or the half-affected misogyny of Benedick. He is a slight but clever piece of characterization; a capital foil, no less to the serious benevolence of Antonio, than to the dignified malice of Shylock. Bassanio has not so much individuality as we should expect in the man whom such a woman as Portia chose for her husband. Perhaps she chose by the eye rather than by the mind. But still there is a frankness about Bassanio, a warm-hearted loyalty towards his friend, which make one feel that at heart he was a good fellow. The character, dramatically speaking, is dwarfed by the side of Portia and Shylock: but, as a means of displaying the art of graceful love-making, an art which seems almost to have perished on our stage, it is a part well worth the study of those who aspire to the position of *jeune premier*.

The minor characters of *The Merchant of Venice* all show an advance in the art of characterization; they all help to give to the play that attractiveness in the eyes of an audience which, let us hope, it will long continue to possess.



Gra. Fare ye well awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.—(Act i. l. 103, 104.)

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO.

Ant. In sooth,¹ I know not why I am so sad:

It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies² with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,— 11
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Solan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture³
forth,

The better part of my affections would 16
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still⁴
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the
wind;

Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and
roads;⁵
And every object that might make me fear 20
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew⁶ dock'd in sand,
Vailing⁷ her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. [Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone, 30
And not bethink me straight of dangerous
rocks,

¹ *In sooth*, in truth.

² *Argosies*, large merchant ships.

³ *Venture*, commercial risk. The word is still used in this sense.

⁴ *Still*, constantly.

⁵ *Roads*, anchorages.

⁶ *Andrew*, the name of the ship.

⁷ *Vailing*, lowering.

Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks; 34
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
(And now worth nothing?) Shall I have the
thought

To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me
sad?

But tell not me; I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise. 40

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune
for it,

My ventures are not in one bottom¹ trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon² the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. In love! Fie, fie!

Salar. Not in love neither? Then let's say
you're sad,

Because you are not merry: and 'twere as
easy

For you to laugh, and leap, and say you're
merry,

'Cause you're not sad. Now, by two-headed
Janus, 50

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her
time:

Some that will evermore peep through their
eyes,

And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;

And other of such vinegar aspect,

That they'll not show their teeth in way of
smile,

Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Solan. Here comes Bassanio, your most
noble kinsman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:

We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made
you merry, 60

If worthier friends had not prevented³ me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my re-
gard.

I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace th' occasion to depart.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords. 65

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we
laugh? say, when?

You grow exceeding strange:⁴ must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on
yours. [*Exeunt Salarino and Solanio.*]

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you've found
Antonio,

We too will leave you: but, at dinner-time, 70
I pray you, have in mind where we must
meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon⁵ the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world,
Gratiano;

A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool:⁶
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles
come; 80

And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm
within,

Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?

Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the
jaundice

By being peevish? I tell thee what, An-
tonio,—

I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
There are a sort of men, whose visages

Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do⁷ a wilful stillness⁸ entertain,⁹ 90

With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion¹⁰

Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;¹¹

As who¹² should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"¹²

O my Antonio, I do know of these,

⁴ *Exceeding strange*, i.e. quite strangers.

⁵ *Respect upon*, regard for.

⁶ *Play the fool*, i.e. the part of the fool.

⁷ *And do*, i.e. and who do.

⁸ *Wilful stillness*, obstinate silence.

⁹ *Entertain*, keep.

¹⁰ *Opinion*, i.e. reputation.

¹¹ *Profound conceit*, deep thought.

¹² *As who* as if any one.

¹ *In one bottom*, i.e. in one ship.

² *Upon*, i.e. dependent upon.

³ *Prevented*, anticipated.

That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when, I'm very sure,
If they should speak, would¹ almost damn
those ears,

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time: 100
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool² gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till
dinner-time:~

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years
more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own
tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this
gear.³ 110

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only
commendable

In a neat's tongue⁴ dried, and a maid not
vendible. [*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*]

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of
nothing, more than any man in all Venice.
His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in
two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day
ere you find them; and when you have them,
they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is the
same

To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage, 120
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'T is not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled⁵ mine estate,
By something⁶ showing a more swelling port⁷
Than my faint means⁸ would grant continu-
ance:

Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd⁸

¹ Would, i.e. they would.

² Fool, used here as an adjective.

³ For this gear, a colloquial expression = "for this occasion," "for this business."

⁴ Neat's tongue = ox-tongue; or, perhaps, calf's tongue.

⁵ Disabled, as we say, "crippled."

⁶ Something = somewhat.

⁷ Swelling port, ostentatious mode of living.

⁸ Make moan to be abridg'd, complain that I am cur-
tailed.

From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly⁹ off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd.¹⁰ To you, Antonio, 130
I owe the most, in money and in love;
Add from your love I have a warranty
T' unburden all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me
know it;

And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour,¹¹ be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost
one shaft, 140

I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight¹²
The selfsame way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,¹³
Because what follows is pure innocence.

I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self¹⁴ way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or¹⁵ to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again, 151
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend
but time

To wind about my love with circumstance;¹⁶
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,¹⁷
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest¹⁸ unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left;¹⁹ 161
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometime²⁰ from her eyes

⁹ Fairly, honourably.

¹⁰ Gag'd, pledged.

¹¹ Within the eye of honour, i.e. within the scope of
what is honourable.

¹² Of the selfsame flight, i.e. of the same range.

¹³ This childhood proof, i.e. this childish experiment, or,
perhaps, illustration.

¹⁴ Self = self-same.

¹⁵ Or = either.

¹⁶ Circumstance, circumlocution.

¹⁷ Of my uttermost, i.e. of my willingness to aid you to
the utmost.

¹⁸ Prest, ready.

¹⁹ Richly left, i.e. that has inherited a large fortune.

²⁰ Sometime, formerly.

I did receive fair speechless messages: 164
 Her name is Portia; nothing undervalu'd¹
 To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
 Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
 For the four winds blow in from every coast
 Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece; 170
 Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos'
 strand,

And many Jasons come in quest of her.
 O my Antonio, had I but the means
 To hold a rival place with one of them,
 I have a mind presages me such thrift,²
 That I should questionless be fortunate!

Ante. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are
 at sea;

Neither have I money, nor commodity³
 To raise a present sum: therefore, go forth;
 Try what my credit can in Venice do: 180
 That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
 To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
 Go, presently⁴ inquire, and so will I,
 Where money is; and I no question make,
 To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body
 is weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your
 miseries were in the same abundance as your
 good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see,
 they are as sick that surfeit with too much,
 as they that starve with nothing. It is no
 mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the
 mean: superfluity comes sooner by⁵ white
 hairs; but competency lives longer. 10

Por. Good sentences,⁶ and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what
 were good to do, chapels had been churches,
 and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It
 is a good divine that follows his own instruc-
 tions: I can easier teach twenty what were
 good to be done, than be one of the twenty to

follow mine own teaching. [The brain may
 devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper
 leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness
 the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good
 counsel the cripple.] But this reasoning⁷ is
 not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—
 O me, the world "choose!" I may neither
 choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dis-
 like; so is the will of a living daughter curbed
 by the will of a dead father.—Is it not hard,
 Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse
 none?⁸ 29

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and
 holy men, at their death, have good inspira-
 tions: therefore, the lottery, that he hath
 devised in these three chests of gold, silver,
 and lead,—whereof who chooses his meaning
 chooses you,—will, no doubt, never be chosen
 by any rightly, but one who⁹ you shall rightly
 love. But what warmth is there in your
 affection towards any of these princely suitors
 that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them;¹⁰ and as
 thou namest them, I will describe them; and,
 according to my description, level at my affec-
 tion. 42

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth
 nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes
 it a great appropriation to his own good parts,
 that he can shoe him himself. [I am much
 afraid my lady his mother played false with a
 smith.]

Ner. Then is there the County Palatine. 49

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who
 should say, "An you will not have me, choose:"
 he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear
 he will prove the weeping philosopher when
 he grows old, being so full of unmannerly
 sadness in his youth. I had rather be married
 to a Death's-head with a bone in his mouth
 than to either of these:—God defend me from
 these two!

Ner. How say you by¹¹ the French lord,
 Monsieur Le Bon? 59

⁷ Reasoning, conversation.

⁸ Nor refuse none, i.e. nor refuse any.

⁹ Who—whom.

¹⁰ Over-name them, i.e. name them one by one.

¹¹ By, concerning, with reference to.

¹ Undervalu'd, inferior in value.

² Thrift, success.

³ Commodity, merchandise.

⁴ Presently, instantly.

⁵ Comes . . . by, i.e. gets.

⁶ Sentences, maxims.

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he!—why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a-capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would

despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England? 72

Por. You know I say nothing to him: for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a



Por. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?—(Act i. 2. 23.)

proper¹ man's picture; but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where. 82

[*Ner.* What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him

again when he was able: I think the French-man became his surety, and sealed under for another.²]

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew? 91

Por. Very vilely³ in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst

¹ Proper, handsome.

² For another, i.e., for another box of the ear. ³ Vilely, ill.

fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse¹ to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary² casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort³ than your father's imposition,⁴ depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla,⁵ I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio: as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servant.

How now! what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition⁶ of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—

While we shut the gate upon one wooer,
another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Venice. A public place.

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,⁷—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me?⁸ will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.⁹

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition:¹⁰ he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath squandered¹¹ abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves,—I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient:—three thousand ducats:—I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

¹ You should refuse, i.e. you would refuse.

² Contrary, wrong. ³ Sort. See note 62.

⁴ Your father's imposition, i.e. the conditions imposed by your father.

⁵ Sibylla, i.e. the Cumæan Sibyl.

⁶ Condition, disposition.

⁷ Ducats, coins worth about five shillings each.

⁸ May you stead me? can you help me?

⁹ A good man, a man of substance.

¹⁰ In supposition, doubtful.

¹¹ Squandered, scattered about.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio? 32

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio. 41

Shy. [Aside] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for¹ he is a Christian;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congre-
gate, 50
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,²
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross³
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair;⁴ good signior;

[To Antonio.]

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow, 62

By taking nor by giving of excess,⁵
Yet, to supply the ripe wants⁶ of my friend,
I'll break a custom.—[To Bassanio] Is he yet
possess'd⁷

How much we would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.

Well, then, your bond; and let me see,—but hear you;

Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow 70

Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—

This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)

The third possessor; ay, he was the third.—

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,

Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromis'd⁸
That all the eanlings⁹ which were streak'd and
pied 80

Should fall as Jacob's hire, [the ewes, being]
rank,

In end of autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,]
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,¹⁰
He stuck them up before the fulsome¹¹ ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time¹²
Fall¹³ parti-colour'd lambs, and those were
Jacob's. 89

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:

And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of
heaven.

Was this inserted¹⁴ to make interest good?

Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:—
But note me, signior.

¹ For, because.

² Thrift=profit.

³ The gross, the entire sum.

⁴ Rest you fair, a mode of salutation=may your fortune be fair!

⁵ Excess, interest.

⁶ Ripe wants, wants that must be supplied at once.

⁷ Possess'd, informed.

⁸ Were compromis'd, had agreed together.

⁹ Eanlings, lambs just born.

¹⁰ Kind, nature.

¹¹ Fulsome, lustful.

¹² Eaning time, the time for bringing forth.

¹³ Fall=let fall; as we say, drop.

¹⁴ Inserted, i.e. in Scripture.

fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse¹ to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept hint. 102

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary² casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort³ than your father's imposition,⁴ depending on the caskets. 105

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla,⁵ I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I pray God grant them a fair departure. 122

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio: as I think, so was he called. 131

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady. 131

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servant.

How now! what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince his master will be here to-night. 139

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition⁶ of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Venice. A public place.

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, 7— well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me?⁸ will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound. 10

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.⁹

• *Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition:¹⁰ he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered¹¹ abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves,—I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient:—three thousand ducats:—I think I may take his bond. 28

Bass. Be assured you may.

¹ You should refuse, i.e. you would refuse.

² Contrary, wrong.

³ Sort. See note (2).

⁴ Your father's imposition, i.e. the conditions imposed by your father.

⁵ Sibylla, i.e. the Cumæan Sibyl.

⁶ Condition, disposition.

⁷ Ducats, coins worth about five shillings each.

⁸ May you stead me? can you help me?

⁹ A good man, a man of substance.

¹⁰ In supposition, doubtful.

¹¹ Squandered, scattered about.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio? 32

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio. 41

Shy. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for¹ he is a Christian;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,²
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross³
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair,⁴ good signior;
[*To Antonio.*]

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.
Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excess,⁵
Yet, to supply the ripe wants⁶ of my friend,
I'll break a custom.—[*To Bassanio*] Is he yet possess'd?
How much we would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.

Well, then, your bond; and let me see,—but hear you;

Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow 70

Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—

This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)

The third possessor; ay, he was the third.—

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,

Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromis'd⁸

That all the eanlings⁹ which were streak'd and pied 80

Should fall as Jacob's hire, [the ewes, being rank,

In end of autumn turned to the rams;

And when the work of generation was

Between these woolly breeders in the act,]

The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,

And, in the doing of the deed of kind,¹⁰

He stuck them up before the fulsome¹¹ ewes,

Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time¹²

Fall¹³ parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's. 89

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:

And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.

Was this inserted¹⁴ to make interest good?

Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:—
But note me, signior.

¹ For, because.

² Thrift = profit.

³ The gross, the entire sum.

⁴ Rest you fair, a mode of salutation = may your fortune be fair!

⁵ Excess, interest.

⁶ Ripe wants, wants that must be supplied at once.

⁷ Possess'd, informed.

⁸ Were compromis'd, had agreed together.

⁹ Eanlings, lambs just born.

¹⁰ Kind, nature.

¹¹ Fulsome, lustful.

¹² Eaning time, the time for bringing forth.

¹³ Fall = let fall; as we say, drop.

¹⁴ Inserted, i.e. in Scripture.

Ant. [Turning away from Shylock to Bassanio] Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness, 100
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:

O, what a goodly outside falsehood¹ hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—’t is a good round sum.

Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate—

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft, In the Rialto, you have rated² me

About my moneys and my usances:³ 109

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:⁴



Shy. Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this?—(Act I. 3. 124-126.)

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog, 112
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
“Shylock, we would have moneys:”—you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit. 120

¹ *Falsehood*, dishonesty.

² *Rated*, reproached, abused.

³ *Usances*, interest.

⁴ *Tribe*, race.

What should I say to you? Should I not say,
“Hath a dog money? is it possible 122

A cur can lend three thousand ducats?” or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,

Say this,—

“Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?” 130

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,

To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too. 132
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
 As to thy friend—for when did friendship take
 A breed¹ for barren metal of his friend?—
 But lend it rather to thine enemy;
 Who if he break,² thou mayst with better face
 Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
 I would befriends with you, and have your love,
 Forget the shames that you have stain'd me
 with, 140
 Supply your present wants, and take no doit³
 Of usance⁴ for my moneys,
 And you'll not hear me: this is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show:—
 Go with me to a notary, seal me there
 Your single bond;⁵ and, in a merry sport,
 If you repay me not on such a day,
 In such a place, such sum or sums as are
 Express'd in the condition,⁶ let the forfeit
 Be nominated for an equal⁷ pound 150
 Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
 In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
 And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
 I'll rather dwell⁸ in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
 Within these two months, that's a month before

This bond expires, I do expect return 160
 Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are,

Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
 The thoughts of others!—Pray you, tell me this;
 If he should break his day, what should I gain
 By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
 Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
 As flesh of muttons, beefs,⁹ or goats. I say,
 To buy his favour, I extend¹⁰ this friendship:
 If he will take it, so; if not, adieu; 170
 And, for my love,¹¹ I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the
 notary's,—

Give him direction for this merry bond;
 And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
 See to my house, left in the fearful¹² guard
 Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
 I will be with you.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

[*Exit Shylock.*]

This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's
 mind. 180

Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
 My ships come home a month before the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

[SCENE I. Belmont. A room in Portia's house.]

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO and his Train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other of her Attendants.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
 The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,

¹ Breed, i.e. money bred from money=interest.

² If he break, i.e. break his day, fail to repay the loan on the day stipulated.

³ Doit, a small coin worth half a farthing.

⁴ No doit of usance=not one penny of interest.

⁵ Your single bond, i.e. your own note of hand (without any surety or backer).

⁶ Condition, agreement.

⁷ Equal=equivalent.

⁸ Dwell, continue.

To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
 Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
 Where Phoebus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
 And let us make incision for your love,
 To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
 I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
 Hath fear'd¹³ the valiant: by my love, I swear
 The best-regarded¹⁴ virgins of our clime 10
 Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
 Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

⁹ Beefs, oxen.

¹⁰ Extend, proffer.

¹¹ For my love, for my love's sake.

¹² Fearful, which inspires fear or anxiety, on account of that guarded.

¹³ Fear'd, frightened.

¹⁴ Best-regarded, most highly esteemed.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice¹ direction of a maiden's eyes; 14
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But, if my father had not scantied² me,
And hedg'd³ me by his wit,³ to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told
you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any com'er I have look'd on yet 21
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy,⁴ and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,—
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-
bear, 29

Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is⁵ the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides⁶ beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind Fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose,—if you choose
wrong, 40
Never to speak to lady afterward

In way of marriage: therefore be advis'd.⁷

Mor. Nor will not.⁸ Come, bring me unto
my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple: after
dinner

Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or curs'dst among men.

[*Cornets, and exeunt.*]

¹ Nice, fastidious.

² Scantied, limited.

³ Wit, wisdom, foresight.

⁴ The Sophy, i.e. the Shah of Persia.

⁵ Which is, i.e. to decide which is.

⁶ Alcides, Hercules.

⁷ Be advis'd, be deliberate, do not be rash.

⁸ Nor will not, i.e. I will not speak to anybody, &c.

SCENE II. Venice. A street.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve
me to run from this Jew my master. The
fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying
to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good
Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or "good
Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the
start, run away." My conscience says, "No;
take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed,
honest Gobbo," or, as aforesaid, "honest
Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running
with thy heels." Well, the most courageous
fiend bids me pack:⁹ "*Via!*"¹⁰ says the fiend;
"away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens,
rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and
run." Well, my conscience, hanging about
the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,
"My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest
man's son,"—or rather an honest woman's
son:—for, indeed, my father did something
smack, something grow to,¹¹ he had a kind of
taste;—well, my conscience says, "Launcelot,
budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge
not," says my conscience. Conscience, say I,
you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel
well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should
stay with the Jew my master, who—God bless
the mark!—is a kind of devil; and, to run
away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the
fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil
himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil
incarnation;¹² and, in my conscience, my con-
science is but a kind of hard conscience, to
offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew.
The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I
will run, fiend; my heels are at your com-
mandment; I will run. 34

Enter Old GOBBO, with a basket.

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you,
which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside*] O heavens, this is my true-
begotten father! who, being more than sand-

⁹ Bids me pack, bids me be off.

¹⁰ *Via!* (Italian): go on!

¹¹ Grow to, i.e. taste like burnt milk.

¹² Incarnation, i.e. incarnate.

blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not:—I will try confusions¹ with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's? 41

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry,² at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties,³ 't will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no? 49

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?—[*Aside*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.—Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son :



Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left.—(Act ii. 2. 42-44.)

his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.⁴ 55

Laun. Well, let his father be what 'a will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But, I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot? 60

Gob. Of Launcelot, an 't please your master-ship.

Laun. *Ergo*, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman—according to Fates and Destinies, and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three, and such branches of learning—is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop. 70

Laun. [*Aside*] Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post,⁵ a staff or a prop?—Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young

¹ *Confusions*, a blunder for conclusions.

² *Marry*, a corruption of Mary by our Lady.

³ *God's sonties*, i.e. God's saints.

⁴ *Well to live*, prosperous.

⁵ *Hovel-post*, i.e. a prop to support a shed.

gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy—God rest his soul!—alive or dead? 75

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing [*kneels, with his back to Gobbo*]: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long,—a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be. 91

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. [*Taking hold of Launcelot's back hair*] Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse¹ has on his tail. 101

Laun. [*Rising*] It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How gree² you now?

Laun. Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has

any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man:—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer. 120

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO and other Followers.

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the furthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon³ to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.*]

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramerey:⁴ wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,— 129

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection,⁵ sir, as one would say, to serve,—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify,— 137

Gob. His master and he—saving your worship's reverence—are scarce cater-cousins,⁶—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify⁷ unto you;—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father. 149

Bass. One speak for both.—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd⁸ thee—if it be preferment

³ Anon, immediately.

⁴ Gramerey, i.e. *grand merci* (French) "much thanks"

⁵ Infection, a blunder for affection.

⁶ Cater-cousins: good friends.

⁷ Frutify, a blunder for fortify: confirm.

⁸ Preferr'd, "recommended for promotion."

¹ Fill-horse, shaft-horse.

² Gree, agree.

To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted
between my master Shylock and you, sir: you
have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well.—Go, father, with
thy son.— 161

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out.—Give him a livery

[*To his Followers.*]

More guarded¹ than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in.—I cannot get a service,
no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well
[*looking on his palm*], if any man in Italy have
a fairer table,² which doth offer to swear upon
a book.—I shall have good fortune!—Go
to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small
trifle of wives! alas, fifteen wives is nothing!
aleven³ widows and nine maids is a simple
coming-in for one man; and then to scape
drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life
with the edge of a feather-bed,—here are
simple scapes! Well, if Fortune be a woman,
she's a good wench for this gear.⁴—Father,
come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the
twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Launcelot and Old Goll.*]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on
this:

These things being bought and orderly be-
stow'd,

Return in haste, for I do feast to-night 180
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done
herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*]

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. Nay, you must not deny me: I must go
With you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee,
Gratiano:

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of
voice,— 190

Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there
they show

Something too liberal.⁵ Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit;⁶ lest, through thy wild
behaviour,

I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:

If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect,⁷ and swear but now and
then, 200

Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look de-
murely;

Nay, more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen;
Use all thy observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent⁸
To please his grandam,—never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not
gauge me

By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on 210
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

[*SCENE III. The same. A room in Shylock's
house.*]

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I'm sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell; and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;—

¹ Guarded, ornamented.

² Table, i.e., palm of the hand.

³ Aleven, a vulgarism for eleven.

⁴ Gear, business.

⁵ Liberal, free, bold.

⁶ Thy skipping spirit, i.e. thy too lively disposition.

⁷ Respect, decency, sobriety.

⁸ A sad ostent, a show of seriousness.

And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee. 9

Laun. Adieu; tears exhibit¹ my tongue.
Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! if a
Christian did not play the knave and get thee,
I am much deceived. But adieu: these foolish
drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit:
adieu.



Jes. And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.—(Act ii. 3. 8, 9.)

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.—

[*Exit Launcelot.*]

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,—
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife! 20

[*Exit.*]

¹ *Exhibit*, a blunder for *inhbit*.

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO,
and SOLANIO.

[*Lor.* Nay, we will slink away in supper-
time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.]

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of² torch-
bearers.

Solan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly³
order'd,

And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have
two hours
To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up⁴
this, it shall seem to signify. 11

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair
hand;

And whiter than the paper that it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the
Jew to sup to-night with my new master the
Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this [*gives money*]:—
tell gentle Jessica 20

I will not fail her;—speak it privately;

Go.—Gentlemen, [*Exit Launcelot.*]

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of⁵ a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it
straight.

Solan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt Salarino and Solanio.*]

• *Gra.* Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

² *Spoke us yet of*, i.e. yet bespoken.

³ *Quaintly*, elegantly.

⁴ *Break up*, i.e. open.

⁵ *Provided of*—provided with.

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed 30
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she¹ do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless² Jew.
Come, go with me: peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. 39

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Shylock's house by a bridge.*

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me;—what, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? what is your will? 10

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house.—I am right loth to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,³
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.⁴ 20

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—
I will not say you shall see a masque; but if
you do, then it was not for nothing that my
nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday⁵ last at

six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that
year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the
afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masques?—Hear you
me, Jessica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the
drum, 29

And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;⁶
But stop my house's ears,—I mean my case-
ments:

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear
I have no mind of⁷ feasting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—

Mistress, look out at window for all this; 41

There will come a Christian by
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.*]

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's off-
spring, ha?

Jes. His words were, "Farewell, mistress;"
nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge
feeder,

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with
me;

Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in: 51
Perhaps I will⁸ return immediately:

Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find,—
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*]

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *The same.*

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.

Gra. This is the pent-house under which
Lorenzo

Desir'd us to make stand.

¹ She, i.e. Misfortune. ² Faithless, i.e. infidel. *

³ Towards my rest, i.e. against my peace of mind.

⁴ Reproach, a blunder for approach.

⁵ Black Monday, Easter Monday.

⁶ Varnish'd faces, i.e. the painted faces of the masquers.

⁷ Of=for.

⁸ Will=shall.

Sal. His hour is almost past.
Gr. And it is marvel he out-dwells¹ his hour;
 For lovers ever run before the clock.



Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
 Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.—(Act II. S. 26, 27.)

Sal. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
 To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are
 wont
 To keep obliged faith² unforfeited!

¹ Out-dwells, out-stays.

² Obligated faith, i.e. faith bound by contract.

Gr. That ever holds: who riseth from a
 feast

With that keen appetite that³ he sits down?
 Where is the horse that doth untread⁴ again
 His tedious measures with the unbated fire
 That he did pace them first? All things that
 are,

Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

[How like a younker⁵ or a prodigal
 The scarfed⁶ bark puts from her native bay,
 Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
 How like a prodigal doth she return,
 With over-weather'd⁷ ribs, and ragged sails,
 Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!]

Sal. Here comes Lorenzo:—more of this
 hereafter.

20

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my
 long abode;⁸

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
 When you shall please to play the thieves for
 wives,

I'll watch as long for you then. Come,
 approach;

Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho! who's
 within?

Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more cer-
 tainty,

Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,—
 For who love I so much? And now who
 knows

30

But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness
 that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the
 pains.

I'm glad 't is night, you do not look on me,
 For I am much asham'd of my exchange;⁹
 But love is blind, and lovers cannot see

³ That—with which.

⁴ Untread—retrace, tread backward.

⁵ YOUNKER, young gallant.

⁶ Scarfed, i.e. with her flags flying.

⁷ Over-weather'd, injured by storms.

⁸ Abode—stay.

⁹ Of my exchange, i.e. of my exchange of dress.

The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-
bearer. 40

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my
shames?

They in themselves, good sooth, are too too
light.

Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;

And I should be obscur'd.¹

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;

For the close² night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild
myself 49
With some more ducats, and be with you
straight. [*Exit above.*]

Gra. Now, by my hood,³ a Gentile, and no
Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me⁴ but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there? 60

Gra. Signior Antonio!

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the
rest?

'T is nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;⁵
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I'm glad on't:⁶ I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ Should be obscur'd, i.e. "should be kept concealed."

² Close, secret. ³ By my hood = by my manhood.

⁴ Beshrew me, i.e. curse me.

⁵ Is come about, has changed.

⁶ On't = of it.

SCENE VII. *Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and their Trains.

Por. Go draw aside the curtains, and discover⁷

The several caskets to this noble prince.—

Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, which this inscription bears,—

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
desire;"

The second, silver, which this promise carries,—

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he
deserves;"

This third, dull lead, with warning all as
blunt,—

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all
he hath."—

How shall I know if I do choose the right? 10

Por. The one of them contains my picture,
prince:

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let
me see;

I will survey th' inscriptions back again.

What says this leaden casket?

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all
he hath."

Must give,—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens: men that hazard all

Do it in hope of fair advantages: 19

A golden mind stoops not to shows⁸ of dross;

I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.

What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he
deserves."

As much as he deserves!—Pause there, Mo-
rocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand:

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady:

And yet to be afraid of my deserving

Were but a weak disabling⁹ of myself. 30

⁷ Discover, disclose.

⁸ Shows, appearances.

⁹ Disabling, disparaging.

As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady: 31

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:



Mor. Some god direct my judgment!—(Act II. 7. 13.)

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."

Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;

From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint:

The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds 41
Of wide Arabia are as thoroughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia:

The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits;¹ but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.

Is't like that lead contains her? 'T were damnation 49

To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib² her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervall'd³ to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England

A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold,—but that's insculp'd upon;⁴
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key:

Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may! 60

Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,

Then I am yours. [*He opens the golden casket.*
Mor. O hell! what have we here?

A carrion Death,⁵ within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing. [*Reads.*

"All that glisters is not gold,—
Often have you heard that told
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold."⁶

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:

Then, farewell, heat; and welcome, frost!—

Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.⁷

[*Exit with his Train. Cornets.*

Por. A gentle riddance.—Draw the curtains, go.—

Let all of his complexion choose me so.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ *Spirits*, i.e. men of spirit.

² *To rib*, to inclose.

³ *Undervall'd*, inferior in value.

⁴ *Insculp'd upon*, carved (in relief) on the outside.

⁵ *Carrion Death*, i.e. a skull.

⁶ *Is cold*, i.e. is killed by the cold.

⁷ *Part*, i.e. depart.

SCENE VIII. Venice. A street.

Enter SALARINO and SOLANIO.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I'm sure Lorenzo is not.

Solan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd¹
the duke;

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under
sail:

But there the duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:

Besides, Antonio certified the duke¹⁰
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Solan. I never heard a passion² so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:

"My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my
daughter!"

Fled with a Christian!—O my Christian
ducats!—

Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!

[A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my
daughter!

And jewels,—two stones, two rich and pre-
cious stones,²⁰

Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"]

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow
him,

Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his
ducats.

Solan. Let good Antonio look he keep his
day,³

Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd⁴ with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:⁵ ³⁰
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

¹ Rais'd=roused.² Passion, passionate outcry.³ His day, i.e. the day his bond is due.⁴ Reason'd, i.e. conversed.⁵ Fraught, freighted, laden.

Solan. You were best to tell Antonio what
you hear; ³³

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the
earth.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part;

Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, "Do not so,—

Slubber⁶ not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time; ⁴⁰

And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love: ⁷

Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To⁸ courtship, and such fair ostents⁹ of love

As shall conveniently¹⁰ become you there: ¹¹

And even then, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible¹¹

He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

Solan. I think he only loves the world for
him. ⁵⁰

I pray thee, let us go and find him out,

And quicken¹² his embraced heaviness¹³

With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE IX. Belmont. A room in Portia's house.]

Enter NERISSA with a Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the
curtain straight:¹⁴

The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election¹⁵ presently.

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF
ARRAGON, PORTIA, and their Trains.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble
prince:

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

⁶ Slubber, slur over.⁷ Mind of love, i.e. mind now full of love. ⁸ To=in.⁹ Ostents, shows.¹⁰ Conveniently, suitably.¹¹ Sensible, sensitive.¹² Quicken, enliven, cheer.¹³ His embraced heaviness, i.e. the sadness he has given himself up to.¹⁴ Straight, directly.¹⁵ To his election, i.e. to make his choice of the caskets.

Ar. I am enjoind^d by oath t' observe three things:—

First, never to unfold to any one 10

Which casket 't was I chose; next, if I fail

Of the right casket, never in my life

To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,

If I do fail in fortune of my choice,

Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear

That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me.¹ Fortune now

To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead. 20

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."

You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.

What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."

What many men desire!—that many may be meant

By² the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond³ eye doth teach;

Which pries not to th' interior, but, like the martlet,⁴

Builds in the weather⁵ on the outward wall,
Even in the force⁶ and road of casualty. 30

I will not choose what many men desire,

Because I will not jump with⁷ common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitude.

Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;

Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

And well said too; for who shall go about

To cozen fortune, and be honourable

Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume

To wear an undeserved dignity. 40

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,

Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour

Were purchas'd⁸ by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover⁹ that stand bare! 44

How many be commanded that command!

How much low peasantry would then be glean'd

From the true seed of honour! and how much honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin¹⁰ of the times,
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves." 50

I will assume desert.—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[He opens the silver casket.]

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,

Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia!

How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head? 59
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

[Reads] "The fire seven times tried this:

Seven times tried that judgment is,

That did never choose amiss.

Some there be that shadows kiss;

Such have but a shadow's bliss.

There be fools alive, I-wis,¹¹

Silver'd o'er; and so was this.

Take what wife you will to bed, 70

I will ever be your head:

So be gone, sir; you are sped."

Still more fool I shall appear

By¹² the time I linger here:

With one fool's head I came to woo,

But I go away with two.—

Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,

Patience to bear my wroth.¹³

[Exit with his Train.]

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.

¹ Address'd me, prepared myself.

² May be meant by may mean.

³ Fond, foolish.

⁴ Martlet, the house-martin.

⁵ In the weather, i.e. in the part exposed to the weather.

⁶ In the force, in the power.

⁷ Jump with, agree with, be at one with.

⁸ Purchas'd, gained.

¹⁰ Ruin, refuse.

¹² By = according to.

⁹ Cover, i.e. wear their hats.

¹¹ I-wis, certainly.

¹³ Wroth, sorrow.

O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
 They have the wisdom by their wit to lose. 81
Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,—
 Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?
Por. Here: what would my lord?
Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
 A young Venetian, one that comes before
 To signify th' approaching of his lord;
 From whom he bringeth sensible regrets,¹
 To wit, besides commends² and courteous
 breath, 90

Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not³ seen
 So likely⁴ an ambassador of love: 92
 A day in April never came so sweet,
 To show how costly⁵ summer was at hand,
 As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Pgr. No more, I pray thee: I am half
 afeard

Thou'lt say anon he is some kin to thee,
 Thou spend'st such high-day⁶ wit in praising
 him.—

Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see 99
 Quick Cupid's post⁷ that comes so man-
 nerly.

Ner. Bassanio, Lord Love, if thy will it be!
 [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Venice. A street.

Enter SOLANIO and SALARINO.

Solan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked,⁸
 that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading
 wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I
 think they call the place; a very dangerous
 flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a
 tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip
 Report be an honest woman of her word.

Solan. I would she were as lying a gossip
 in that as ever knapped⁹ ginger, or made her
 neighbours believe she wept for the death of
 a third husband. But it is true,—without
 any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain
 highway of talk,—that the good Antonio, the
 honest Antonio,—O, that I had a title good
 enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Solan. Ha,—what sayest thou?—Why, the
 end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of
 his losses. 20

Solan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the
 devil cross my prayer,—for here he comes in
 the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock! what news among the
 merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well
 as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain: I, for my part, knew
 the tailor that made the wings she flew
 withal.¹⁰ 30

Solan. And Shylock, for his own part,
 knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the
 complexion¹¹ of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be
 her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

[*Solan.* Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it
 at these years?

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and
 blood.] 40

Salar. There is more difference between
 thy flesh and hers than between jet and

¹ Sensible regrets, substantial greetings.

² Commends, commendations.

³ Yet I have not = I have never yet.

⁴ Likely, promising.

⁵ Costly, richly adorned.

⁶ High-day = holiday.

⁷ Post, special messenger.

⁸ It lives there unchecked, it is current there uncontradicted.

⁹ Knapped, broke into small pieces.

¹⁰ The wings she flew withal, i.e. the boy's dress in which she escaped.

¹¹ Complexion, nature.

ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish.--But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no? 45

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that was used to come so smug² upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was

wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond. 52

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me³ half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine ene-



Shy. Why, there, there, there! ♦ diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort!—(Act III. 1. 86-88.)

mies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the

rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: if a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction. 76

♦
Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Solan. Here comes another of the tribe: a

¹ Match, bargain.

² Smug, neat.

³ Hindered me, i.e. prevented my gaining.

third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. 81

[*Exeunt Solanio, Salarino, and Servant.*]

Enter TUBAL.

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: why, then, loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding. 101

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God!—Is it true, is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck. 110

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal:—good news, good news! ha, ha!—where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stickest a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break. 120

Shy. I am very glad of it;—I'll plague him; I'll torture him:—I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah

when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone. 129

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. 135

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants.

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company: therefore, forbear awhile.

There's something tells me—but it is not love—

I would not lose you; and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality.

But lest you should not understand me well,— And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—

I would detain you here some month or two Before you venture for me. I could teach you 10

How to choose right, but then I am forsworn; So will I never be: so may you miss me;

But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,

They have o'erlook'd¹ me, and divided me; One half of me is yours, th' other half yours,— Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,

And so all yours! [O, these naughty² times! Put bars between the owners and their rights! And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it, so, 20

Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.]

I speak too long; but 't is to peize the time, To eke it, and to draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

¹ O'er-look'd, bewitched.

² Naughty, wicked.

Bass. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack. 25

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying¹ of my love:

There may as well be amity and league 30
'Tween snow and fire, as² treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess, and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession:
[O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!]

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
[*Curtain drawn from before the caskets.*]

Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them: 40

If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading³ in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream

And watery death-bed for him. [He may win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is 50
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage.—Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules! 60
Live thou, I live:—with much much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.]

Music, and the following Song, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.

Tell me where is fancy's bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell; 70
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:

The world is still⁴ deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious⁵ voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve⁷ it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament? 80
[There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement⁸
To render them redoubt'd! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature, 90
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped⁹ snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness,¹⁰ often known
To be the dowry of a second head,

⁴ Fancy love.

⁵ Still, ever.

⁶ Gracious, pleasing.

⁷ Approve, justify.

⁸ Excrement, i.e. outgrowth.

⁹ Crisped, curled.

¹⁰ Supposed fairness, i.e. fictitious beauty.

¹ Fear the enjoying = doubt whether I shall enjoy.

² As—as between.

³ Fading, vanishing away.

The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.]
 Thus ornament is but the guiled¹ shore
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put
 on 100
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy
 gold,
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common
 drudge
 'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre
 lead,
 Which rather threatenest than dost promise
 aught,
 Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
 And here choose I:—joy be the consequence!
Por. How all the other passions fleet to
 air,—
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd de-
 spair, 109
 And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy!
 O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
 In measure rain thy joy; scant² this excess!
 I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
 For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
 Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
 Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
 Parted with sugar³ breath: so sweet a bar
 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in
 her hairs 120
 The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
 A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men,
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
 How could he see to do them? having made
 one,
 Methinks it should have power to steal both
 his,
 And leave itself unfurnish'd.⁴ [Yet look, how
 far
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this
 shadow
 In underprizing it, so far this shadow

Doth limp behind the substance.] Here's the
 scroll, 130

The continent⁵ and summary of my fortune.

[*Reads*] "You that choose not by the view,
 Chance as fair, and choose as true!
 Since this fortune falls to you,
 Be content, and seek no new.
 If you be well pleas'd with this,
 And hold your fortune for your bliss,
 Turn you where your lady is,
 And claim her with a loving kiss." 139

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave;

[*Kissing her.*]

I come by note,⁶ to give and to receive.

[Like one of two contending in a prize,⁷
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
 Hearing applause and universal shout,
 Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
 Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
 So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;]
 As doubtful whether what I see be true,
 Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I
 stand, 150

Such as I am: though for myself alone
 I would not be ambitious in my wish,
 To wish myself much better; yet for you
 I would be trebled twenty times myself;
 A thousand times more fair, ten thousand
 times more rich;

That, only to stand high in your account,
 I might in virtues, beauties, livings,⁸ friends,
 Exceed account; but the full sum of me 159
 Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old
 But she may learn; happier than this,
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
 Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
 Commits itself to yours to be directed,
 As from her lord, her governor, her king.
 Myself and what is mine to you and yours
 Is now converted: but now I was the lord
 Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
 Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
 This house, these servants, and this same my-
 self, 172

¹ *Guiled*, full of guile.

² *Scant*, limit.

³ *Sugar*, used here as an adjective.

⁴ *Unfurnish'd*, i.e. without its fellow eye.

⁵ *Continent*, i.e. that which contains.

⁶ *By note*, according to written directions (i.e. the scroll).

⁷ *In a prize*, i.e. in a contest for a prize.

⁸ *Livings*, estates.

Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring; 173

Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.¹

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,

Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
[And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke 180
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent² together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd.³] But when this ring

Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:

O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,

To cry, good joy:—good joy, my lord and lady! 190

Gra. My Lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,

I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:⁴
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so⁵ thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission⁶ 201
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here, until I sweat⁷ again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last,—if promise last,—

¹ *Be my vantage, &c., i.e.* be my safe ground for crying out against you.

² *Blent*, blended.

³ *Express'd and not express'd, i.e.* expressed inarticulately.

⁴ *None from me, i.e.* "none away from me," "no joy taken from mine."

⁵ *So*,—provided that.

⁶ *Intermission*, delay. ⁷ *Sweat*, preterite of "to sweat."

I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd⁸ her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa? 210

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. [We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.—] 220

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel? What, and my old Venetian friend Solanio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SOLANIO.

Bass. Lorenzo and Solanio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave,

I bid my very⁹ friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour.—For my part, my lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Solanio by the way, 231
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,¹⁰
To come with him along.

Solan. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for't. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you.

[*Gives Bassanio a letter.*

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Solan. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;

Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

[*Bassanio reads the letter.*

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yond stranger; bid her welcome.— 240

⁸ *Achiev'd*, won.

⁹ *Very*, true.

¹⁰ *Past all saying nay*, so that I could not refuse.

Your hand, Solanio: what's the news from Venice? 241

How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Solan. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!

Por. There are some shrewd¹ contents in yond same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world

Could turn so much the constitution²
Of any constant³ man. What, worse and worse!— 250

With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see 260
How much I was a braggart. When I told you

My state was nothing, I should then have told you

That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere⁴ enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,—
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing⁵ life-blood.—But is it true, Solanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?⁶ 270

From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Solan. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge⁷ the Jew,

He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound⁸ a man;
He plies the duke at morning and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes⁹ 282
Of greatest port,¹⁰ have all persuaded with him;¹¹



Por. With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.—(Act III. 2. 251-253.)

But none can drive him from the envious¹²
plea 284

Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard
him swear,
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,

¹ *Shrewd*, evil.

² *Constitution*, temper of mind.

³ *Constant*, self-possessed.

⁴ *Mere*, absolute.

⁵ *Issuing*, pouring forth.

⁶ *Hit*, i.e. succeeded.

⁷ *Discharge*, pay.

⁸ *Confound*, destroy.

⁹ *Magnificoes*, grandees.

¹⁰ *Of greatest port*, of greatest importance.

¹¹ *Persuaded with him*, i.e. advised him.

¹² *Envious*, malicious.

If law, authority, and power deny not,¹ 291
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,

The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit[•]
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew? 299

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface² the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description

Shall lose a hair thorough³ Bassanio's fault.

First go with me to church and call me wife,

And then away to Venice to your friend;

For never shall you lie by Portia's side •

With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold

To pay the petty debt twenty times over:

When it is paid, bring your true friend along.

My maid Nerissa and myself meantime 311

Will live as maids and widows. Come,
away!

For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:

Bid your friends welcome, show a merry
cheer:⁴

Since you are dear-bought, I will love you
dear.—

But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads*] "Sweet Bassanio, my ships have
all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate
is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit;⁵ and since
in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts
are cleared between you and I. If I might but see
you at my death:—notwithstanding, use your plea-
sure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let
not my letter." 324

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be
gone!

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go
away,

I will make haste: but, till I come again,

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ Deny not, forbid not.

² Deface, cancel.

³ Thorough, the uncontracted form of through.

⁴ Cheer, countenance.

⁵ Forfeit, forfeited.

SCENE III. Venice. A street.

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him:—tell not me of
mercy;—

This is the fool that lent out money gratis:—
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against
my bond:

I've sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a
cause;

But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:

The duke shall grant me justice.—I do
wonder,

Thou naughty⁶ gaoler, that thou art so fond⁷
To come abroad⁸ with him at his request. 10

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear
thee speak:

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no
more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,

To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and
yield

To Christian intercessors. Follow not;

I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.

[*Exit.*]

Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept⁹ with men.

Ant. Let him alone:

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.

He seeks my life; his reason well I know: 21

I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures

Many that have at times made moan¹⁰ to me;

Therefore he hates me.

Salar. I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.¹¹

Ant. The duke can not deny the course of
law:

For the commodity that strangers have

With us in Venice, if it be denied,

Will much impeach the justice of the state;

⁶ Naughty, wicked.

⁷ Fond, foolish.

⁸ To come abroad, to come out of doors.

⁹ Kept, dwelt.

¹⁰ Made moan, made complaint.

¹¹ Grant . . . to hold, i.e. allow to hold good.

Since that the trade and profit of the city 30
 Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
 These griefs and losses have so bated¹ me,
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
 To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
 Well, gaoler, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come
 To see me pay his debt,—and then I care not!
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA,
 and BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your
 presence,
 You have a noble and a true conceit²



Salar. It is the most impenetrable Cur
 That ever kept with men.—(Act iii. 3. 17, 18.)

Of god-like amity; which appears most
 strongly 3
 In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
 But if you knew to whom you show this
 honour,
 How true a gentleman you send relief,³ •
 How dear a lover⁴ of my lord your husband,
 I know you would be prouder of the work
 Than customary bounty⁵ can enforce you.⁶
Por. I never did repent for doing good, 10

Nor shall not now: [for in companions 11]
 That do converse and waste⁷ the time together;
 Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
 There must be needs a like proportion
 Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
 Which makes me think that this Antonio
 Being the bosom lover of my lord,
 Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
 How little is the cost I have bestow'd
 In purchasing the semblance of my soul 20
 From out the state of hellish misery!]
 This comes too near the praising of myself;

¹ Bated, reduced.

³ Send relief, i.e. send relief to.

² Conceit, idea.

⁴ Lover=friend.

⁵ Customary bounty, ordinary generosity.

⁶ Enforce you, i.e. make you feel.

⁷ Waste=spend.

Therefore no more of it: hear other things.—
 Lorenzo, I commit into your hands 24
 The husbandry¹ and manage² of my house
 Until my lord's return: [for mine own part,
 I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
 To live in prayer and contemplation,



Por. I'll hold thee any wager,
 When we are both accountred like young men,
 I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two.—(Act iii. 4. 62-64.)

{Only attended by Nerissa here,
 {Until her husband and my lord's return: 30
 {There is a monastery³ two miles off;
 {And there we will abide.] I do desire you

¹ Husbandry, stewardship.

² Manage, management.

³ Monastery, i.e. convent.

Not to deny this imposition:⁴ 33
 The which my love and some necessity
 Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
 I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
 And will acknowledge you and Jessica
 In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
 So fare you well, till we shall meet again. 40

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend
 on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's con-
 tent.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am
 well pleas'd

To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
 [Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.

Now, Balthazar,
 As I have ever found thee honest, true,
 So let me find thee still. Take this same
 letter,

And use thou all th' endeavour of a man
 In speed to Padua: see thou render this
 Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario; 50
 And, look, what notes and garments he doth
 give thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed⁵
 Unto the trajet,⁶ to the common ferry⁷
 Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in
 words,

But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.
Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient⁸
 speed. [Exit.

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
 That you yet know not of: we'll see our
 husbands

Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a
 habit, 60

That they shall think we are accomplished⁹
 With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
 When we are both accountred like young men,
 I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,

⁴ To deny this imposition, i.e. not to refuse the task imposed.

⁵ With imagin'd speed, i.e. with the speed of thought.

⁶ Trajet (from Italian), ferry-stage.

⁷ Ferry=ferry-boat.

⁸ Convenient, proper.

⁹ Accomplished, provided.

And wear my dagger with the braver¹ grace;
And speak between the change of man and
boy

With a reed voice; and turn two mincing
steps

Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint²
lies,

How honourable ladies sought my love, 70
Which I denying, they fell sick and died,—
I could not do withal;³—then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd
them:

[And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;
That men shall swear I've discontinu'd school
Above a twelvemonth:—I've within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging
Jacks,⁴

Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!] 80
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE V. *The same. A gardner*

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of
the father are to be laid upon the children:
therefore, I promise you, I fear you.⁵ I was
always plain with you, and so now I speak
my agitation⁶ of the matter: therefore be of
good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned.
There is but one hope in it that can do you
any good; and that is but a kind of bastard
hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee? 10

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that
your father got you not,—that you are not the
Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, in-

deed: so the sins of my mother should be
visited upon me. 16

Laun. Truly, then, I fear you are damned
both by father and mother: thus when I
shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis,
your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he
hath made me a Christian. 22

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were
Christians enow⁷ before; e'en as many as could
well live, one by another. This making of
Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we
grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly
have a rasher on the coals for money.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what
you say: here he comes. 30

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly,
Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into cor-
ners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo:
Launcelot and I are out.⁸ He tells me flatly,
there is no mercy for me in heaven, because
I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are
no good member of the commonwealth; for,
in converting Jews to Christians, you raise
the price of pork. 39

Lor. I shall answer that better to the com-
monwealth than you can the getting up of the
negro's belly; the Moor is with child by you,
Launcelot.

Laun. It is much that the Moor should be
more than reason: but if she be less than an
honest woman, she is indeed more than I took
her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the
word! I think the best grace of wit will
shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow
commendable in none only but parrots.—Go
in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner. 52

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all
stomachs.

Lor. Good Lord, what a wit-snapper are
you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is
the word.

Lor. Will you cover, then, sir?

¹ Braver, finer.

² Quaint, ingenious.

³ I could not do withal, i.e. I could not help it.

⁴ Jacks, worthless fellows.

⁵ I fear you, i.e. I fear for you.

⁶ Agitation, a blunder for cogitation.

⁷ Enow, enough.

⁸ Are out, i.e. have fallen out.

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.¹ 60

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion!² Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*]

Lor. O dear discretion,³ how his words are suited!⁴ 70

The fool hath planted in his memory An army of good words; and I do know A many fools, that stand in better place, Garnish'd⁵ like him, that for a tricky word⁶ Defy the matter.⁷—How cheer'st thou,⁸ *Jesica*?

And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,— How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;

For, having such a blessing in his lady, 80 He finds the joys of heaven here on earth; And if on earth he do not merit it, In reason he should never come to heaven. Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,

And on the wager lay two earthly women, And Portia one, there must be something else Pawn'd⁹ with the other; for the poor rude world

Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband Hast thou of me as she is for a wife. 85

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;

Then, howsoever thou speak'st, 'mong other things

I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth.¹⁰

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Venice. A court of justice.

ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SOLANIO, SALARINO, and others. *Flourish. Enter the Duke and the Magnificoes. The Duke takes his seat on the throne, the Magnificoes on either side of him.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I'm sorry for thee: thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch

¹ Launcelot pretends to take cover in the sense of "to cover the head," to put his hat on.

² Quarrelling with occasion, i.e. quibbling, or taking words in a double sense on every opportunity.

³ Discretion, discrimination.

⁴ Suited, i.e. arranged.

⁵ Garnish'd, furnished.

⁶ For a tricky word, for the sake of a pun.

⁷ The matter = the meaning.

⁸ How cheer'st thou = What cheer? ⁹ Pawn'd, staked.

¹⁰ Set you forth, i.e. display you to advantage.

Uncapable of pity, void and empty From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify¹¹ His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,

And that no lawful means can carry me Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose 10 My patience to his fury; and am arm'd To suffer, with a quietness of spirit, The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Solan. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—

¹¹ Qualify, modify.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy
malice

To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse,¹ more
strange 20

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where² thou now exact'st the penalty,—
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's
flesh,

Thou wilt not only loose³ the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety⁴ of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,

[Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state 30
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never
train'd

To offices of tender courtesy.]

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd⁵ your grace of what I
purpose;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion-flesh than to receive 41
Three thousand ducats; I'll not answer that;
But, say,⁶ it is my humour:⁷ is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd!⁸ What, are you answer'd
yet?

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
[And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the
nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection, 50
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes.] Now, for your
answer:

As there is no firm⁹ reason to be render'd,

Why he cannot abide a gaping pig; 54

Why he, a harmless necessary cat;

[Why he, a woollen bag-pipe,—but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;]

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd¹⁰ hate and a certain loath-
ing 60

I bear Antonio, that I follow thus

A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling
man,

To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with
my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do
not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would
not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent
sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question¹¹ with
the Jew: 70

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood¹² bate¹³ his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the
lamb;

You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of
heaven;

You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that,—than which what's
harder!—

His Jewish heart:—therefore, I do beseech
you, 80

Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment,¹⁴ and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is
six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them,—I would have my
bond.

¹ Remorse, relenting.

² Loose, remit.

³ Possess'd, informed.

⁴ Humour, fancy, caprice.

⁵ Firm, sound.

⁶ Where, whereas.

⁷ Moiety, portion.

⁸ Say, i.e. suppose.

⁹ Ban'd, i.e. poisoned.

¹⁰ Lodg'd, settled.

¹¹ Question, argue.

¹² Main flood, ocean.

¹³ Bate=abate, reduce.

¹⁴ Judgment, i.e. sentence.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong? 89

You have among you many a purchas'd slave, Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,

You use in abject and in slavish parts, Because you bought them:—shall I say to you, Let them be free, marry them to your heirs? Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,

The slaves are ours:—so do I answer you: The pound of flesh, which I demand of him, Is dearly bought, 't is mine, and I will have it. If you deny me, fie upon your law! 101 There is no force in the decrees of Venice. I stand for judgment: answer,—shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,

Unless Bellario, a learned doctor, Whom I have sent for to determine this,¹ Come here to-day.

Solan. My lord, here stays without A messenger with letters from the doctor, New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger. 110

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock, Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me: You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio, Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace. [*Presents a letter.*]

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly? 121

Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there. 122

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,

Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,

No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness

Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.²

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith, To hold opinion with Pythagoras, 131

That souls of animals infuse themselves Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,³ And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,

Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off • my bond,

Thou but offend'st⁴ thy lungs to speak so loud: 140

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall To cureless⁵ ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend

A young and learned doctor to our court.— Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by, To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart.—Some three or four of you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.— Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter. 149

Clerk. [*Reads*] "Your grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick; but in the instant that your messenger came, in

² And for thy life, &c., i.e. "and for allowing thee to live justice herself should be impeached."

³ Fleet, i.e. take flight.

⁴ Offend'st = hurttest.

⁵ Cureless, past repair.

¹ Determine this, decide this.

loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning,—the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,—comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up¹ your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack² a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You're welcome: take your place. 170

Are you acquainted with the difference³ That holds this present question in the court?⁴

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.—

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

Yet in such rule,⁵ that the Venetian law Cannot impugn⁶ you as you do proceed.— You stand within his danger, do you not? 180

[*To Antonio.*

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,— It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd,⁷— It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes The throned monarch better than his crown; His sceptre shows the force of temporal power, 190

The attribute to awe and majesty, Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings; But mercy is above this sceptred sway,— It is enthroned in the hearts of kings, It is an attribute to God himself; And earthly power doth then show⁸ likest God's

When mercy seasons⁹ justice. Therefore, Jew, Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—

That, in the course of justice, none of us 199 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy; And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much To mitigate the justice of thy plea; Which if thou follow,¹⁰ this strict court of Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,

The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender 't for him in the court;

Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice, I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er, 211 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:

If this will not suffice, it must appear That malice bears down truth.¹¹ And I beseech you,

Wrest once the law to your authority:

To do a great right, do a little wrong;

And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice

Can alter a decree established:

'T will be recorded for a precedent; 220

¹ To fill up, i.e. to fulfil.

² Be no impediment to let him lack, i.e. be no hindrance to his receiving. ³ Difference, dispute.

⁴ That holds, &c., i.e. "which is the subject of the present trial." ⁵ In such rule, i.e. in such due form.

⁶ Impugn, oppose.

⁷ Twice bless'd = endowed with double blessing.

⁸ Show, appear.

⁹ Seasons, tempers.

¹⁰ Follow, insist upon. ¹¹ Truth, honesty.

And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be. 222

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a
Daniel!

O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here
it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money
offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in
heaven:

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul? 229
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the
tenour.—

It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the
law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear 240
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why then thus it is:—
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation¹ to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'T is very true: O wise and upright
judge! 250

How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast:

So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to
weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on
your charge,²

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd: but what of
that? 260

'T were good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 't is not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing
to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well pre-
par'd.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!

Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you;

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom: it is still her use

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow

An age of poverty; from which lingering pen-
ance 271

Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife:

Tell her the process of Antonio's end;

Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your
friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough, 280

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife

Which is as dear to me as life itself;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks
for that,

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:

I would she were in heaven, so she could 291

Entreat some power to change this curriish
Jew.

Ner. 'T is well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands! I
have a daughter,—

¹ *Hath full relation*—is fully applicable.

² *On your charge*—at your expense.

Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Chris-
tian!— [Aside.]

We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh
is thine:

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge! 301

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off
his breast:

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence!
come, prepare!*

Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of
blood,—

The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of
flesh;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and
goods 310

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate¹
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—O
learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou
desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew:—a
learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer, then;—pay the bond
thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft! 320

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft! no
haste:—

He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned
judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the
flesh.

Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor
more

But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more

Or less than a just² pound,—be 't but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance³
Or the division⁴ of the twentieth part⁵
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn



Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence
I am not well.—(Act iv. 1. 395, 396.)

But in the estimation of a hair,— 331
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

² Just, exact.

³ In the substance, i.e. in the whole (of a grain).

⁴ Division, i.e. fraction. ⁵ Twentieth part, i.e. one grain.

* ¹ Confiscate = confiscated.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!— 340

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!

I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew:

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—

If it be prov'd against an alien

That by direct or indirect attempts 350

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party¹ 'gainst the which he doth contrive²

Shall seize one half his goods; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;

For it appears, by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contriv'd³ against the very life 360

Of the defendant; and thou hast incur'd

The danger formerly⁴ by me rehears'd.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord;

Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's; 370

The other half comes to the general state,

Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state,—not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that: 374

You take my house, when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke and all the court 380

To quit the fine for one half of his goods,

I am content; so he will let me have

The other half in use,⁵ to render it,

Upon his death, unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter:

Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,

He presently⁶ become a Christian;

The other, that he do record a gift,

Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,

Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter. 390

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant

The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;

I am not well: send the deed after me,

And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening shalt thou have two godfathers:

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more, 399

To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[Exit Shylock.]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:

I must away this night toward Padua,

And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I'm sorry that your leisure serves you not.—

¹ Party = person.

² Contrive, plot.

³ Contriv'd, plotted.

⁴ Formerly, i.e. above.

⁵ In use, i.e. in trust.

⁶ Presently, immediately.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.*]

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof, 410
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope¹ your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore. 414

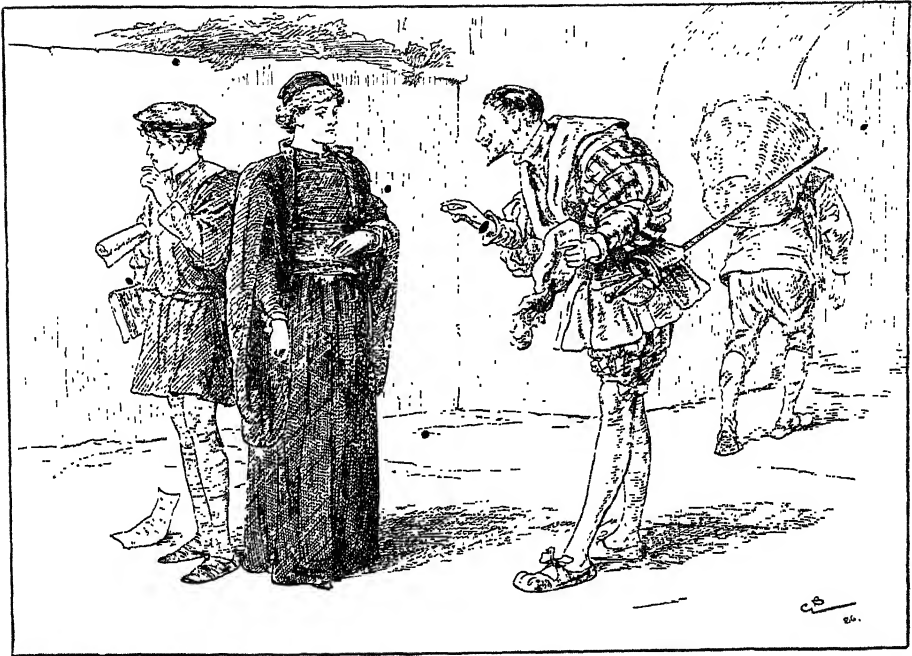
Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;

And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:

My mind was never yet more mercenary.

I pray you, know me when we meet again:

I wish you well, and so I take my leave. 420



Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en
My Lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring.—(Act iv. 2. 5-7.)

Bass. Dear sir, of force² I must attempt
you further:³ 421

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray
you,—

Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will
yield.

[*To Antonio*] Give me your gloves, I'll wear
them for your sake;

[*To Bassanio*] And, for your love, I'll take
this ring from you:—

Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no
more;

And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this. 431

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

¹ Cope, reward.

² Of force, i.e. of necessity.

³ Attempt you further, i.e. make a further attempt to
persuade you.

Bass. There's more depends on this than on
the value. 434

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You tauglit me first to beg; and now me-
thinks

You teach me how a beggar should be an-
swer'd. 440

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by
my wife;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save
their gifts.

And if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*]

Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the
ring: 449

Let his deservings, and my love withal,¹
Be valued against your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou
canst,

Unto Antonio's house:—away! make haste.

[*Exit Gratiano.*]

Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *The same. A street.*]

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, disguised as
before.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him
this deed,
And let him sign it: we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord Bassanio, upon more advice,²
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully; 9
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.—
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,

[*To Portia.*]

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall
have old³ swearing

That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.

Away! make haste: thou know'st where I
will tarry. 18

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to
this house? [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Belmont. Garden of* PORTIA'S
house with Terrace.

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright:—in such a
night as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise,—in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls,

And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And fan dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand 10
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft⁴ her love
To come again to Carthage.

¹ *Withal*, in addition.

² *Advice*, consideration.

³ *Old*, here used intensively = hard.

⁴ *Waft* = wafted.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs 13
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night 20
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I
pray you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about 30
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from
him.—

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. [Imitating a post-horn] Sola, sola! wo
ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls? 40

Laun. Sola!—did you see Master Lorenzo?
Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man:—here.

Laun. Sola!—where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there's a post come from
my master, with his horn full of good news:
my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*]

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect
their coming.

And yet no matter:—why should we go in?—
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you, 51
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.

[*Exit Stephano.*]

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this
bank!



Lor. In such a night as this.—(Act v. 1. 1.)

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines¹ of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou be-
hold'st 60

¹ *Patines.* See note 335.

But in his motion like an angel sings, 61
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins,—
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

[Enter Musicians.]

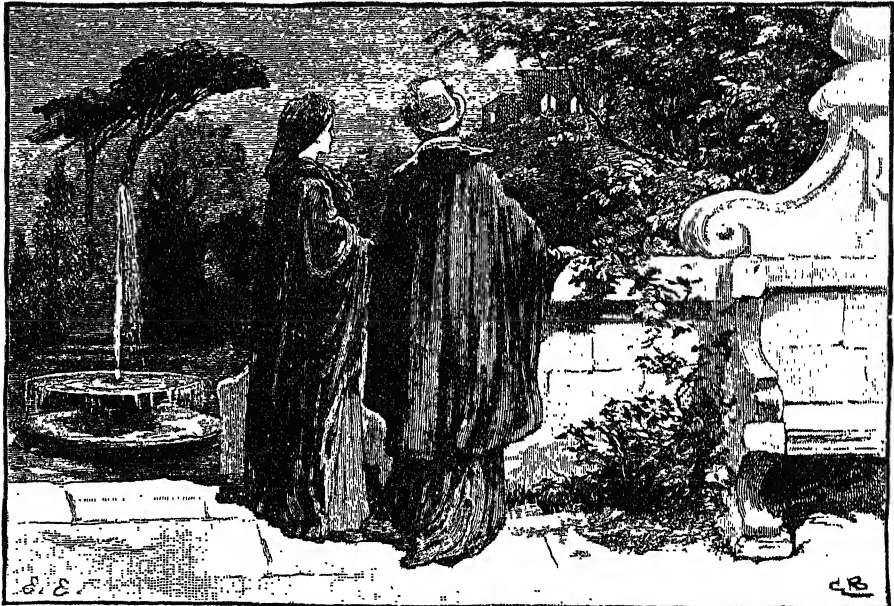
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn!
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.] [Music.]

Jes. I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive: 70

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,



Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.—(Act v. 1. 89-91.)

Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual¹ stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods; 80

[Since naught so stockish,² hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.]

The man that hath no music in himself, 83
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;³
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

¹ Mutual, common.

² Stockish, insensible.

³ Spoils, acts of rapine.

[*Ner.* When the moon shone, we did not see the candle. 92

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less: A substitute shines brightly as a king, Until a king be by; and then his state Empties itself, as doth an inland brook Into the main of waters.—*Music!* hark!

Ner. It is your music,¹ madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:² Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day. 100

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,

When neither is attended;³ and I think The nightingale, if she should sing by day, When every goose is cackling, would be thought

No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are To their right praise and true perfection!—] Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion, And would not be awak'd. [*Music ceases.*

Lor. • That is the voice,

Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia. 111

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,

By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare, Which⁴ speed, we hope, the better for our words.

Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet; But there is come a messenger before, To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa; Give order to my servants that they take No note at all of our being absent hence;— Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you. 121

[*A tucket sounds.*

Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:

We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night methinks is but the day's light sick; 124

It looks a little paler: 't is a day, Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

[*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their Followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with⁵ the Antipodes,

If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;⁶

For a light wife doth make a heavy⁷ husband, And never be Bassanio so for me: 131

But God sort⁸ all!—You're welcome home, my lord.

[*Gratiano and Nerissa converse apart.*

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend:

This is the man, this is Antonio,

To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense⁹ be much bound to him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house: It must appear in other ways than words, 140 Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.¹⁰

Gra. [*To Nerissa*] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:

[*Would he were gelt that had it, for my part, Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.*]

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring That she did give to me; whose posy was For all the world like cutler's poetry 149 Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."¹¹

Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value?

You swore to me, when I did give it you, That you would wear it till your hour of death;

And that it should lie with you in your grave:

¹ *Music*, i.e. band of music.

² *Without respect*, i.e. absolutely.

³ *Attended* = listened to attentively.

⁴ *Which*, i.e. who.

⁵ *Hold day with*, i.e. have daylight at the same time as.

⁶ *Light*, i.e. wanton. ⁷ *Heavy*, i.e. sad. ⁸ *Sort*, dispose.

⁹ *In all sense*, i.e. in all reason.

¹⁰ *Breathing courtesy*, i.e. courtesy merely of speech.

¹¹ *Leave me not*, do not part with me.

Though not for me, yet for your vehement
oaths, 155

You should have been respective,¹ and have
kept it.

Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that
had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man. 160

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a
youth,—

A kind of boy; a little scrubbed² boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame,—I must be plain
with you,—

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And rivet³ it with faith unto your flesh. 169
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands,—
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave
it,³

Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gra-
tiano,

You give your wife too unkind cause of grief:
An 't were to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my
left hand off,

And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed 180
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd
mine:

And neither man nor master would take
aught

But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it,—it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of
truth.

By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed 190
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours

Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your dis-
pleasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue⁴ of the
ring,

Or half her worthiness that gave the ring, 200
Or your own honour to contain⁵ the ring,
You would not then have parted with the
ring.

What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted⁶ the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?⁷
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:

I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my
soul,

No woman had it, but a civil doctor,⁸ 210
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of
me,

And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny
him,

And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up⁹ the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet
lady?

I was enforc'd to send it after him:

I was beset with shame and courtesy;¹⁰

My honour would not let ingratitude

So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;

For, by these blessed candles of the night, 220

Had you been there, I think, you would have
begg'd

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

⁴ *The virtue*, i.e. the power.

⁵ *To contain* = to retain, to keep safe.

⁶ *Wanted* = as to have wanted.

⁷ *A ceremony* - a sacred object.

⁸ *Civil doctor*, i.e. doctor of civil law.

⁹ *Held up*, i.e. preserved.

¹⁰ *Shame and courtesy*, i.e. shame at my apparently un-
kind refusal and a sense of what was due to courtesy.

¹ *Have been respective* = have been regardful.

² *Scrubbed* = scrubby, i.e. stunted, mean-looking.

³ *Leave it*, part with it.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house: 223

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him anything I have,
[No, not my body nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like
Argus: 230

If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,]
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd¹

How you do leave me to mine own protection.

[*Gra.* Well, do you so: let not me take him, then;

For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.]

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you're welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong; 240

And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!

In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;²

Which,³ but for him that had your husband's ring, 250

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.⁴

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this;

And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
[For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk, 261

In lieu of this,⁵ last night did lie with me.



Bass. Pardon me, good lady.—(Act v. 1. 219.)

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways

In summer, when the ways are fair enough:
Why, are we cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.]—You are all amazed:

Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor;

Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here 270
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,

¹ Be well advis'd, i.e. be careful.

² Wealth = well-being.

³ Which, i.e. the loan.

⁴ Advisedly, deliberately.

⁵ In lieu of this = in consideration of, in return for.

And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house. — Antonio, you are wel-
come; 273

And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:

[You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew
you not? 280

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make
me cuckold?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means to
do it,

Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-
fellow:

When I am absent, then lie with my wife.]

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life
and living;

For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo!

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Aye, and I'll give them him without
a fee.— 290

There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop mauna in the
way

Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,

And yet I'm sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;

And charge us there upon inter'gatories,¹

And we will answer all things faithfully.

[*Gra.* Let it be so: the first inter'gatory 300
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,
Whether till the next night she had rather
stay,

Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:

But were the day come, I should wish it dark,

That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.

Well, while I live I'll fear² no other thing

So sore³ as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.] 307

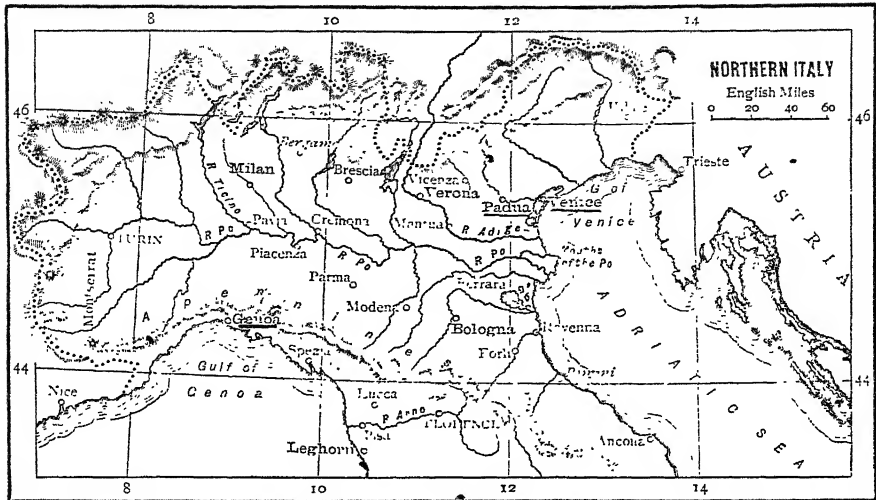
[*Exeunt.*

¹ *Inter'gatories*, the old contracted form of *interroga-
tories*.

² *Fear*—be anxious about.

³ *So sore*, so grievously.

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE MERCHANT OF VENICE.



NOTES TO MERCHANT OF VENICE.

NOTE ON TIME OF ACTION.

It is not very easy to settle the time which the incidents of this play are supposed to occupy. In the appendixes to the New Shakspeare Society's Transactions, 875, 1876, will be found a paper upon the time-analysis of this play by the late Rev. N. J. Halpin, in which he seeks to prove that the whole dramatic time of the action was limited to thirty-nine consecutive hours. The chief difficulty is to assign the exact interval between the acts. It is clear, from act i. scene 3, that three months, at least, must be covered by the action of the whole play, as the bond, which Bassanio signs, was to be paid within three months; and the trial scene could not take place till after the bond was due. As to the interval between act i. and act ii. Daniel's argument seems to me decisive. It is very unlikely that Shylock would have become so reconciled to Bassanio and his friends in one day, as to be found on intimate terms with them and to have overcome his prejudice against eating at their table. Indeed the interval of a week, which Daniel puts between the two acts, seems to me scarcely enough; for it must have taken Bassanio some time to get his outfit, and as to the objection that the arrival of the Prince of Morocco is unmentioned in act i., it is evident from act i. scene 2 that it was the custom of the suitors to remain some time at Belmont. It is also evident from act iii. scenes 3, 4, that, as Antonio says in the former, his trial is to take place "on the morrow;" and as, in the latter scene, we find Portia leaving Belmont for Venice in order to be present at the trial, that there cannot be more than a

day's journey between the two places. As to the interval between act ii. and act iii. it is evident that it must be of some duration. Daniel (*ut infra*, p. 153) gives several reasons for concluding that the interval between these acts must amount to about ten weeks, as in act iii. scene 1, we are brought to within two weeks of the day when the bond is due. Shylock says to Tubal, "Go, Tubal, fetch me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before" (iii. 1. 130, 131). This implies an interval of a fortnight between scenes 1 and 2 of act iii. (See Time Analysis, &c., pp. 149-155.)

ACT I. SCENE 1.

1. Line 1.—Antonio's strange sadness, premonitory of some disaster to come, foreshadows the chief incidents of the play. We have the same kind of prescient sadness in Hamlet, v. 2. 222, 223: "But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart." Compare Romeo and Juliet, note 200.

2. Line 4: *What STUFF 'tis made of.*—Compare Tempest, iv. 1. 156, 157:

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on.

3. Line 6: *WANT-WIT.*—This is the only instance in Shakespeare of a compound of *want*; but of compounds of *lack* there are five instances, in Much Ado, v. 1. 195; I. Henry IV. ii. 3. 17; II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 134; Mids. Night's Dream, ii. 2. 77; As You Like It, ii. 7. 21.

4. Line 9: *argosies.*—Compare Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 378-381, where it is plain that the *argosy* was bigger

than the *gallias* and the *gallias* than the *galley*. It never seems to be used of a ship of war. The derivation of this word is established, beyond all doubt, in the new English Dictionary, edited by Dr. J. A. H. Murray; which gives (*sub voce*) "*Ragusa* (in Venetian, *Ragus*) itself appears in 16th c. English as *Aragose*, *Arragouese*, *Arragosa*" . . . "1577 DEE *Mem. Perf. Art Navig.* 9 *Ragusyes*, *Hylks*, *Caruailles*, and other forrein rich laden ships" . . . "1638 L. ROBERTS *Map of Commerce* 237 *Rhagusa*. . . from hence was the original of those great ships here built, and in old times vulgarly called *Argoses* properly *Rhaguses*."

5. Line 10: *Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood*.—Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 127:

Marking th' embarked traders *on the flood*.

See note 103 of that play.

6. Line 11: *PAGEANTS of the sea*.—Florio gives under *Pégma*, "a frame, a fabrick, a machin, or *pageant*, to move, to rise, or to go it self with wheels, with vices, or with other help." It is evident that *pageant* from the original meaning, as given by Florio in the above passage, came to mean the show itself.

7. Line 12: *overpeer*.—Compare I. Henry VI. i. 4. 11: "to *o'peer* the city;" and III. Henry VI. v. 2. 14:

Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree.

and *Hamlet*, iv. 5. 99:

The ocean, *overpeering* of his list.

8. Line 14: *WOVEN wings*.—These are of course "*canvas* sails." The epithet might, at first sight, appear not very appropriate; but *canvas* is made of *woven* hemp.

9. Line 18: *Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind*.—Ascham in his *Toxophilus* (Pt. ii.), in giving directions as to shooting in a wind, "where one of the marks, or both, stands a little short of a high wall" says: "If you *take grass and cast it up, to see how the wind stands*, many times you shall suppose to shoot down the wind, when you shoot clean against the wind" (*Works*, edn. 1864, vol. ii. p. 156).

10. Line 19: *roads*.—This use of *roads* is still preserved in this sense; e.g. "*Yarmouth roads*."

11. Line 25: *hour-glass*.—In Shakespeare's time *hour-glasses* were fixed in churches, near the pulpit, probably to remind the preacher, when in danger of being carried away by his subject, how time was passing.

12. Line 27: *And see my wealthy Andrew DOCK'd in sand*.—Qq. and Ff. have *docks*; the emendation is Rowe's.

13. Line 28: *Failing her high-top lower than her ribs*.—Compare Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, iv. 1. (Pt. 1):

It did me good
To see the Spanish *Carveile* vaile her top
Vnto my Maiden Flag.

—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 373.

[*Carveile*, *carvaile*, or *carvel*, is a small vessel, from the Spanish *caravéla*. See quotation from Dee, note 4, above.] For *vail* see note 188, Love's Labour's Lost.

14. Lines 33, 34:

*Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks.*

Lettsom suggests that there is a line wanting after 34. The Clarendon Press edd. say (p. 80): "These lines were evidently in Sir W. Scott's mind when he made Isaac the Jew say: 'When in the Gulf of Lyons I flung over my merchandise to lighten the ship . . . *robed* the seething billows in my choice silks—perfumed their briny foam with myrrh and aloes' (Ivanhoe, ch. x.)." [Edn. 1886, p. 116.]

15. Lines 35, 36:

*And, in a word, but even now worth THIS,
And now worth nothing.*

The construction here is certainly violently elliptical, and the meaning obscure. If Lettsom's suggestion (see last note) is correct, it is difficult to see how one line between this and the line above could quite connect the sense. What *this* refers to is doubtful; most probably the intention was that the actor should expand the meaning by a gesture, so that *this* should be equivalent to *all this*, i.e. all the wealth contained in the lost vessel. What the speaker means to express is pretty clear; the thought in his mind would be, that with his wealth all invested in a rich cargo he might be, in a moment, reduced from wealth to beggary.

16. Line 42: *My ventures are not in one BOTTOM trusted*.—*Bottom* is used appropriately of that part below the wales or bents of a ship; in fact, generally speaking, the hold, where the cargo is stowed. So the word *bottom* comes to be used for the ship itself. Compare King John, ii. 1. 73:

Than now the English *bottoms* have wait o'er;

and Twelfth Night, v. 1. 59, 60:

With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble *bottom* of our fleet.

17. Line 46:

Salar. *Why, then you are in love.*

Ant. *In love! Fie, fie!*

Qq. and Ff. omit the second *In love*, making the line thereby deficient in two syllables. It is a very common thing to find that, when words are repeated, the transcriber overlooks the repetition. We have, unhesitatingly, adopted Dyce's conjecture, and supplied the missing words.

18. Line 56: *Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable*.—*Nestor* was always regarded as the type of gravity. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 167-169:

To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boys.

19. Line 67: *You grow exceeding STRANGE*.—For this use of *strange* compare Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 150, 151:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As *strange* unto your town as to your talk.

20. Lines 78, 79:

*A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.*

This is the same idea which Shakespeare expanded, so admirably, in the celebrated soliloquy of Jacques in *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 139-166.

21. Line 82: *Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.*—This refers to the superstitious belief that sighs and groans impoverished the heart of blood. Compare II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 62, 63:

I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,

and Mids. Night's Dream, iii. 2. 97:

With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear.

22. Line 84: *alabaster*, which is the crystallized form of gypsum, or sulphate of lime, was much used in Elizabethan times for tombs and monuments.

23. Line 85.—The word *jaundice* is used in only one other passage by Shakespeare, in *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3. 2:

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

24. Line 89: *Do cream and MANTLE like a STANDING POND.*—Compare Lear, iii. 4. 139: "the green mantle of the standing pool;" also *Tempest*, iv. 1. 182: "I the filthy mantled pool."

25. Line 90: *And do a WILFUL STILLNESS entertain.*—Compare Richard III, iii. 7. 28:

And ask'd the mayor what meant this WILFUL SILENCE:

Stillness is also used for *silence* in Henry V. iii. 1. 4: "modest stillness and humility."

26. Line 93: AS WHO SHOULD SAY, "I am Sir Oracle."—Compare Richard II. v. 4. 8:

As who should say, "I would thou wert the man."

27. Line 98: *If they should speak, WOULD almost damn those ears.*—Dyce adopts Collier's MS. suggestion 'twould; but surely this weakens the force of the passage. *Would* is evidently elliptical for *they would*. The reference of course is to Matthew v. 22; and it is quite in the spirit of Gratiano's humorous exaggeration to say that these people could only speak at the risk of placing their hearers in danger of eternal damnation.

28. Line 102: *this fool gudgeon.*—For the adjective use of *fool* compare below, ii. 9. 26, "the fool multitude;" the only other passage in Shakespeare in which the word is so used. Izaak Walton says of the *gudgeon*, "he is an excellent fish to enter a young angler, being easy to be taken" (Pickering, Edn. 1825, p. 175). No doubt the *gudgeon* is a fish singularly free from guile, and easily caught; but, as it is also used very much as a bait for other fish, we meet with the word more commonly in the phrase "to swallow a *gudgeon*," i.e. to be deceived. In a letter by Lord James Butler (1638) (Holished, vol. vi. p. 293) we find that he says, speaking of himself, "Doo you thinke that James was so mad, as to gape for *gogions*?" It is evident from Cotgrave that *gudgeon* was synonymous with "a mockery," "a cheating, cozening*trick;" he gives it as the English equivalent for "*fourbe*," "*fre-daine*," "*cassade*," under which latter he gives: "A *gudgeon*, . . . gull, cousening part, cheating pranke, . . . whence, '*Avoir la cassade*. To be gulled; or, to swallow a *gudgeon*.'" In spite of the statement in Nares (see Nares' Dict., sub *Gudgeon*) I cannot find any allusion to the *gudgeon*, in Elizabethan literature, as a foolish fish, easily caught, except in the passage in our text. Swift,

however, uses it in this sense. (See Imperial Dict., sub *roce*.) The verb to *gudgeon*—"to cheat," "to impose on," is still in use.

29. Line 104: *I'll end my exhortation after dinner.*—Warburton says that this is an allusion to the practice of the Puritan preachers; "who, being generally very long and tedious, were often forced to put off that part of their sermon called the *exhortation*, till after dinner" (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 13).

30. Line 110: *I'll grow a talker for this GEAR.*—The exact meaning of *gear* in this phrase seems very doubtful. It occurs again in this play, ii. 2. 175, 176: "if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this *gear*." In Lilly's *Sapho and Phao*, v. 2, we have: "And as for you, sir boy, I will teach you how to run away: you shall be stript from top to toe, and whipt with neutes, not roses; I will set you to blow Vulcan's coales, not to beare Venus' quiver; I will handle you for this *geere*—well, I say no more" (Works, vol. i. p. 211); and in *The Disobedient Child*, 1560:

Then, I say then, this *gear* go about.

—Dodsley, vol. ii. p. 302;

and in *The City Gallant*: "we shall never have this *gear* cotten" (Dodsley, vol. xi. p. 204). In the last two passages it certainly seems to mean "affairs," "business."

31. Line 112: *neat's tongue dried.*—Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 271: "you dried neat's tongue." *Neat* was applied indifferently to the ox and the calf. Compare *Winter's Tale*, i. 2. 124, 125:

And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf
Are all call'd *neat*.

32. Line 113: *Is that any thing now?*—Qq. and Ff. have "It is anything now." The emendation is Rowe's. It is possible that this absurd insertion of the word *It* arose from the fact that in Q. 1 the prefix to the speech is *An* instead of *Ant*. The transcriber may have mistaken the *t* of *Ant* for *it*. For now Johnson proposed *new*; but the alteration is quite unnecessary. Bassanio's answer to the question does not require it.

33. Line 125: *Than my faint means would grant continuance.*—*Continuance* here, elliptically, = "continuance of." The omission of the preposition is common enough. Compare Julius Caesar, i. 2. 313, 314:

Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd.

34. Line 126: *make moan.*—Compare in this same play, iii. 3. 23:

Many that have at times made moan to me.

35. Line 141: *I shot his fellow of the selfsame FLIGHT.*—*Flight* was a technical term in archery. Arrows of the same *flight* were arrows feathered and weighted so as to carry a particular distance. Steevens quotes from "Decker's Villanies discovered by Lanthorne and Candle-light, &c., 4to, bl. 1. 'And yet I have seene a Creditor in Prison weepe when he beheld the Debtor, and to lay out money of his owne purse to free him: he shot a second arrow to find the first'" (Var. Ed. vol. v. pp. 15, 16).

36. Line 143: *To find the other forth; adventuring both.*—Qq. and Ff. read "and by adventuring both," making

two extra syllables in the line. Dyce proposes "*and venturing both.*" We have thought it better to omit the unnecessary words *and by*.

37. Lines 144-147:

*I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a WILFUL youth, •
That which I owe is lost.*

It has been proposed by Warburton to change *wilful* to *witless*; and Collier's MS. has *wasteful*. But no change is necessary. What Bassanio means is: "I use this illustration taken from my younger days, because what I am going to propose to you is proposed in *pure innocence*, without any attempt to conceal my past faults and present condition. I already owe you much, and like a *self-willed youth* I have lost or squandered what I borrowed from you; but, if you like to risk more money to get back what you have lost, I propose that you should make me another advance, by the help of which I hope to repay you all that I owe you."

38. Line 150: OR to find both.—Or="either." Compare Julius Caesar, ii. 1. 135, 136:

To think that *or* our cause or our performance
Did need an oath.

39. Line 156: *In making question of my uttermost*—that is to say, in doubting my willingness to help you to the extent of my purse. Bassanio might well doubt on this point; for nothing in the play is so improbable, at least to our modern notions, as Antonio's willingness to help his friend in a difficulty, without any more tangible security for repayment than his word.

40. Line 160: *prest*.—This word in the sense of "ready," derived from the old French *prest*, is frequently used by writers of Shakespeare's time; but is used by him only in one other passage, in Pericles, Prologue iv. 45. One would think it more likely to come from the Italian *presto* than from the old French form.

41. Line 163: *sometime*.—Altered by some editors to *sometimes*, but unnecessarily. *Sometime* in the sense of formerly, in which it is used here, is used in the Bible as well as in Shakespeare: for instance in Colossians i. 21: "And you, that were *sometime* alienated." *Sometimes* is also thus used, as in Ephesians ii. 13: "Ye who *sometimes* were far off."

42. Line 166: *Cato's daughter, Brutus' PORTIA*.—*Portia* is described in North's Translation of Plutarch as being famous for chastity and greatness of mind. In Julius Cæsar, ii. 1, *Portia's* character is elaborated in accordance with Plutarch's description.

43. Lines 171, 172:

*Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.*

Jason's Argonautic expedition is alluded to again in iii. 2. 244.

44. Line 175: *thrift*.—This word, derived from *thrive*=to succeed, came to mean economy, because economy generally leads to success.

45. Line 178: *commodity*.—This word, like *thrift*, has

lost its primary sense in modern use. Its first meaning was "convenience," "advantage;" thence it came to mean "an article of merchandise" which could be used to advantage; in which latter sense it is employed in this passage, and frequently by Shakespeare, who also uses it in its primary sense. (See note 254 below.)

46. Lines 184, 185:

*and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.*

The Clarendon Press edd. explain this passage (p. 85): "I do not doubt that I shall have the money lent to me, either on my credit as a merchant or from personal friendship." This scene, like nearly all the other scenes in this play, ends with rhymed complets. The reason for these rhymes at the end of a scene was probably to give the actor, or actress, a better exit; but there is a more practical reason for the use of these rhymed complets, as appears from the prologue to a very scarce play called Tarugo's Wiles, or the Coffee-house (1668). The poet's servant announces that his master intends to dispense with all verse and rhyme; upon which one of the characters in the prologue answers, "This is the first Poet that ever I heard of, cou'd not make Verse; But how shall the Expectations of the Audience and the Musick be prepar'd at the ending of Acts." To which objection the poet's servant answers that his master is going to substitute a rattle; and the gentleman, after trying the rattle, says: "'Slife, I think this Prose Poets fancy will take; for if I be not mistaken, a Rattle will be better understood by a great many here then the best kind of Rhyme." From this it would appear that the rhymed couplet was the cue for the orchestra, as we should call it, to play, and for the audience to leave their seats if they wished.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

47.—This play is not divided into scenes in Qq. and Ff. We have already pointed out (note 15, Two Gent. of Verona) that this scene may be compared to act i. scene 2 of that play, and the progress made by the author is marvellous. Verse is discarded for prose; the latter being recognized as far more suitable in a scene of pure comedy. It may be noted how rhythmical the prose is; though it abounds in epigram, still the wit is no longer forced, but ripples on easily and naturally; nor is this, by any means, wholly attributable to change of form from verse to prose. We still find some traces of Lilly's influence in the occasional disposition to strain after antithesis; but the whole scene is an almost perfect specimen of pure comedy, and shows how rapidly Shakespeare's powers were maturing.

48. Line 8: *no MEAN happiness*.—So Qq.; Ff. have "*small happiness*;" but the play on the word *mean* was doubtless intended.

49. Line 25: *WHOM I would . . WHOM I dislike*.—Qq. have *who* in each case.

50. Line 27: *the WILL of a dead father*.—There is an obvious play here upon the word *will*.

51. Line 36: *one who YOU shall rightly love*.—Q. 1 omits *you*; the reading in the text is that of Q. 2 and Ff. and is

probably the right one; for it would not make much difference whether the chooser of the right casket *rightly* loved Portia, if she did not *rightly* love him.

52. Lines 44-48.—According to Steevens, the Neapolitans, in the time of Shakespeare, were “eminently skilled in all that belongs to horsemanship” (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 19). That may have been the case; it certainly is not so nowadays with the generality of Neapolitans; unless driving furiously be horsemanship, they do not display much of that quality. Malone has the following note: “Though our author, when he composed this play, could not have read the following passage in Florio’s translation of Montaigne’s *Essays*, 1603, he had perhaps met with the relation in some other book of that time: ‘While I was a young lad, (says old Montaigne,) I saw the prince of Salmons, at Naples, manage a young, a rough, and fierce horse, and show all manner of horsemanship; to hold testons or reals under his knees and toes so fast as if they had been nayled there, and all to show his sure, steady, and unmoveable sitting’ (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 19).

53. Line 44: *that’s a colt indeed*.—The word *colt* was used of a wild young fellow. Compare the common expression, to have “a colt’s tooth.” It was said of old men who were still vigorous and juvenile. Compare Henry VIII. i. 3. 48: “Your colt’s tooth is not cast yet.”

54. Line 49: *County Palatine*.—Johnson suggests that “The count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertus a Lasco (*sic*), a Polish Palatine, who visited England in our author’s life-time, was eagerly caressed, and splendidly entertained; but running into debt, at last stole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment,” (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 20). Malone adds that “The Count Alasco was in London in 1553” (*ut supra*).

55. Line 62-68.—This sentence seems to be a most epigrammatic description, from an unfriendly point of view, of the French character. They were said to be imitative, like monkeys; insincere, as being all things to all men.

56. Line 65: *throstle*.—Qq. F. 1 have *trassell*; F. 2 *tarsell*; F. 3, F. 4 *tassell*. The emendation is Rowe’s. *Throstle* occurs in one other passage, in Mids. Night’s Dream, iii. 1. 130, where it is spelled *Throstle* by Qq. and Ff.

57. Lines 72-82.—It would seem that Englishmen have always been noted for being bad linguists; and even in Shakespeare’s time, as appears from the latter part of this speech of Portia’s, their taste in dress, which modern French caricaturists are never tired of ridiculing, was no better than it is now among the middle classes. But perhaps the allusion is less to Englishmen’s bad taste in dress, than to their constant change of fashion and their copying the dress of other nations. The changeableness of the English fashions in the sixteenth century is well illustrated by the curious cut, prefixed to Andrew Borde’s Introduction of Knowledge, and given in Harrison’s Description of England (Reprint, New Shak. Soc. Series VI. No. 1, p. 167); apropos of which Harrison remarks: “such is our mutabilitie, that to date there is none to the Spanish guise, to morrow the French toies are most fine and delectable, yer long no such apparell as that which is after the high Alman fashion, by and by the Turkish

maner is generallie best liked of, otherwise the Morisco gowns, the Barbarian sleeues . . . make such a comelie vesture, that except it were a dog in a doublet, you shall not see anie so disguised, as are my countrymen of England.” Compare also a passage in Greene’s Farewell to Follie, 1591: “I have seene an English Gentleman so defused in his sutes, his doublet being for the weare of Castile, his hose for Venice, his hat for France, his cloake for Germanie” (Huth Library; Works of Greene, vol. ix. p. 253).

58. Line 83: *SCOTTISH lord*.—So Qq.; Ff., perhaps out of deference to the extraordinary sensitiveness of James I., read “other lord.”

59. Lines 85-89.—The imputation, in the first part of this speech of Portia’s, on the courage of the Scotch is surely very ill deserved. It might justly have wounded the *amour propre* of any Scotchman. In the latter part of the speech there is an obvious allusion to the alliance which existed so long between France and Scotland. But the assistance given was rather one-sided; for, as is well known, the Scotch, who took service under the French kings, formed the flower of their army. When Scotland was fighting her own battles against England, the French contented themselves with promises of aid which were very rarely fulfilled.

60. Line 90: *the young German*.—Johnson says: “In Shakspeare’s time the Duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made Knight of the Garter” (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 22). He suggests also that, in this enumeration of Portia’s suitors, there may be some allusion to the numerous suitors rejected by Queen Elizabeth, which is not at all improbable. Certainly the resemblance between Portia and Elizabeth in respect of the number of suitors that each had was remarkable. Among Elizabeth’s suitors there were a Scotchman, the Earl of Arran; an Englishman, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester; a Frenchman, the Duke of Alençon; a Swede, Eric, King of Sweden; an Austrian, Charles, Archduke of Austria; and a Spaniard, Philip II.

61. Line 92, &c.—The Danes, Germans, Dutch, and the English seem to have been all noted for their drunkenness. Compare Othello, ii. 3. 79-81: “your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.” Shakespeare gives the prominence to his own nation; but it may be doubted whether there was much to choose between them.

62. Line 114: *unless you may be won by some other sort*.—The meaning of the word *sort* here is rather doubtful; but is generally taken as = method, or manner; Grant White, however, very plausibly holds that it means here *lot* from the Latin *sortes*. It certainly bears that sense in Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 375, 376:

let blockish Ajax draw
The *sort* to fight with Hector.

But it may be doubted whether it is necessary to give it here any other than the more common meaning of “manner,” “way,” of which use there are many instances in Shakespeare, e.g. Love’s Labour’s Lost, v. 2. 590, “will speak their mind in some other *sort*.”

63. Line 114: *your father's* IMPOSITION.—This word is used here in the sense which it has now almost entirely lost, that of “charge,” “injunction,” “order,” the sense in which Shakespeare generally uses it. Compare below, iii. 4. 33. In its more modern sense of “cheat,” “imposture,” Shakespeare only uses it once, in *Othello*, ii. 3. 208, 269: “Reputation is an idle and most false *imposition*.”

64. Line 116: *Sibylla*.—Wrongly used by Shakespeare as a proper name. There were several *Sibyls*; some authors mention four; they were generally supposed to be ten. The most celebrated of these was the *Cumean Sibyl* here referred to, and known under various names. In Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (book xiv. 130–152) the Sibyl tells her story to Æneas. Phœbus had endeavoured to seduce her, and promised to give her anything she desired; upon which she took up a handful of dust, and asked that she might have as many years to live as there were grains of dust in her hand. But as she forgot to wish that she should continue young—the privilege which Phœbus promised her if she yielded to his suit—she had grown old, and had the prospect of a long old age before her.

65. Line 137: *a fifth*.—This is an oversight on the part of the poet; six suitors having already been mentioned; but perhaps Shakespeare originally intended to have had only five.

66. Line 143: *the COMPLEXION of a devil*.—For some reason or other the complexion of the devil, or any of his subordinates, has always been represented as black or dark. Such a thing as a fair devil does not seem to have existed. If a devil appeared in the form of a duck or a goat, it was always a black one. The only exception, if it be one, to the invariableness of the diabolical colour seems to be when the devil took the form of a hare. According to the confessions of some wretched women, executed as witches in the Channel Islands in 1617, the very ointment and powder given by the devil were black. Scott says, in his *Discourse upon Devils and Spirits*, appended to the *Discovery of Witchcraft* (chap. 12, Reprint, 1886, p. 426): “For some are so carnallie minded, that a spirit is no sooner spoken of, but immediately they thinke of a blacke man with cloven feet” &c. Hence, of course, the common proverb, “The devil is not so black as he's painted;” and from the selection of this colour for his satanic majesty's livery, no doubt, arose the prejudice, which seems to have been very strong in Shakespeare's time, against dark-complexioned persons.

67. Line 147: *Whiles*.—This is the genitive form of the adverb *while*, being originally a substantive. Shakespeare seems to use *while* and *whiles* indifferently.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

68. Line 1.—Dr. Farmer says that Shakespeare took the name of Shylock from an old pamphlet entitled “*Caleb Shillocke his prophesie, or the Jewes Prediction*. London, printed for T. P. (Thomas Pavier); no date” (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 24). Malone had never seen this pamphlet, and rightly remarks that it could not have been printed by Thomas Pavier, because he did not commence as a bookseller before 1598. He suggests that the T. P. may have

been Thomas Purfoot. Boswell adds that a copy of this pamphlet was in Mr. Bindley's Library, dated 1607 (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 24). There is a copy of a ballad in Pepys's collection, “*Calebbe Shillocke, his Prophesie: or the Jewes Prediction. To the tune of Bragadario*,” the second verse of which begins:

And first, within this present yeere,
Beeing sixteen hundred yearn.

(See Clarendon Press ed., pp. 88, 89.)

This would seem to prove that the date of Bindley's copy was the date of the first edition; but if the date of the “tune of Bragadario” could be ascertained, that would enable us to decide whether the ballad could have been written before Shakespeare wrote the present play. Hunter says Shylock was a Levantine Jew, and thinks the name the same as Scialac, the name of “a Maronite of Mount Libanus, who was living in 1614” (see Hunter, vol. i. p. 307). There has been much dispute as to Shylock's dress in Shakespeare's time, especially as to the colour of his bonnet or hat. Coryat, in describing the dress of the Jews, says: “those (Jews) born in Italy wearing red hats, while the Eastern or Levantine Jews wore yellow turbans” (Clar. Press ed., p. 89). Hunter quotes from Bacon's essays (XLI. Of Usury): “Usurers should have orangetawny bonnets, because they do Judaize” (Edn. 1852, p. 145). It is doubtful whether such minutie were much regarded in Shakespeare's time. We know that Shylock wore red hair; but, probably, Shakespeare did not allow him to wear the large “property” nose which Barabas the Jew of Malta wore!

The Venetian ducat was worth four shillings and eightpence.

69. Line 4: *For THE WHICH*.—This archaism is also found in the Bible. See Genesis i. 29: “every tree, in the *which* is the fruit of a tree yielding seed.”

70. Line 7: *MAY you STEAD me?*—*May* was formerly used as we now use *can*. Compare Psalm cxxv. 1 (in Book of Common Prayer): “As the mount Sion, which *may* not be removed,” where the Authorized Version has *cannot*. *Stead*, in the sense of “aid,” is used frequently in Shakespeare, e.g. *Two Gent. of Verona*, ii. 1. 119: “so it *stead* you, I will write.”

71. Line 12: *Antonio is a GOOD man*.—We use *good* in this sense nowadays when we say “So and so is *good* for fifty thousand pounds.” Compare *Coriolanus*, i. 1. 15, 16: “We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians *good*.” In Latin *bonus* is used = wealthy: cf. Cic. Att. 8. 1. 3.

72. Line 20: *Rialto*.—One of the principal islands on which Venice was built was called Rivo Alto. On this island stood the Exchange which is known by the name of *The Rialto*. It is thus described by Coryat, “a most stately building . . . where the Venetian gentlemen and the merchants doe meete twice a day, betwixt eleven and twelve of the clocke in the morning, and betwixt five and sixe of the clocke in the afternoon” (Itolfe, p. 134). The well-known bridge of *The Rialto* was built first in 1591; the one that exists at present is more modern.

73. Line 21: *Mexico*.—The expression “at Mexico” looks as if it referred to the town; but, of course, it does

not, as that is inland. Shakespeare does not mention Mexico in any other play but this.

74. Line 24: *land-thieves and water-thieves*.—Qq. Ff. read *water-thieves and land-thieves*.—We follow Dyce in transposing the order of the words.

75. Line 31: *I will be assured I may*.—When Edmund Kean made his first appearance in *Shylock*, the way in which he said these few words caused the scanty audience to break out into hearty applause, and convinced them that they were in the presence of a great actor.

76. Lines 34-36.—Shylock of course refers to the incident related in Matthew viii. 32.

77. Lines 36-40.—These lines show the social relationship that existed between the more prosperous Jews and the natives of the countries where their presence was tolerated. On business matters, in the street, or on the Exchange, Jews and Christians associated together; but in their homes and their churches never.

78. Line 40: *Who is he comes here?*—It seems strange that Shylock should ask who Antonio was; for afterwards, in the same scene, lines 107-109, he says:

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:

which certainly implies that Shylock must have known Antonio well, at least by sight; perhaps Shylock purposely does not recognize him.

79. Line 42: *How like a FAWNING PUBLICAN he looks!*—The Clarendon Press edd. very sensibly remark that the *publicans*, or farmers of taxes under the Roman government, "were much more likely to treat the Jews with insolence than servility" (p. 90). It may be that Shakespeare intends to suggest that the commendation, given to the publican, by our Lord, in the well-known parable (Luke xviii. 10-14), was ranking in Shylock's mind. What the Christians admired as humility might be despised by the Jews as hypocritical servility.

80. Lines 43-46.—These lines are very characteristic, and contain the key to Shylock's character as Shakespeare represents it. For it seems that the poet, whenever he is going to make a feeling, or affection, or passion stronger in Shylock's nature than avarice, remembers just in time that he cannot afford, from a dramatic point of view, to disregard the popular prejudice against Jews. Shylock must love nothing better than his money. His celebrated scene with Tubal (act iii. scene 1) is an illustration of this.

81. Line 46: *The rate of usance here with us in Venice*.—Douce, quoting from Thomas's *Historye of Italye*, 1561, 4to, fo. 77, says: "It is almost incredible what gaine the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jewes, both privately and in common. For in everye citee the Jewes kepe open shops of usurie, taking gaiges of ordinarie for xv in the hundred by the yere; and if at the yeres ende the gaige be not redemed, it is forfeite, or at the least dooen away to a great disadvantage; by reason whereof the Jewes are out of measure wealthie in those parties" (p. 155).

82. Line 47: *upon the hip*.—Compare Othello, ii. 1. 314:

I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;

and below in this play, iv. 1. 344:

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

It was an expression taken from wrestling; but probably had nothing to do with the conflict between Jacob and the angel (Genesis xxxii. 24-32), when the angel touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh, which caused the sinew to shrink. The fact is, in Cumberland wrestling at least, if you can get your opponent "on the hip," i.e. across your own hip, you are sure to throw him.

83. Line 50: *Even there where merchants most do congregate*.—This was Shylock's great grievance against Antonio, that he abused him in the place where he might injure his business most. He refers to it again in his great speech below (lines 107-109).

84. Lines 58, 59.—It would appear that usurers are most conservative in their customs. In no case, however wealthy he may be, will the money-lender, to whom you apply, admit that he himself can lend you the money. He has always to borrow it from some one else; this old device for increasing the interest never appears to lose its charm for them.

85. Line 60: *Rest you fair, good signior*.—There is a purpose in Shylock's deferring so long his recognition of Antonio. The hate he feels for him is so intense, that he requires some time before he can master himself sufficiently to conceal it. The longing that he expresses for revenge upon his enemy prepares us for the diabolical scheme, which suddenly comes into his mind in the course of this scene. There is nothing, in this scene, more powerful and effective, from a dramatic point of view, than the tremendous struggle that is going on in Shylock's breast, between his bitter hate for Antonio, and the dictates of his self-interest which prompt him to repress all sense of that hatred.

86. Line 66: *How much we would*.—Q. 1 reads "How much he would have." Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 read "How much ye would;" Ff. "How much he would." We have followed Dyce in adopting Walker's conjecture. The Cambridge edd. adopt the reading of Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4; and though *ye* is more commonly used as the pronoun for the second person singular in such familiar phrases as "Hark ye!" "Fare ye well!" yet we might fairly expect it here for the sake of the euphony. The chief reason for adopting Walker's conjecture is that Antonio seems to wish to associate himself with Bassanio in the transaction for the loan. Compare, below, line 106:

Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

And it seems more likely, as the money is going to be lent on Antonio's bond, that he should speak in the first person, and not as if it was Bassanio's affair only.

87. Lines 68-71.—All this pretended forgetfulness on Shylock's part, as well as his discourse upon Jacob's bargain with Laban, is merely to gain time. He has not yet hit upon his scheme of vengeance.

88. Line 75: *The third possessor; i.e. counting Abraham*

himself, Jacob was the third; for, of course, only Isaac intervened between them.

89. Lines 79-89.—Shylock scarcely tells the story fairly. Jacob was, undoubtedly, guilty of sharp practice, to say the least; but he had this justification, that Laban had first tried to defraud him. Jacob bargained for "all the speckled and spotted cattle, and all the brown cattle among the sheep, and the spotted and speckled among the goats; and of such shall be my hire" (Genesis xxx. 32). It certainly appears, from verse 35, that Laban tried to defraud Jacob by privily removing all the cattle that were speckled or spotted. It also appears (verses 41, 42) that Jacob, on his side, only tried his experiment on the stronger cattle and not on the feeble ones, so that, eventually, he got very much the best of the bargain.

90. Line 80: *eanlings*.—This word, which means lambs just dropped or born, is from the Anglo-Saxon *ednian*, to bring forth, hence *yeann*. Shakespeare uses the verb *ean* in III. Henry VI. ii. 5. 86, "the poor fools will *ean*;" and below, i. 3. 88, "in *eaning* time."

91. Line 87: *fulsome*; a word, apparently, of somewhat uncertain meaning. Skeat says it is "Made up from M.E. *ful*=A.S. *ful*, full; and the suffix *-som*=A.S. *-sum* (mod. E. *-some*)." It is certain that whether *fulsome* be held merely to signify great repletion, or to have been originally connected with *ful*, or *foul*, it certainly came to mean anything that is "gross," "rank," "nauseous," and so "lustful," or "lascivious." It is sometimes used as an intensive form of *full* (see note Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 28), so that it may possibly mean here "pregnant."

92. Line 96: *Or is your GOLD and SILVER ewes and rams?*—Here the words *gold* and *silver* take the singular verb, because the idea is concrete—"money."

93. Line 97: *I make it BREED as fast*.—This idea may have been suggested by the Greek word for interest, *trixes*, literally, "a bringing forth;" thence—"offspring."

94. Lines 98-103.—As if purposely to irritate Shylock, Antonio treats him throughout this scene with great contempt. He does not even deign to pay any attention to Shylock's last words: "But note me, signior." On the contrary he coolly turns his back on him, and preaches Bassanio a short sermon on the text of Shylock's villainy. This gives the actor of Shylock an opportunity for expressing the rage and hatred with which, as already noted, he is struggling throughout this scene; and it is probable that at this very moment his scheme of vengeance is conceived. The reference, of course, in this speech is to the temptation of our Lord (Matthew iv. 6).

95. Line 103: *O, what a GOODLY outside falsehood hath!*—Some commentators think *goodly* repeated here by accident from the line above, and would read *godly*; but *goodly* is the more appropriate epithet in spite of the repetition. Johnson says that *falsehood* "does not stand for *falsehood* (sic) in general, but for the dishonesty now operating" (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 29).

96. Lines 107-130.—The whole of this speech of Shylock's

illustrates most powerfully the struggle which has been going on within him throughout this scene. His bitter sense of the wrong Antonio has done him and the contempt with which he has treated him breaks forth, in spite of all his efforts to restrain it. This Christian, who had heaped every insult upon him, now comes to ask him a favour; but he asks it with the air of one who demands a right, and without a word of apology for his past contumely. Full of excitement, and trembling with suppressed passion, Shylock recounts, one by one, Antonio's insults; and though he must have already resolved upon his mode of vengeance, and knows that it can only be carried through by his maintaining his self-command and wearing a fair outside, the temptation to speak his mind, for once, to this disdainful and insolent Christian is more than his passionate nature can resist. Just at the moment when his rage is carrying him entirely away, he regains command over himself enough to substitute irony for vehement denunciation; while he is with difficulty forcing himself into a cringing attitude, habitual to his persecuted race, it is plain that his anger is at white heat; and, but for the contempt which Antonio feels towards the Jew, Antonio might well have been warned against putting himself in his power, even in jest. In his wonderful delivery of this speech Edmund Kean used to say the words: "You call'd me dog" in a voice of terrible passion; then, recovering himself just in time, he used to stoop with a most profound obeisance as he spoke these next words, "And for these courtesies," &c.

97. Line 110: *Still have I borne it with a patient shrug*.—Compare Marlowe's Jew of Malta, act ii.:

I learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand,
Heave up my shoulders when they call me dogge.

—Works, p. 155.

Borde, in his Introduction of Knowledge, ch. xxv., treating of Lombardy, says, "yf he (the Lombard) cast his head at the one syde and *skroge* up his shoulders speake no more to hym, for you be answerd. The Italyons and some of the Venecians be of lyke disposicion."

Shylock's reference to cur in the same speech (line 119) might have been suggested by the following sentence from Borde in the same chapter: "In Lomberly ther be many vengable *cur* dogges the which wyll byte a man bi the legges or he be ware."

98. Line 113: *And SPIT upon my Jewish GABERDINE*.—Qq. and F. 1 have *spet*, the obsolete spelling of *spit*.

It is not clear exactly what sort of a garment a *gaber-dine* was. Planché says, "We cannot identify it." It seems that the word should be spelt *garbardine*. Florio gives under "*Gabardio, Gabardinello, Gabdino, Gabbdino*, a coarse long-would mantle which wrestlers, and runners lung upon them, when they were anointing; used also for *Gabardin*, or rather a Shepherds cloak, and a fishermans frock." All that is clear from the various passages in which it occurs is that it was a loose kind of garment worn over the other clothes, sometimes of the nature of a cloak, sometimes of a smock-frock.

99. Line 135: *friend*.—So F. 2; Qq. and F. 1. have *friends*.

100. Line 135: *A breed for barren metal of his friend.*—So Qq.; Ff. have “of barren metal.” Antonio is here referring to one of the fanciful arguments said to be founded on a passage in Aristotle. According to Farmer, “Old Meres says: ‘Usurie and encrease by gold and silver is unlawful, because against nature; nature hath made them *sterill* and barren, usurie makes them *procreative*’” (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 31).

101. Line 138: *Why, look you, how you storm!*—Antonio has not *stormed* at all. The words of his last speech are quite inconsistent with anything like *storming*. They are cool and contemptuous; but Shylock has himself *stormed*; conscious of the mistake he has made in losing the control of his temper, and having matured his plan of vengeance, he assumes an air of injured innocence, as if he had been misunderstood all along. This speech should be given with a well-acted air of bonhomie.

102. Lines 144–152.—Mark the eagerness, or what one may call the deliberate hurriedness, of this speech. All the conditions are nominated as they would be in a legal instrument; but the words are delivered rapidly, and with that same air of assumed frankness and good-nature which characterizes the conclusion of his last speech. Shylock does not wish to give Antonio, or Bassanio, time to dwell upon the conditions of the compact.

103. Line 149: *Express'd in the CONDITION.*—Compare I. Henry VI. v. 4. 165: “shall our *condition* stand?”

104. Line 150: *an equal pound.*—The Clarendon Press edd. explain this as “specified as a pound of flesh, which shall be accepted as an equivalent for the debt” (p. 91); but may it not mean an *exact* pound, that is, neither more nor less than a pound?

105. Line 163: *Whose own hard DEALING.*—So F. 2; Qq. and F. 1 have *dealings*.

106. Lines 164–171.—Shylock, in this speech, plays his part admirably by showing that he would gain nothing of any value, if the pound of flesh did become forfeit; by assuming an indifference as to whether his proposal was accepted or not, he quite disarms any suspicions which Antonio might entertain. In fact it is quite plain, from lines 179, 180 below, that Antonio is genuinely deceived by Shylock's hypocrisy.

107. Line 168: *beefs.*—Some editors change the spelling to *beeves*; but compare II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 353: “now has he land and *beefs*.” Under *Bœuf* Cotgrave gives: “An Oxe; a *Beefe*; also, *beefe*.”

ACT II. SCENE I.

108.—The old stage-direction copied from Q. 1 is: *Enter Morochus a tawny Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, and their traine.*

109. Line 1: *Mistlike.*—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 147, and II. Henry VI. i. 1. 140:

“It is not my speeches that you do *mistlike*.”

These are the only two passages in which Shakespeare uses the verb. In one other passage (III. Henry VI. iv. 1. 24) he uses the substantive.

110. Line 6: *And let us make incision for your love.*—It was the custom, in the East, for lovers to show the sincerity of their love by cutting themselves before the eyes of their mistresses. So in England, in Shakespeare's time, stabbing themselves in the arm was one of the ways in which lovers honoured the objects of their affection. Picart, in his *Ceremonies and Religious Customs* (vol. vi. p. 111), says: “The *Musulmen* are the most passionate lovers, exceeding even Don Quixote in their adventures and the Dangers they run for the sake of their Mistresses, whom they endeavour to convince of their Love by *cutting and slashing their own Bodies*; though at other times they are brutish and tyrannical.” A picture is given representing a young Turk cutting his arm with a knife before the eyes of his mistress.

111. Line 7: *To prove whose BLOOD is REDDEST, his or mine.*—Red blood was supposed to be a sign of courage. The instances Johnson produces of cowardly people being called “white livered” are not much to the point. (See Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 34.) To have a deficiency of red particles in the blood is always a sign of weak health, and such deficiency is generally found in persons of a nervous temperament.

112. Lines 11, 12:

*I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.*

He means he would not change his colour except to disguise himself, as a thief does, in order to steal her affection.

113. Line 18: *And hedg'd me by his wit.*—So Qq. and Ff. Dyce adopts Capell's emendation *will*; but *wit* makes good sense. We have given in the foot-note the usual interpretation of the word; but does it not mean rather *ingenuity* than *foresight*?

114. Line 25: *the Sophy.*—The Clarendon Press edd. say: “In ‘The Table’ at the end of the History of the Warres betwene the Turkes and the Persians, written in Italian by J. T. Minadoi, and translated by Abraham Hartwell, London, 1595, we read: ‘*Soffi*, and *Soffito*, an auncient word signifying a wise man, learned and skilfull in Magike Naturall. It is grown to be the common name of the Emperour of Persia” (p. 92). Shakespeare uses *Sophy* twice elsewhere; in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5. 198, and iii. 4. 307. The word is found in Bullokar's Dict. (edn. 1688) and in Coles's Dict. (1696), but not in any of the earlier dictionaries.

115. Line 26: *Sultan Solymán.*—This may refer to the unfortunate campaign undertaken by Solymán the Magnificent against the Persians in 1535.

116. Line 27: *I would OUTSTARE the sternest eyes that look.*—So Q. 1; Q. 2 and Ff. have *ore-stare*.

117. Line 31: *alas the while!*—Compare Julius Cæsar, i. 3. 82: “*woe the while!*” The exclamation is now obsolete. It means “alas for the circumstances in which I am placed at the present time.”

118. Line 32: *If HERCULES and LICHAS play at dice.*—Lichas was the servant of Hercules, who, unwittingly, brought to him the shirt poisoned in the blood of the

Centaur Nessus. Hercules in his rage threw Lichas into the sea. See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, ix. 162 *et seq.*

119. Line 35: *So is Alcides beaten by his PAGE*.—This is Theobald's emendation; Qq. Ff. have *rage*, which certainly does not make good sense.

120. Line 44: *temple*; that is, the *church* where the Prince of Morocco was to take the oath. The Clarendon Press edd. say: "The mention of a temple instead of a church seems odd here" (p. 93); and think that Portia's name, or the mention of Hercules and Lichas, may have given Shakespeare's thoughts a classical turn. Florio gives (in edn. 1688) the following explanation under *Templo*—"a Temple, a Church, or place consecrated or hallowed to divine service; but of late days among Roman Catholics, it is used as it were only to express a Church of those of the reformed Religion, which usually is built roundwise, as anciently Temples were in Rome." Baret in his "Alvearie" (1573) does not notice any such peculiar use of the word. He gives under *Churche*, a *temple*, or *churche*. It is doubtful if *temple* had any such distinctive sense in Shakespeare's time. As is well known, in France *Le Temple* is used always to indicate the Protestant place of worship.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

121.—The stage-direction in Qq. and Ff is *Enter the clowne alone*. Launcelot Gobbo is nothing more than the clown who often figures, sometimes with a name, sometimes without one, in the older comedies; he was the lineal descendant of The Vice who used to enliven the Interludes, of which Jack Jugeler is a very good type. Launcelot is a very near connection of Launce and Speed in The Two Gentlemen of Verona. The humour of the character is certainly not superior to that of Launce with his dog, and is very much inferior to that of Bottom and the other clowns in *Mids. Night's Dream*.

122. Line 10: *scorn running with thy heels*.—This sentence has troubled some of the commentators. Steevens proposed to read: "scorn running; *with* thy heels" (*i.e.* tie them together with osiers) (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 37); an amusing waste of ingenuity. The meaning of the phrase is very simple; the idea being taken from an animal which kicks up its heels at any object it despises or dislikes. Compare *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 50, 51: "O illegitimate construction! *I scorn that with my heels*."

123. Line 12: "*Via!*"—See *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 163. Qq. and Ff. have *Fia*. As has been before remarked, an Italian word is rarely, if ever, spelt rightly in the old copies.

124. Line 20: *something grow to*.—The Clarendon Press edd. explain this expression as: "A household phrase applied to milk when burnt to the bottom of the saucepan, and thence acquiring an unpleasant taste" (p. 93). *Grown* is still used in this sense in Lincolnshire. The explanation given by the Clarendon Press edd. is the only one that has ever been offered of this expression by any of the commentators. I have been unable to find an instance of the occurrence of this phrase in any author of the Elizabethan times.

125. Line 21, &c.—Douce (pp. 157, 158) gives a very amusing monkish apologue which, or something like it, may have given Shakespeare the idea of this speech of Launcelot's. The apologue is in Latin, and may be thus translated: "Many are like the delicate and lazy woman. Such a woman indeed, while she lies in the morning in bed and hears the bell ring for mass, debates with herself about going to mass; and when the flesh, which is lazy, fears the cold, it answers and says, 'Wherefore should you go so early in the morning? Do not you know the clergy ring the bells for the sake of the offerings they get; sleep still.' And so passes away part of the day. After that, again conscience pricks her to go to mass; but the flesh answers and says, 'Why should you be in such a hurry to go to church. You will certainly destroy your body if you get up so early in the morning, and God does not wish anyone to destroy himself, therefore rest and sleep.' Another part of the day passes away. Again conscience pricks her to go to church; but the flesh says, 'Why be in such a hurry to go? I know well thy neighbour is not yet going to church; sleep a little longer.' And so another part of the day passes away." The dispute between conscience and the flesh goes on until she is too late for church, and finds the doors shut.

126. Line 27: *God bless the mark!*—See *Romeo and Juliet*, note 122.

127. Line 31: *incarnation*.—So Q. 2 and Ff.; Q. 1 has *incarnal*. It is possible that Launcelot was meant to pronounce the word *in carnation*; that is in flesh colour. Compare Henry V. ii. 3. 33-36:

Boy. . . . and said they were devils *incarnate*.
Host. A' could never abide *incarnation*; 'twas a colour he never liked.

128. Line 35: *Gobbo*.—Steevens inferred from the fact that *Gobbo* means in Italian *hunchback*, "that Shakespeare designed this character to be represented with a *hump-back*" (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 36); but Florio under the word *Gobbo* gives, among many other meanings: "also the usual name of a Fool in Opera's (*sic*) or plays sung in musick."

129. Line 38: *sand-blind, high-gravel-blind*.—The latter of course is a facetious expression coined by Gobbo. *Sand-blind* is said to be a corruption of the A. Sax. *sam* = *semi*, half, *i.e.* half-blind. Skent gives as a similar compound *sam-rede*, half-red; *sam-ripe*, half-ripe. The word is usually explained = "of imperfect sight," as if particles of sand were flying before the eye. The derivation given by Skeat may be the right one—it is to be found in his *Errata* and *Addenda*; but it is quite possible that the word may have had its origin in that partial blindness brought on by the irritation in the eye caused by sand, the effect of which is to produce that inflamed appearance of the eyes so often seen in old persons.

130. Line 39: *try confusions with him*.—So Q. 2 and Ff.; Q. 1 has *conclusions*; but it is most probable that Launcelot here, as in many other instances, was meant to make a ridiculous blunder. To *try conclusions* means to try experiments; but as Launcelot tries to confuse his father as much as possible, the blunder *confusions* is very appropriate.

131. Lines 42-46 — Theobald pointed out that this puzzling direction of Launcelot is very much like that given by Syrus to Demea, in the *Adelphi* of Terence:

ubi eas præterieris,
Ad sinistram hac recta platea: ulis ad Diance venieris,
Ita ad dextram prius, quam ad portam venias.

—Ac. iv. sc. 2 (edn 1669), pp. 589, 590.

132. Line 47: *By God's sounties*.—It has been suggested that this corrupted form of oath may have come from *God's sanctities*, or *God's sante*; but surely it is far more probable that it should have come from *God's saints*, which would be spelt in the old-fashioned way *God's saintes*, pronounced as two syllables, and therefore easily corrupted into *sounties*.

133. Line 51: *now will I raise the waters*.—This is equivalent to our modern expression, "now will I get a rise out of him." Perhaps Launcelot intended to say, "now will I raise the wind," the meaning being the same, viz. "to raise a storm," i.e. make him angry or excited.

134. Line 58: *Your worship's friend, and Launcelot*.—Old Gobbo sticks obstinately to his point that his son is plain Launcelot, not Master Launcelot. Compare below, line 60, "talk you of young Master Launcelot?" Of course the fun of the situation is that old Gobbo is unwittingly all the time addressing his son here as "worshipful" and "master."

135. Line 60: *I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot*?—Some editors print this sentence as if it were imperative and not interrogative; but, on the whole, the context seems to show that it is meant to be interrogative. The imperative sentence below, lines 63, 64: "Talk not of Master Launcelot, father," makes it more probable that this is meant to be interrogative, the point being that Launcelot is equally obstinate in claiming the title of Master as his father is in refusing it. *Ergo* is used by Launcelot without any knowledge of its real sense.

136. Line 72: *Do you not know me, FATHER*?—Father was a common term of respect used by young persons to old men. For that reason Gobbo does not suspect Launcelot to be his son, though he again calls him father below, line 77.

137. Lines 90, 91: *your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be*.—Some commentators have tried to explain this sentence; but it is possible that Launcelot meant nothing in particular by it. Shakespeare might be parodying some sentence in another writer well known at the time.

138. Line 99: *Lord worshipped might he be*!—This sentence is not very comprehensible. Old Gobbo may mean to say something equivalent to "May the Lord be praised!" which is the most probable explanation; or, as some commentators explain it, to wish that his son might be a lord and be addressed by the title of *your worship*, which seems a rather strained interpretation. The tradition, handed down from Shakespeare's time, is that Launcelot kneels with his back to old Gobbo, who, being blind, mistakes the hair on the back of his head for a beard. Compare Launcelot's speech below, lines 103, 104: "I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face."

139. Line 101: *fill-horse*.—Q. 1 has *pilhorse*, Q. 2, Ff. have *philhorse*. *Fill* or *phill*, or *phil* are said to be corruptions of *thill*, which means the shaft of a cart. It would seem that both the forms *phill* and *fill* are recognized forms. Steevens quotes from a catalogue of Christie's "of the effects of F.—P.—Esq. 1794, p. 6, lot 50: 'Chain-harness for two horses, and *phill*-harness for two horses'" (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 43). Harris says (*ut supra*): "*Phil* or *fill* is the term in all the midland counties, — *thill* would not be understood." In Heywood and Rowley's *Fortune by Land and Sea* (1655), act ii. scene 1, we find "Jocke the fore-horse and Fibb the *fil-horse*" (Heywood's Works, vol. vi. p. 384).

140. Line 110: *I have set up my rest*.—See *Romeo and Juliet*, note 136.

141. Line 119: *I am a Jew*.—Compare *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 272: "if I do not love her, *I am a Jew*." See *Two Gent.* note 55.

142. Line 139: *cater-cousins*.—This word is supposed to be derived from *quatre cousin*, that is to say *fourth cousin*, a distant relation. There does not seem to be any such expression in French as *quatre cousin*, nor has any instance of the occurrence of such a phrase been produced. The word does not seem to be of at all frequent occurrence. Nares quotes a passage from Terence in English, 1614: "*Inimicitia est inter eos*. They are not now *cater-cousins*. They are at dissention or debate one with another." Richardson gives, in addition to the passage in the text, a passage from Dryden's *Limberham*, iii. 1: "His mother was as honest a woman as ever broke bread; she and I have been *cater-cousins* in our youth." Skinner explains *quater cousin* as "a cousin within the first four degrees of kindred." Other authorities consider *cater cousin* to be a corruption of *quater cousin*. Bayley's explanation is "The last Degree of kindred; whence when Persons are at variance, it is said, they are not *Quater* or *Cater Cousins*." But the word seems to require in the passage in the text, and the other passages quoted, the sense of "people who are on very friendly terms." *Cousin* was frequently used as a mode of familiar and affectionate address between persons who were not at all related; and it seems more probable that the word is connected with *cater* = "caterer," and means persons who were so familiar as to live, or, as the slang expression is, to "chum" together. Nares favours this explanation; he defines *cater-cousins*, "Friends so familiar that they eat together." If the word had this sense, it would be very appropriate in this passage: Launcelot's chief complaint against his master being that he got very little to eat in his service. Whatever be the derivation of *cater-cousin*, it is probable that Gobbo was intended to make some such play upon the word *cater*.

143. Line 160: *you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough*.—The only form of this proverb preserved is the Scottish one: "The grace o' God is gear enough" (Bohn's *Hand Book of Proverbs*, p. 260).

144. Lines 167, 168: *if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book*.—Launcelot, as Johnson explains (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 45), is looking at the

'palm of his hand, and that reminds him of the action of a witness in a court of justice when he puts his hand on the book to swear; then he breaks off abruptly, and resumes his first subject. In palmistry the *table* is the space between the line on the hand called the line of fortune, which runs from the forefinger below the other fingers to the side of the hand, and the natural line, which is the one which runs through the middle of the *palm*; the line of life is the one which encircles the ball of the thumb.

145. Line 171: *aleven*.—Some edd. print *a'leven*. Q. 2, F. 1, F. 2 have *a leven*; F. 3, F. 4 *a leaven*; Q. 1 *eleven*.

146. Line 172: *a simple coming-in*.—The meaning of this word here seems to be "an allowance," from *coming-in*=*in-coming*, i.e. income.

147. Line 177: *twinkling of an eye*.—So Q. 1; Q. 2 and Ff. omit of *an eye*.

148. Line 194: *liberal*.—This word is not used here in the bad sense of "wanton," "lascivious." It simply means "over free," "unrestrained," something stronger than "unconventional," and short of "rude."

149. Lines 202, 203:

*hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat.*

It was customary, in Shakespeare's time, to wear the hat at meals.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

150. Lines 11, 12: *if a Christian DID not play the knave and get thee*.—So F. 2; Qq. and F. 1 have wrongly "*do not*." It is evident that Launcelot does not mean to refer to Jessica's future, but to her past. He means to say that she is so unlike a Jewess that some Christian, and not Shylock, must have been her father.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

151. Line 5: *We have not spoke us yet of TORCH-BEARERS*.—So Qq, F. 1, F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 "*as yet*," which some editors adopt. The meaning of the sentence is usually explained as in our foot-note; but there does not seem to be any other instance of a similar construction.

Torch-bearers were a necessary part of every troop of masquers. Compare Romeo and Juliet (i. 4. 35, 36), where Romeo says:

*A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels.*

It appears that *torch-bearers* were generally of the same rank as the masquers, and were not servants. They were those members of the company who did not wish to join actively in the masque. See again Romeo and Juliet (i. 4. 37-39).

152. Line 6: *'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd*.—See *Mids. Night's Dream*, note 132.

153. Line 10: *break up this*.—See *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 85.

154. Line 13: *And whiter than the paper THAT it writ on*.—*That* was inserted by Hammer to avoid the awkward accent which must otherwise fall on the word *on* at the end of the line.

ACT II. SCENE 5.

155. Line 3: *gormandize*.—This word is really of ancient origin, though of uncertain derivation. It comes to us from the French, and is used by several old writers; for instance by Drayton, and by Browne in his *Britannia's Pastors*. Grey in his *Notes on Shakspeare* (vol. i. p. 133) quotes a passage from "*A Vindication of Stone-Heng restored*, by John Webb Esq; p. 227": "During the stay of the Danes in Wiltshire, 'they consumed their time in profuseness, and belly cheer, in idleness and sloth. Insomuch, that as from their laziness in general, we even to this day call them *Larr-Danes*, so from the licentiousness of *Gurmond*, and his army in particular, we brand all luxurious, and profuse people, by the name of *Gurmondizers*.'" This supposed derivation of the word is more curious than well-established.

156. Line 5: *rend apparel out*.—We should say *wear out*; but *rend out* gives the idea of Launcelot tearing his clothes as well as *wearing them out*.

157. Lines 14, 15:

*But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.*

This is not consistent with what Shylock says above, l. 3. 38: "I will not eat with you, *drink* with you." But perhaps he might be allowed to make this exception to his rule, as he only wanted to gratify his hate; because, by such a show of friendliness towards Bassanio, he would confirm Antonio's belief in the sincerity of his assumed kindness, and allay all suspicion of his having any serious intention to exact the penalty of his bond, in case it should become forfeit. (See Note on Time of Action.)

158. Line 25: *Black-Monday*.—According to Stow, the origin of this expression is as follows: "the 14. day of Aprill, and the morrow after Easter day, King Edward with his hoast lay before the City of Paris, which day was full darke of mist and haile, and so bitter cold, that many men dyed on their horsebacks with the cold, wherefore unto this day, it hath beene called the Blacke Monday" (Stow's *Chronicle* (edn. 1615), p. 204, col. 2). The incident took place in 1360, just before Edward III. concluded peace with France.

159. Line 30: *wry-neck'd fife*.—By many commentators this is supposed to refer to the player, and not to the instrument. Boswell quotes from Barnaby Rich's *Aphorisms*, at the end of his Irish Hubbub, 1618: "A *fife* is a *wry-neckt* musician, for he always looks away from his instrument" (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 54). Being coupled here with *drum* it is more likely to refer to the instrument.

Since writing the above Mr. Julian Marshall has kindly sent me the following extract from a "Descriptive Catalogue of the Musical Instruments in the S. Kensington Museum by Carl Engel, Lond. 8vo 1870" which shows that the epithet *wry-necked* is not used in any metaphorical sense, but was applied to a particular kind of fife. "THE WRY-NECKED FIFE. Wood, coated with leather. German, 17th Century. (Lent by Mr. R. Burchett.) The Italians call it *cornetto curvo*; and the Germans *zinken* or *zinke*. A short description of this instru-

ment has already been given, p. 37" (*Sub voce* Cornetto Curvo).

160. Line 33: *varnish'd faces*; referring to the habit of masquers of painting their faces for the purpose of disguise; or, perhaps, reference may be to the small black masks worn by them. The Clarendon Press edd. (p. 97) think that Shylock alludes to Christian duplicity; but this is rather far-fetched.

161. Line 36: *Jacob's staff*.—See Genesis (xxxii. 10), where Jacob says to God: "for with my *staff* I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands." According to the Clarendon Press edd. the phrase was "familiarily used in the sense of a pilgrim's staff, because S. James (or Jacob), the patron of pilgrims, was represented with one in his hand. See Spenser's Faery Queene, i. 6. 35:

And in his hand a *Jacobs staffe*, to stay
His weary limbs upon."

162. Line 43: *a Jewess's eye*.—This is Pope's emendation. Qq. F. 1, F. 2 have *Jewes*; F. 3, F. 4 *Jew's*. *Worth a Jew's eye* was a common expression; it may perhaps have arisen from the fact that, when money was to be extorted from a Jew, not only were his teeth drawn, but sometimes his eyes were put out, unless he consented to pay the ransom. We have adopted Pope's emendation, as most editors do; but it is very possible that the reading of Qq. and F. 1 may be the right one, and that Launcelot was meant to pronounce the genitive *Jew's* as if it were *Jewess*. Grant White's objection that *Jewess* is not as old as the time of Shakespeare is founded on a mistake; the word occurs as early as Wicliff's version of the Bible.

163. Line 46: *patch*.—Compare Comedy of Errors, note 62.

164. Lines 47, 48:

he SLEEPS by day
More than the WILD-CAT.

The *wild-cat*, the only indigenous animal of the feline species in Great Britain, is now becoming extremely rare; but in Shakespeare's time it was still common, in spite of its having been hunted a great deal for its skin. It is now entirely extinct in England; and is only found in a few of the wilder parts of Scotland, where the constant war carried on against it by gamekeepers, on account of the destruction it does to game, is rapidly leading to its extinction. The *wild-cat* is extremely ferocious, and is, singular to say, almost untamable. The specimen in the Zoological Gardens was, till very lately, far wilder than any of the larger *Felidæ*, and resented the approach of anyone to its cage. The *wild-cat* makes its nest, or den, in the branches of large trees, or in the clefts of rocks, where it *sleeps* nearly all the day, seeking its prey by night.

ACT II. SCENE 6.

165. Line 1: *pent-house*.—This scene is made part of the former one by Dyce; and, as far as the arrangement of the stage goes, he is quite right. But, as the scene is marked Scene 6 by most editors, and is so referred to in Schmidt's Lexicon and other books of reference, we have retained that division.

The *pent-house*, under which they were to stand, would be the *pent-house* close to Shylock's house. For *pent-house* see Love's Labour's Lost, note 55.

166. Line 5: *Venus' pigeons*.—We may presume that *pigeons* is used here for the sake of the metre. Above, scene 2, line 144, Gobbo talks of a "dish of *doves*," meaning *pigeons*, as we should say nowadays, when *dove* is most frequently confined to birds of the genus *Columba*, such as *ring-dove*, *turtle-dove*. Shakespeare refers more than once to Venus' doves. Compare Venus and Adonis, speaking of Venus, line 1189, 1190:

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver *doves*.

It may be noted that pigeon shooting is sometimes called sarcastically a *Dove Tournament*; but in Shakespeare's time the words *pigeon* and *dove* were used indifferently of all members of the family of *Columbidæ*, as, to some extent, they are still.

167. Lines 10-12:

Where is the horse that doth UNTREAD again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first?

Compare King John, v. 4. 52:

We will untread the steps of damned flight.

The reference in this passage seems to be to a horse trained in what is called the *Haute Ecole*, which includes, among other things, walking with regular steps to a certain measure.

168. Line 14: *younker*.—Qq. and Ff. have *younger*. Compare III. Henry VI. ii. 1. 24:

Trim'd like a *younker* prancing to his love.

169. Lines 14-19.—In this passage the *wind* is apparently made of the *female* sex, and compared to a courtesan; yet, in line 17, a ship is still called *she*. This is a manifest oversight on the part of the dramatist. Compare Mids. Night's Dream, note 104. It is much more natural that a *ship* should be represented of the female sex, and the *wind* of the male. Compare A Woman Never Vexed, i. 1:

this halcyon gale
Plays the *lewd wanton* with our dancing sails,
And makes 'em *dig* with vaporous embryo.

—Dodsley, vol. xii. p. 99.

170. Line 24: *I'll watch as long for you then*.—Come, approach.—Qq. and Ff. omit *come*, which was added by Pope. Ritson proposed: "Come *then*, approach," in order to avoid the accent on *then*; but to displace *then* weakens the line.

171. Line 42: *They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light*.—Some editors hyphen *too too*; but the repetition of the word is intentional. Compare Hamlet, i. 2. 129:

O that this too too solid flesh would melt!

172. Lines 43, 44:

Why, 't is an office of discovery, love;
And I should be *obscur'd*.

There is a play upon the word *obscur'd*. Jessica means that she ought to be concealed, and Lorenzo, in his answer, takes it to mean *disguised*. For the meaning of *candle-holder* see Romeo and Juliet, note 47.

173. Line 51: *by my hood*.—It is possible that Gratiano may have been in the dress of a monk, or friar, and therefore may have intended a kind of pun. "By my *manhood*," or "by my *knighthood*" was a common form of oath. No other instance of the occurrence of this oath, *by my hood*, has been discovered.

ACT II. SCENE 7.

174. Line 4: *WHICH this inscription bears*.—Qq. and Ff. have *who*; but we have preferred to follow Dyce in the slight alteration, as being more consistent with line 6 below, and as avoiding the awkward collision between *who* in this sentence, and *who* in the beginning of the following line.

175. Line 40: *mortal breathing*.—These words are not hyphenated in Qq. and Ff. Compare Richard III. iv. 4. 26: *mortal living ghost*."

176. Line 41: *The HYRCANIAN deserts and the VASTY wilds*.—*Hyrcania* was a country to the south-east of the Caspian Sea, stretching as far north as the mouth of the River Ochus. It was supposed to be a very savage, mountainous country, full of tigers. Pliny, in his *Natural History* (bk. 8, chap. xviii.), has an account of tigers in which he says they are bred in *Hircania* and India. Shakespeare alludes to *Hyrcanian* tigers in two other passages, in III. Henry VI. i. 4. 155 and Hamlet, ii. 2. 472.

Vasty; this is generally explained to mean "waste," "desolate." But there seems to be no reason why it should mean anything more than "vast." We have had a similar form in *paly* for *pale* (see *Romeo and Juliet*, note 170). In all the passages in which *vasty* occurs, e.g. in the well-known one in I. Henry IV. iii. 1. 52:

I can call spirits from the *vasty* deep;

the ordinary meaning of *vast* suits the context better than that of "desolate."

177. Lines 44-47:

*The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign SPIRITS; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.*

Compare King John, ii. 1. 72-74:

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless *spirits*
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide.

178. Line 51: *To RIB her CERECLOTH in the obscure grave*.—The sense of *rib* here is derived from the human *ribs*, which inclose the internal organs within them. *Cerecloth* was a kind of cloth, soaked in wax and different gums and aloes, which was wrapt round dead bodies. Compare Hamlet, i. 4. 48: "Have burst their *cerements*."

179. Line 53: *Being ten times underval'd to tried GOLD*.—The relative value of *silver* to *gold*, at the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, was in the proportion of one to eleven; and, in 1600, in the proportion of one to ten. At present it is one to fifteen.

180. Lines 56, 57:

*A coin that bears the figure of an ANGEL
Stamped in gold,—but that's insculp'd upon.*

Angels were coins worth about ten shillings each. They bore on one side, in relief, a figure of St. Michael and the Dragon. Their modern successors bear St. George and the Dragon. It is said that the idea of this device of an *angel* upon the coins was taken from the saying attributed to Pope Gregory, "*Haud angli sed angeli*."

Insculp'd upon does not mean "engraved," in the ordinary sense, but "stamped in high relief."

181. Line 69: *gilded TOMBS do worms infold*.—Qq. and Ff. have (substantially) "*gilded timber*." The admirable emendation in the text, taken from Johnson's conjecture, has been almost universally adopted.

182. Line 73: *your SUIT is COLD*.—Compare Two Gent. of Verona, iv. 4. 186:

I hope my master's *suit* will be *but cold*.

ACT II. SCENE 8.

183. Line 12: *I never heard a PASSION so confus'd*.—Compare Trullius and Cressida, v. 2. 162:

With that which here his *passion* doth express.

and Two Gent. of Verona, i. 2. 16:

what means this *passion* at his name?

184. Line 33: *You were best to tell Antonio what you hear*.—Though no commentator, apparently, has suggested it, we might omit *to*, and read:

You were best tell Antonio what you hear.

185. Lines 46-49.—This passage gives us a wonderful picture of the affectionate, unselfish character of Antonio. It is a description as vivid as any painting.

ACT II. SCENE 9.

186. Line 6: *Straight shall our nuptial rites be SOLEMNIZ'D*.—See Love's Labour's Lost, note 35.

187. Line 19: *And so have I ADDRESS'D ME*.—Compare Merry Wives, iii. 5. 135: "I will then *address me* to my appointment."

188. Lines 19, 20:

Fortune now

To my heart's hope!

This sentence has been variously explained. The meaning perhaps is "*May Fortune, i.e. good Fortune, now fall to my heart's hope!*"

189. Lines 25, 26:

that many may be meant

By the fool multitude.

This construction is tolerably common in writers of Shakespeare's time. *By* is really here=*of*. Compare above, i. 2. 53: "How say you *by* the French lord?" and All's Well, v. 3. 237:

By him and by this woman here what know you?

190. Lines 28, 29:

but, like the MARTLET,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall.

The *martlet*, or house martin, is only mentioned in one other passage in Shakespeare, that beautiful one in Macbeth, i. 6. 3-10:

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,

By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

The house martin does not so completely disregard all shelter as the passage in the text might lead one to believe. Their favourite nesting-place is, indeed, on the *outward wall*, but under the eaves of a house, or under the shelter of a window; and they will use the same nest year after year; but they are less particular than swallows as to protection from weather, probably because the shape of their nests itself defends them from any driving rain. The fidelity they show to their old haunts, and their decided preference for the habitations of man as the site for their nests, as well as their perfectly inoffensive habits, have endeared them so to the human race that to kill a swallow, or house martin, is, in many places, regarded as an act of sacrilege. This is particularly the case in the North of England.

191. Line 30: *Even in the force and road of casualty*.—*Force* is generally explained here as—"power;" but the expression is rather a strange one. I would propose to read "in the face," &c.

192. Line 33: *And rank me with the barbarous multitude*.—Qq. and Ff. read *multitudes*. We follow Dyce in adopting the singular number. Compare line 26 above: "the fool *multitude*."

193. Line 46: *peasantry*.—So Q. 2; Q. 1 has *pezantry*; Ff. *pleasantry*.

194. Line 51: *I will assume desert*.—Give me a key *FO* THIS.—Some editors omit *for this*. Those words were probably added intentionally to make this line, like the one above, an Alexandrine

195. Line 53: "Who chooseth me shall GET as much as he deserves."—Qq. and Ff. read *have* evidently by mistake. See above, lines 36 and 50.

196. Lines 61, 62:

*To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.*

The meaning is that the offender cannot be the judge of his own case.

197. Line 68: *I-wis*; not the verb, but the adverb=*wis* or *ywis*; A. Sax. *gewiss* or *gewis*, certain. From the word having been written with the *w* or *y* detached from the *wis*, the idea arose that it was the first person of the verb to *wit*=to know. The present of that verb is *I wot*, as will be seen in the translation of the old German saying:

Ich *weis* wohl wie geht die welt
Er ist meist geliebt wer hat meist gelt.
I *wot* well how the world wags
He is most lov'd who has most bags.

198. Lines 70, 71:

*Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head.*

This seems certainly inconsistent with the oath previously taken by each suitor, that if they failed they never would

"woo a maid in way of marriage;" but, perhaps, the inscriptions on the caskets were made without regard to the conditions imposed by the will of Portia's father.

199. Line 72: *So be gone, sir; you are sped*.—So F. 2; Qq. and F. 1 omit *sir*. There seems to be no reason why the line should be short of one foot.

200. Line 83: *Hanging and wiving goes by destiny*.—There is an old Scotch proverb "Hanging gangs by hap." Compare All's Well, i. 3. 68:

Your marriage comes by destiny.

201. Line 94: *COSTLY summer*.—*Costly* certainly does not seem a very suitable epithet for *summer*. The word is used in two other passages by Shakespeare in the sense of "rich," "gorgeous," in both cases applied to dress; in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, i. 59: "a *costly* suit," and *Hamlet*, i. 3. 70:

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy.

In those passages the epithet is perfectly suitable, because dress is magnificent in proportion to its costliness. I strongly suspect there is some corruption of the text here: perhaps we should read *closely*; but the epithet *costly* may have been suggested by "Gifts of *rich* value" in line 91 above.

202. Line 98: *high-day wit*.—Compare I. Henry IV. i. 3. 46:

With many holiday and lady terms;

and *Merry Wives*, iii. 2. 69: "he speaks *holiday*."

ACT III. SCENE 1.

203. Line 4: *the narrow seas*.—This was the recognized name not only for the English Channel, but also apparently for the seas generally surrounding England (see III. Henry VI. note 71). The Clarendon Press edd. quote: "Sir John Hawkins writing to Lord Burghley, Nov. 30, 1593, 'sends a note of the pay for the ships serving in the *Narrow Seas*' (Calendar of State Papers, 1591-1594, p. 389)."

204. Line 4: *the Goodwins*.—Compare King John, v. 3. 11 and v. 5. 13; and see note 294 of same play.

205. Line 34.—It is very doubtful whether Shylock is intended himself to see the pun which he makes here. He is scarcely in the humour for jesting, as may be seen from line 40 below, where he ignores, with calm dignity, the coarse jest of Solanio. If Shylock is intended to make a pun purposely, it is only another instance of the deliberate attempts which Shakespeare makes, every now and then, to degrade this character, lest he should seem to ask too much of the sympathy of the audience.

206. Line 47: *a bankrupt, a prodigal*.—Warburton proposed to read "*for a prodigal*," because Antonio was a grave, respectable merchant, and not like Bassanio, a spendthrift. Antonio, to Shylock's mind, certainly was a prodigal, inasmuch as he had lent money to a friend on no security, and positively declined to take any interest; both of which were, to the Jew usurer, acts of unpardonable folly and of appalling prodigality.

207. Lines 55-76.—It is almost impossible, after reading this grand speech of Shylock's, to believe that the char-

acter ever *could* have been played as a comic one. Shakespeare has written nothing more eloquent than this speech; for this is that true eloquence which comes straight from the heart. The pent-up indignation, nourished by years of contumely and oppression, bursts forth with a power that nothing can check. Shylock is not afraid to say now all that he thinks. The time for seeking to disguise his hatred and his fierce thirst for vengeance, under the appearance of a half-cynical *bonhomie*, has passed. If Shakespeare had been a Jew, and had suffered all the contempt and indignity which he here describes, he could not have written a more powerful defence of a Jew's claim to equality with his fellow-subjects. It is this marvellous faculty of complete sympathy with the thoughts and feelings of other individualities that makes a great dramatist. Shakespeare was the greatest of all dramatists, because he possessed this quality in the very highest degree.

208. Line 112: *WHERE? in Genoa?*—This is Rowe's emendation. Qq. and Ff. have *here*.

209. Line 126: *it was my TURQUOISE*.—The true *turquoise* is only found in a mountainous region in the east of Persia. It is a stone round which many superstitions have gathered. Even now people believe that, if the *turquoise* turns pale, it is a sign of bad luck or of some impending misfortune. These stones were supposed to grow paler or brighter according as the wearer was ill or well. They were also supposed to preserve love between man and woman; and even at the present day, in Germany, the *turquoise* is generally used for the engaged ring which the lover gives to his mistress.

210. Lines 133, 134: *were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will*.—Here we have another instance of the constant intrusion of Shylock's avarice just when he seems possessed by a higher passion. See above, note 80.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

211. Line 6: *Hate counsels not in such a quality*.—That is to say: "*Hate* does not give counsels of such a kind as I have just now given you."

212. Line 15: *They have O'ERLOOK'D me*.—Compare Merry Wives, v. 5. 87:

Vile worm, thou wast O'ERLOOK'D even in thy birth.

I have heard the word used, in this sense, in Somersetshire by an old man, who, gravely narrating how one of his harmless neighbours had bewitched him, said she had overlooked not only him but his pigs.

213. Lines 20, 21:

*Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.*

The meaning of this is: "If it prove so, that I, who am yours in love, am not yours through your choosing the wrong casket, then *Fortune* ought to be punished and not I." She means that it would be a *hell* to her to live without Bassanio now that she loved him.

214. Line 22: *'tis to PEIZE the time*.—This is the reading of Qq. Ff. Dyce adopts Johnson's conjecture to *piece*;

but there seems no need for any emendation. *To peize* is used in two other passages in Shakespeare, where it means "to balance," in *King John*, ii. 1. 575, where it is spelt *peise*, and in *Richard III.* v. 3. 105, where it is spelt *peize* both in Qq. and Ff., as it is in the passage in the text. In the second passage quoted it is coupled with *down*, and has the same sense which it has here, that is, "to weigh down," "encumber with a weight," the sense required by the context.

Those who maintain that this passage is corrupt may find some support for their argument in the fact that, in the next line, the word *eke* is spelt in Q. 1. *ech*, in Q. 2. *ech*; in F. 1. *P. 2*, F. 3. *ich*; in Q. 3, Q. 4. *ech*; and in F. 4. *ich*.

215. Line 30: *There may as well be amity and LEAGUE*.—This is Walker's correction, adopted by Dyce. Qq. and Ff. have *life*. Setting aside the fact that we have *life* just below in line 34, *life* seems to make no sense here, while *league* seems to be the word which the context demands. Shakespeare uses *league* in various senses; e.g. in *Comedy of Errors*, ii. 2. 147:

Keep then fair *league* and truce with thy true bed;
and in *Mids. Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 372, 373:
back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With *league* whose date till death shall never end.

216. Lines 32, 33:

*Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.*

Shakespeare, probably, had in his mind the case of Rodrigo Lopez (see Introduction, p. 95).

217. Lines 44, 45:

*he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music.*

See *King John*, note 311.

218. Lines 48–60.—Note the many long similes, the sign of early work; and again in Bassanio's speech below, lines 142–149.

219. Lines 51–53:

*As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage.*

This passage refers to the custom of the musicians, who were hired for the wedding, waking the bridegroom in the early morning; they afterwards accompanied him to the house of the bride.

220. Lines 53–60.—The story referred to is that of Hercules and Hesione, the daughter of Laomedon. When the latter was building Troy, he had agreed to pay Apollo and Neptune, who had both helped him, a certain sum. On the completion of the work Laomedon refused to pay up; so Apollo sent a pestilence and an inundation, and also a sea-monster at the same time. The oracle, being consulted, declared that the only way of putting an end to the pestilence and inundation was for Hesione to be sacrificed to the sea-monster. Hercules, who had just returned from his expedition against the Amazons, undertook to rescue her, if Laomedon would give him the horses with which Jupiter had presented him as a compensation for the abduction of Ganymede. Hercules rescued Hesione; but

Laomedon again refused to keep his word. Hercules then took Troy, killed Laomedon, and gave Hesione to his friend Telamon to wife, by whom she became the mother of Teucer. The words *with much more love*, in line 54, refer to the fact that it was not for love, but for the sake of the reward, that Hercules rescued Hesione.

221. Line 61: *with MUCH MUCH more dismay*.—So Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4; F. 2, F. 3; Q. 1, F. 1, F. 4 have "*much more*."

222. Line 63.—*Fancy* here is generally explained as meaning *love*; it does not mean "true love," but rather "sudden love," "love at first sight." Compare *Mids. Night's Dream*, i. 1. 155:

Wishes, and tears, poor *fancy's* followers;

and *Twelfth Night*, i. 1. 14, 15:

so full of shapes is *fancy*

That it alone is high fantastical.

223. Lines 70, 71:

*Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.*

In *Swetnam, The Woman-hater* (quarto, 1620), there is a song which begins:

Whilst we sing the doleful knell
Of this Princess passing-bell,

the last refrain of which is:

And with vs sing ding dong, ding dong.
ding dong, dong,
ding dong. [Act iv. sc. 2. (Sig. C-2).]

224. Line 81: *There is no VICE so simple, but assumes*.—This is the correction of F. 2: Qq. and F. 1 have *voice*.

225. Line 86: *Who, inward search'd, have LIVERS WHITE AS MILK*.—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 3. 110-114: "The second property of your excellent herris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice."

226. Line 87: *valour's EXCREMENT*.—See *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 159.

227. Lines 92-96:

*So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.*

The denunciations of this custom of wearing false hair, either natural or artificial, of a light colour, are frequent in the writers of the Elizabethan period. In the notes to Stubbes's *Anatomy of Abuses* Dr. Furnivall quotes from "Schoolmaster Averell in his mercurious Combat of Contrarieties, 1588" the following passage: "Their heads set out with strange hayre, (to supply nature that waie defeated, or rather by their periwigges infected) do appeare like the head of Gorgon, sauing that they want the crawling Snakes of Medusa, to hang sprawling in their haire along their faces" (New Shak. Soc. Reprint, pp. 253, 254); and from "W. Goddard. A Satyricall Dialogue, sign. B, back."

*I ne're applaude aboue heauns-spangled skies,
The cur'd-worme tresses of dead-borrowd haire.*

—*Ut supra*, p. 258.

Stubbes (p. 58) mentions that the fashionable ladies would buy the light hair of poor women, and would even entice children with fair hair into some secluded place, and cut off all their hair for the purpose of adorning their heads. The fashion of wearing all this false light-coloured hair was set by Queen Elizabeth herself. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 134.

228. Line 97: *Thus ornament is but the GUILLED shore*.—F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 read *gilded*; the reading of the text is that of Qq. F. 1. Rowe would read *gilded*. The use of a past participle, in an active sense, is not uncommon in Shakespeare, e.g. I. Henry IV. i. 3. 183:

Revenge the jeering and *disdained* contempt.

229. Lines 98-101:

*the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian BEAUTY; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To outtrap the wisest.*

This passage has occasioned much difference of opinion amongst critics. Various emendations have been proposed for the word *beauty*. Hammer printed *dowdy*; while other editors try to get rid of the difficulty by changing the punctuation, reading line 99 thus:

Veiling an Indian; beauty, in a word.

But the objection to this is that Bassanio is talking about ornament, not about *beauty* (see line 97); and it would not do for him to change the subject of his sentence. There is no real difficulty about the passage, if we only remember that exaggerated depreciation of dark women, which was fashionable at the time of Shakespeare. (See *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 132.) The emphasis in reading this line should be on *Indian*; in which case the apparent tautology between *beauteous* and *beauty* disappears. The scarf was really beautiful; the face that it veiled, being that of a dark woman, was anything but beautiful, at least according to the fashionable taste then prevalent. *Indian* was used indifferently of the natives of the East Indies and of America. In this passage it probably means an Asiatic, or East Indian, of a brown complexion; the women of that race being in the habit of disfiguring their features in various ways.

230. Line 102: *Hard food for MIDAS*.—Referring to the well-known story of *Midas*, the king of Phrygia, who having restored Silenus, who had been found dead drunk in the king's rose garden, to his pupil Dionysus (Bacchus), was allowed by the god to ask any favour he liked. *Midas* begged that all the things which he touched might be changed into gold. But when he found that all his food turned to gold, he begged the god to take his gift back again. According to Lilly, who has a play upon the subject, the god's answer was (ii. 2):

In Pactolus goe bathe thy wish and thee,
Thy wish the waves shall haue, and thou be free.

—Works, vol. ii. p. 23.

231. Line 103: *PALE and common drudge*.—Because *paleness* is applied to lead below (line 106), Farmer proposed to read *stale*, an emendation which Dyce adopts; but surely *pale* is the most appropriate epithet for *silver*. Both *pale* and *silver* are epithets constantly applied to the moon's light.

232. Line 106: *Thy PALENESS moves me more than eloquence.*—Warburton proposed to read *plainness*. There certainly seems much more reason for this emendation than for that of Farmer mentioned in the last note. The contrast between *plainness* and *eloquence* is an intelligible one; but between *pale*ness and *eloquence* there is no contrast at all; and *plainness* also seems more in keeping with the epithet *meagre*.

233. Line 112: *In measure RAIN thy joy.*—So Q. 2 and Ff. substantially. Q. 1 has *range*; Q. 3, Q. 4 have *reine*. Some editors, including the Cambridge edd., read *rein*; but the qualifying words, *In measure*, seem to apply much more appositely to *rain* than *rein*, which latter in itself would necessarily imply moderation. In fact, if we were to read “In measure *rein*,” we ought almost to read for the rest of the line instead of “Scant this *excess*,” “Scant this *defect*”—“deficiency.”

234. Line 126: *And leave itself UNFURNISH'D.*—The sense of *unfurnish'd* = “unprovided with a companion or fellow,” is well illustrated by the following passage (quoted by Dyce) from Fletcher's *Lovers' Progress*, ii. 1:

Will't please you bring a friend? we are two of us,
And pity either, sir, should be *unfurnish'd*.

—Works, vol. ii. p. 64r.

But it may be doubted whether, after all, the right explanation of this word in our text, and in the passage above quoted, may not be that it is simply used elliptically. In the latter passage it would mean “unprovided with a *friend*,” i.e. “second;” in the former “unprovided with a fellow *eye*.”

235. Lines 159-161:

*but the full sum of me
Is sum of NOTHING; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd.*

Qq. read “sum of something,” a reading which many editors adopt. The Clarendon Press edd. put a break before *something*, as if Portia hesitated for a word. Warburton proposed “Is *some* of something;” but, after mature consideration, the reading of Ff. seems preferable, both as avoiding the jingle of sound, and also as being in accordance with the text; for we should note that Portia, in the next line, uses three *negative* epithets with respect to herself. For this paradoxical sense of *nothing* we may compare Sonnet cxxxvi. 11, 12:

For *nothing* hold me, so I please thee hold
That *nothing* me, a *something* sweet to thee;

and Hamlet, iv. 5. 174:

This nothing's more than matter.

236. Lines 162-164:

*Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier THAN THIS,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn.*

This passage is not at all satisfactory. Qq. F. 1 read “happier *then* this.” F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 “happier *than* in this.” Various emendations have been proposed to complete the line. Dyce, slightly modifying the reading of F. 2, proposes “*THEN* happier in this;” Steevens, “AND happier *than* in this.” It may be noted that the sense requires that the emphasis in line 163 should be on *learn*

and in line 164 on *can*, so that, as they stand, neither of the lines is rhythmical. The absent foot in line 163 can only be supplied by a pause. Malone's idea that *learn* is a dissyllable is too Irish for Portia. I should propose to read:

Still happier than this

She is not bred so dull but that she can learn.

It is very awkward, as the lines now stand, to speak them with proper emphasis, and at the same time to preserve the rhythm.

237. Line 165: *Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit.*—Collier's MS. has *in* for *is*. No doubt this renders the passage more uniform; but it may be doubted whether any alteration of the text is necessary.

238. Lines 173-176.—With this compare the following passage from Heywood's *A Challenge for Beauty*, ii. 1:

At my departure,

Onely one Ring I left with her in change,
Which if shee living part with, lend, or give
Till my returne, He hold my selfe disgrac'd,
Her ever-more disparidg'd.

—Works, vol. v. p. 31.

The plot of Heywood's play resembles that of Cymbeline much more than that of this play; the ring in question being procured by fraud from the lady, and produced as a proof of her unchastity.

239. Line 176: *And be my vantage to EXCLAIM on you.*—Of the use of *exclaim on* = to accuse, to cry out, there are several examples, all in Shakespeare's earlier works, e.g. *Venus and Adonis*, line 930:

And sighing it again, exclaims on death;

and *I. Henry VI.* iii. 3. 60:

Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee.

240. Lines 201, 202:

*You lov'd, I lov'd; for INTERMISSION
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.*

We have followed Theobald's punctuation. Q. 1, Q. 2, F. 1, F. 2 read *intermission*, followed by a comma; F. 3, F. 4 put a full stop after *intermission*. If that reading be adopted the meaning must be: “I loved in order to fill up the time;” but the punctuation adopted in our text seems to furnish better sense; Gratiano's object being to impress upon Bassanio that his marriage with Nerissa had been made to depend on the result of Bassanio's choice between the caskets, and admitted of, or required no more delay than that between his master and Portia.

241. Line 222: *Solanio.*—The old copies Qq. and Ff. all read here *Salerio*, which Rowe altered to *Salanio*, that being one of the ways of spelling the name of this character in the old copies. If we adopt the reading of Qq. and Ff. it necessitates the introduction of a new character, to whom some important speeches are intrusted, for no earthly object whatever. It need scarcely be said that the old copies constantly cause much confusion by spelling the same name in different ways. For instance, in this play, the name of *Salarino* is variously spelt *Salarino*, *Slarino*; while *Solanio* is spelt *Salanio*, *Salino*. It may be noted that in the next scene Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 have *Salerio*; Q. 1 rightly has *Salarino*; Ff. *Solanio*. It is evident that, if

we retain the reading of Qq. Ff. in this passage, and that of Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 in the next scene, assuming the two names to refer to the same person, Salerio could not have been with Shylock and have gone to Belmont at the same time. It is most natural, as Mr. Knight has pointed out, in his note on this point, that of the two friends *Solanio* and *Salarino* one should remain with Antonio in his trouble, and the other be despatched as a messenger to Bassanio. There is no dramatic need for the introduction of a new character to be employed upon this mission; and though Shakespeare does certainly sometimes introduce messengers to whom important speeches are intrusted, it is generally when no other of the *dramatis personæ* could be fitly charged with the message. The Cambridge edd. protest against Dyce's adoption of *Solanio* instead of *Salario*; but a servile adherence to the errors of the old copies, in many cases (for example, see II. Henry VI. note 184), detracts from the value of that protest.

242. Line 242: *that royal merchant*.—The same expression occurs below, iv. 1. 129. "The term was also applied to the great Italian merchants who held mortgages on kingdoms, and sometimes acquired principalities for themselves. The Medici, and their rivals the Pazzi, were merchants" (Clarendon Press edn. p. 110). Here it is applied simply to an individual of great wealth, as Antonio was.

243. Line 246: *shrewd*.—See Richard II. note 208.

244. Line 252: *And I must freely have the half of any thing*.—So Qq. F. 1; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 omit *I*. Pope omits *freely*; so does Dyce. But alexandrines are not uncommon in this play; the next line, as we may perceive, makes one.

245. Line 270: *What, not one hit!*—We have taken *hit* here to be a verb; but it may be a substantive—not one success. The verb *hit* is used in the sense of *to succeed* in All's Well, ii. 1. 146, 147:

and oft it *hits*

Where hope is coldest.

The substantive *hit* does not seem to be used in the sense of *success* by Shakespeare. It only occurs in one passage in Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 214: "Well, in that *hit*, you miss," where it may be a participle; and in Hamlet, v. 2, where it occurs five times; but is used exclusively of a successful thrust at fencing.

246. Line 276: *The present money to DISCHARGE the Jew*.—See II. Henry VI. note 86.

247. Line 282: *magnificoes* "of Venice" would seem to be equivalent to the *grandees* in Spain, but they had no other titles. According to Andrew Borde, the Venetians had "no lordes nor knightes a monges them" (Book of Knowledge, chap. xxiv.). Shakespeare uses the word only here and in Othello, i. 2. 12 (referring to Brabantio), "the *magnifico* is much belov'd."

248. Line 295: *The best-condition'd AND unwearied spirit*.—I had noted the suggestion that for *and* we should read *most*, which I see is given in the Cambridge edn. as the reading of the "Lansdowne version," i.e. Lord Lansdowne's perversion of this play, already alluded to in the Stage History (see Introduction, p. 98). It looks very

much as if the *and* in the line below had caught the transcriber's eye. In Measure for Measure, iv. 6. 13:

The generous and gravest citizens,

we have a similar instance of a positive and superlative adjective coupled together, in which the first adjective would seem to acquire the significance of a superlative from the second one. It is possible that the poet here first wrote "*and most unwearied spirit*," and then by a mistake struck out *most* instead of *and*. Hunter's conjecture of *unwearied'st* is very cacophonous.

249. Line 304: *Shall lose a hair THOROUGH Bassanio's fault*.—We have followed Dyce in printing *through* here, instead of *through*, it being pronounced as a dissyllable.

250. Line 314: *cheer*.—See I. Henry VI. i. 2. 48:

your looks are sad, your *cheer* appall'd.

Cheer, in the sense of "countenance," is derived from the old French *chere*, Italian *ciera*, *cera*.

251. Lines 321, 322: *all debts are cleared between you and I. If I might but see you at my death:—notwithstanding, &c., &c.*—This passage is usually printed with a comma after the first *I*, and a full stop after *death*, beginning a new sentence with *notwithstanding*. The emendation, which is simply an alteration in the punctuation, adopted by us in the text, we owe to Charles Kemble. It seems to us a most admirable emendation, heightening, by a very slight alteration, the dignity and pathos of the passage. As it stands in Qq. Ff. Antonio is made to say that the clearing of all debts between himself and Bassanio is conditional on his seeing Bassanio at his death; whereas, in the text, according to Charles Kemble's emendation, he is made to say what is much more natural, that his death cancels all debts between them. The expression of the wish *If I might see you at my death*; then breaking off, as if he were loath to urge the fulfilment of this wish on the part of his friend, who was presumably occupied in the delightful duties of a newly-accepted lover, is a beautiful touch of unselfishness quite in accordance with Antonio's character.

ACT III. SCENE 3.

252. Line 1.—See above, note 241. It is worth while to observe Shylock's demeanour in this short scene. There is a malicious merriment about him which is in strong contrast with the tragic rage of the scene with Tubal. He seems to have forgotten for the time the loss of his daughter.

253. Line 14: *dull-ey'd*.—The Clarendon Press edd. quote from Fletcher's Elder Brother: "Though I be *dull-eyed* I see through this juggling" (Works, vol. i. p. 187). They take the meaning to be "wanting in perception" and not "dim with tears."

254. Lines 26–31:

*The duke can not deny the course of law:
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations.*

We have followed the usually adopted reading in this speech, which is substantially that of the old copies. Capell would put a comma after *law*, and a colon after Venice, making *law* refer only to the law, or that part of it, which regulated commercial dealings between the Venetians and foreigners; he also altered *will* in line 29 to *'t will*. This may, at first sight, make the meaning of the passage clearer; but, after careful examination of all the passages in which *commodity* occurs, we think that it means here the *advantage* that foreigners enjoyed of being treated as equals with the natives in the eye of the law. The Clarendon Press edd. quote from Thomas's History of Italye (1561), fol. 85, "Al men, specially strangers, haue so muche libertee there, that though they speake very ill by the Venetians, so they attempt nothing in effect against theyr astate, no man shal control them for it . . . And generally of all other thynges, so thou offende no man priuately, no man shal offende the: whyche vndoubtedly is one principall cause, that draweth so many sframgers thither" (p. 112). As the passage is punctuated in our text, the meaning is that the duke cannot refuse Shylock the right to recover his penalty, presuming him to be legally entitled to it by his bond, because the denial of the advantage, that foreigners possessed, of having equal privileges with the Venetians in the eye of the law would convict the government of injustice.

In illustration of the two last lines we may quote Andrew Borde's Description of Venice: "Ther be ryche marchaunce of marchauntes, for to Venys is a gret confuence of marchauntes as well christians as al sortes of infydels" (Book of Knowledge, chap. xxiv.).

ACT III. SCENE 4.

255. Line 6: *How true a GENTLEMAN you send relief*.—*Gentleman* is here a dative case. We use the dative without a preposition nowadays only when it comes between the verb and its accusative. For instance, we say: "You sent the gentleman relief."

256. Line 21: *From out the state of hellish MISERY*.—This is the reading of Q. 1; Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4, Ff. have cruelty. "The state of misery" seems a more appropriate expression than "state of cruelty."

257. Line 23: *Therefore no more of it: HEAR other things*.—Qq. F. 1, F. 2 have *heere*; F. 3, F. 4 *here*; the reading in the text is that of Theobald from a conjecture by Thirlby.

258. Line 25: *The husbandry and MANAGE of my house*.—Compare Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 24, 25:

That their negotiations all must slack
Wanting his *manage*:

and Tempest, i. 2. 70: "the *manage* of my state."

259. Lines 26-31.—This is a pious fiction on the part of Portia, in order to conceal her plan of going to Padua and playing the lawyer. If she had ever got inside a monastery she would have somewhat disconcerted the gravity of the inmates.

260. Line 49: *In speed to PADUA*.—Qq. Ff. by mistake read *Mantra*. See iv. 1. 109. Bellario undoubtedly lived at Padua.

261. Line 53: *Unto the trajet, to the common ferry*.—Qq. Ff. read *tranect*, of which word no sense can really be made, for it could not come from the Italian *tranare*, as has been suggested. *Trajet* is an anglicized form of the Italian *tragetto*, *traghetto*; and *tranect* seems to have been the creation of some one whose mind was running on *connect*, and who did not know the Italian original from which the word was coined.

262. Line 72: *I could not do withal*.—In a note on Jonson's Silent Woman, v. 1, Gifford illustrates the meaning of this phrase by quotations from various sources: e.g. "in the trial of Udall, lord Anderson says: 'You had as good say you were the author.' Udall. 'That will not follow, my lord: but if you think so, I cannot do withal,' (I cannot help it.) State Trials, fol. vol. i. p. 162" (Works, vol. iii. p. 471).

263. Line 81: *But come, I'll tell thee all MY WHOLE device*.—Compare I. Henry VI. i. 1. 126:

All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.

This pleonastic expression occurs in several other passages in Shakespeare.

ACT III. SCENE 5.

264. Lines 18-20: *thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother*.—This proverbial expression, which is reversed by Launcelot here, comes from the line in the Alexandreis, written by Philippe Gualtier:

Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.

—Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 103.

265. Line 54: *Good Lord*.—Qq. Ff. have *Goodly*, very likely an error arising from the *l* of *lord* being mistaken for *ly*.

266. Lines 59, 60:

Lor. *Will you cover, then, sir?*

Laun. *Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.*

There is a pun here. Lorenzo means: "Will you *lay* covers on the table?" and Launcelot answers him as if he meant "Will you *cover* your head?"

267. Lines 82, 83:

And if on earth he do not MERIT it,

In reason he should never come to heaven.

Q. 1 reads "*meane it, then In;*" Q. 2, *meane it, it In;* Ff. *meane it, it Is*. The emendation is Pope's, and is very generally adopted. The passage is, probably, corrupt. As printed in text, the meaning is "If on earth he do not *merit* this blessing, by showing that he appreciated it, he never deserves to come to heaven."

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

268. Enter the DUKE.—Andrew Borde in his Description of Venice gives the following interesting account: "The Duke of Venis is chosen for terme of his lyfe, he shall not marry by cause his soune shall not clayme no inheritance of the dukedomshyp, y^e duke may haue lemons and counelins as many as he wyl, the duke shal neuer ryd nor go nor sayle out of the cyte as longe as he dothe lyue. The duke shal rule the senyoryte, and, the seniorite

shall gouyrne and rule the comenalte and depose and put to deth the duke if thei do find a lawful cause. The duke werith a coronet ouer a cap of sylke the which stondeth vp lyke a podynge or a cokes come be king (*sic*) forward of .iiij. handful longe" (Book of Knowledge, chap xxiv.).

269. Lines 7, 8:

*Your grace hath ta'en great pains TO QUALIFY
His rigorous course.*

For this use of *to qualify* in the sense of "to moderate," compare Sonnet cly 2:

Though absence seem d my flame *to qualify*;

and Much Ado, v. 1. 67:

All this amazement can I *qualify*.

Indeed it never seems to be used by Shakespeare in the modern sense at all.

270. Lines 18, 19:

*That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act.*

The meaning is: "You only continue this assumption of malice till the hour comes for carrying it into effect."

271. Line 20: *Thou'lt show thy mercy and REMORSE, more strange.*—This word is generally used in Shakespeare, as here, in the sense rather of the pitifulness or relenting spirit which restrains a person from committing a crime, than, as we use it at the present time, solely to express that abiding self-reproach, or that violent sorrow, which is felt after the commission of a crime. Compare Macbeth, i. 5. 45-47:

Stop up the access and passage to *remorse*,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose.

272. Line 28: *That have of late so HUDDLED on his back.*—This word occurs only in one other passage in Shakespeare, where it is used in much the same sense as that in which we use it now; in Much Ado, ii. 1. 252: "*huddling* jest upon jest." Milton uses it, intransitively, as it is used here, though in a somewhat different sense, in the well-known passage in Comus, lines 494, 495:

Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The *huddling* brook to hear his madrigal.

273. Line 35.—Throughout this scene Shylock's demeanour is much more dignified than it has hitherto been. His immovable persistency, though in a bad cause, seems almost to endow his character with heroic qualities.

274. Line 39: *Upon your charter and your city's freedom.*—Shakespeare seems to have thought that the city of Venice had a charter from the Emperor of Germany.

275. Line 47: *Some men there are love not A GAPING FIG.*—Compare Webster's Duchess of Malfi, iii. 2: "He could not abide to see a *pig's head gaping*: I thought your grace would find him a Jew" (Works, vol. ii. p. 214). A *gaping pig* meant a pig prepared for the table, which generally had something put into its mouth for an ornament, as a boar's head is still served with a lemon between the teeth.

276. Lines 50-52:

*for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes.*

Qq. have no stop before *for*; but a full stop after *affection*. They read "*Masters of*" (Q. 2, F. 2 "*Maisters of*") instead of "*Mistress of*." We have followed nearly all editors in adopting Capell's reading, which was taken from a conjecture by Thirlby. This is undoubtedly the right reading; probably the word was written in the original *Mais-tres*, which would easily become *Mistress*.

277. Line 56: *a WOOLLEN bag-pipe.*—So Qq. F. 1, F. 2, F. 3; F. 4 has *woolen*. Many conjectural emendations have been offered in the place of *woollen*. Dyce adopts the reading of the Collier MS. *bolleu*. Steevens has *swollen*. The *bagpipes* played by the shepherds of the Abruzzi, who come round at Christmas time to play before the shrines of the Madonna, are made of the undressed skins of sheep or goats; and it is very likely that, if other parts, sheepskins *with the wool on them* were used to make the air-bag by which the sound is produced. It might not be hypercritical to remark, with regard to the reading *swollen*, that the sounds are produced by squeezing the air out of the bag, and it is the cheeks of the player that are *swollen*. There really does not seem any necessity for adopting *bolleu*, or *swollen*, or any other emendation; nor to explain the epithet *woollen* by supposing that it meant a *bagpipe* covered with *woollen* cloth.

278. Line 58: *As to offend, himself being offended.*—This is the reading of other Qq. and Ff. (except F. 4).

F. 4 reads
As to offend himself, being offended.

279. Line 77: *fretted.*—So Ff.; Qq. have *fretten*. But there is no reason for retaining the obsolete spelling.

280 Lines 104-106:

*Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this.*

Did Portia know that Bellario had been sent for by the duke, or did she go to him merely because he was a relation of hers, and a great authority on law, in order to be primed by him with some argument to use in Antonio's defence? It is very improbable, in fact almost impossible that, when Portia set out from Belmont, she could have known that the duke had sent for Bellario; while it is more than probable that when she left Belmont, she had already made up her mind to play the part of the lawyer; and with that view she invented the false excuse for her absence. (See above, note 259.) If, on arriving at Bellario's, she found that the duke had already sent for him to decide the points of law involved in Shylock's suit, all that Portia had to do was to get him to allow her to go instead, having previously furnished her with a knowledge of all the points she could raise to defeat Shylock's claim.

281. Line 122: *To cut the FORFEIT from that bankrupt
there.*—Qq. Ff. have *forfeiture*, which makes a very awkward line.

282. Line 123: *Not on thy SOLE, but on thy SOUL, harsh*

Jew.—Qq. have "not on thy *soule* but on thy *soule*." F. 1 first distinguished between the two words so as to make the pun evident by printing *soule* and *soule*. The meaning is that Shylock's *soul* was so hard that he could sharpen his knife on it as well as on a stone. Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 107, 108:

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy *stony heart*.

283. Line 125: *hangman's axe*.—*Hangman* is used here for an executioner generally. In later times the form of execution was beheading; the decapitated body was hung up afterwards. In still later times the criminal was hung first and beheaded afterwards; while in some cases the hanging was only partly carried out, and the miserable wretch was subjected to the most abominable cruelties, such as having his bowels burnt before his eyes after he had been cut down. As a general rule, hanging was considered a more disgraceful death than decapitation.

284. Line 128: *inexorable*.—So F. 3, F. 4; Qq. F. 1, F. 2 have *inexorable*. If the latter reading be adopted, the meaning must be "that which cannot be sufficiently executed." But the reading of the two later folios seems to us much the preferable one. *Inexorable* does not occur in any other passage in Shakespeare; but *inexorable* is found in III. Henry VI. i. 4. 154:

But you are more inhuman, more *inexorable*;
and in *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3. 38, 39:

More fierce, and more *inexorable* far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

None of the commentators who retain *inexorable* seem to have produced any instance in Shakespeare of a similar use of *in* in composition. How easily the letter *o* might be mistaken for *ec*, and *vice versa*, is evident to all those who are acquainted with MSS. of Shakespeare's time.

285. Line 131: *Pythagoras*.—Compare Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 54, 55: "What is the opinion of *Pythagoras* concerning wild fowl?" *Pythagoras*, the great philosopher, was born at Samos. He flourished from 540 to 510 B.C. What his exact philosophical opinions were is not known. There are very great discrepancies in the various accounts given of the tenets which he held. His main object seems to have been to establish a secret brotherhood living a life more or less ascetic, at the same time that they cultivated to the full their intellectual capacities. It is certain that he believed in the transmigration of souls of one human being into another; but whether he believed in the peculiar doctrine referred to here, that is to say, the transmigration of souls from animals into men, and *vice versa*, is doubtful. But there is no doubt that one of the main principles of his philosophy was that the soul was capable of a process of purification, and that having been exalted to nobler forms of life in corporeal form, at last it attained to an invisible and spiritual existence. The society he established has been compared in some respects to that founded by Loyola. It is certain that his disciples exercised the great influence which they possessed in the cause of oligarchy and against democracy.

286. Lines 133-137: This passage may have been suggested by a story given by Pliny (bk. viii. c. xxii.) "of one *Dæmonetus Parrhasius*, That he upon a time at a cer-

tain solemn sacrifice (which the Arcadians celebrated in the honour of Jupiter Lyceus) tasted of the inwards of a child that was killed for a sacrifice, according to the manner of the Arcadians (which even was to shed man's blood in their divine service) and so was turned into a wolf: and the same man ten yeeres after, became a man againe, was present at the exercise of publicke games, wrestled, did his devoir, and went away with victorie home againe from Olympia" (Holland's translation, vol. i. p. 207).

287. Line 142: *CURELESS ruin*.—So Qq.; Ft. have *endless*.

288. Line 169: *CAME you from old Bellario?*—So Ft.; Qq. have *Come*. But the past tense seems more consonant with Portia's answer, "I *did*, my lord."

289. Line 170: *take your place*.—This would probably be either by the side of, or just below the duke.

290. Lines 178, 179:

the Venetian law

Cannot IMPUGN you as you do proceed.

Impugn is only used in one other passage by Shakespeare, in II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 281:

It skills not greatly who *impugns* our doom.

291. Lines 184-202.—Compare Cyril Tourneur's *Atheist's Tragedie*, iii. 4, where Castabella intercedes to her father on behalf of her lover:

O Father, Mercie is an attribute
As high as Justice, an essentiall part
Of his unbounded goodness, whose divine
Impression, forme, and image man should beare!
And, me thinks, Man should love to imitate
His Mercie, since the onely countenance
Of Justice were destruction, if the sweet
And loving fauour of his mercie did
Not mediate betwene it and our weakness.

—Works, vol. i. p. 93.

292. Line 190: *His sceptre SHOWS the force of temporal power*.—The Clarendon Press edd. (p. 119) explain *shows* = "is the emblem of," quoting two lines from an anonymous epigram written on the Duke of Marlborough's bridge at Blenheim:

The lofty arch his high ambition *shows*,
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.

But surely it is not necessary to give the word any other meaning than that of "demonstrates" "teaches," in which sense it is used not unfrequently.

293. Lines 199-202.—Exception has been taken to this part of Portia's speech as being founded on Christian doctrine, and out of place when addressed to a Jew; but surely there are many passages in the Psalms which would justify such an appeal, even to the strictest followers of the old religion.

294. Line 208: *discharge the money*; i.e. pay the money due. Compare iii. 2. 276:

The present money to *discharge* the Jew.

295. Line 210: *TWICE the sum*.—So Qq. Ft.; Dyce reads *thrice*, following Ritson's conjecture, in order to make this offer of Bassanio correspond with the words of Portia, line 227:

Shylock, there's *thrice* thy money offer'd thee.

But there is no necessity for any alteration of the text here. Portia has already (see iii. 2. 309 above) offered to give Bassanio enough to pay the Jew twenty times over; and compare again above in the same speech (lines 301, 302), where she says:

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that.

Bassanio, in the very next line (211) says that he will pay it (i.e. the sum) "ten times o'er." Portia, in the character of the doctor of law, would hardly offer more than was necessary; and she was quite justified in increasing Bassanio's offer of twice the sum to three times the sum. It is also to be noted that Bassanio is here repeating the definite offer he made above (line 84) of *six* thousand ducats in place of *three*, and it is remarkable that in Shylock's answer (lines 85, 86):

If every ducat in *six thousand* ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,

he practically says that he would not accept twelve times the amount, which is exactly what Portia proposed to offer in her speech already quoted, iii. 2. 300-302.

296. Line 223.—*A Daniel come to judgment!*—The allusion is of course to The History of Susanna, or 13th chapter of Daniel, in the Apocrypha.

297. Line 251: *How much more elder art thou than thy looks!*—So in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 6. 76: *more larger*; in Tempest, i. 2. 19, *more better*; Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 121, *most boldest*; iii. 2. 187, *most unkindest*.

298. Lines 252-254:

*Ay, his breast:
So says the bond.—doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.*

For Shylock's original proposal see i. 3. 149-152. We must suppose that, when the bond was drawn, these special conditions were inserted. In the story of Giannetto (see Introduction) no particular spot is mentioned throughout the trial. In the ballad of Gernutus, the Jew says:

For I will have my pound of flesh
From under his *right side*.

—Hazlitt, part i. vol. i. p. 378.

299. Line 255: *balance*.—Cotgrave gives: *balance*; "a paire of weights or ballances." The plural was very rarely used in Shakespeare's time. Compare Lily's Midas, i. 1: "the *ballance* she holdeth are not to wey the right of the cause, but the weight of the bribe" (Works, vol. ii. p. 9).

300. Lines 257-262.—It does not appear to have been noticed, by any of the commentators, that this incident of Portia asking Shylock to have a surgeon by, at his charge, to stop the wounds of Antonio is introduced, not qly to heighten the cruelty of the Jew, but also to prepare for his condemnation out of his own mouth. He insists here upon the exact performance of every letter of the bond, neither more nor less, and the exclusion of every condition not expressly nominated in the bond; therefore he has no ground for complaint, when he himself is defeated by a technical objection of the same kind on the part of Portia.

301. Line 272: *Of such a misery doth she cut me off.*—So F. 2, F. 3, K. 4; Qq. F. 1 omit *a*. The Clarendon Press edd.

(p. 121) say that *misery* is used with the accent on the second syllable in King John, iii. 4. 35, 36:

And buss thee as thy wife! *Misery's* love,
O, come to me!

But that is one of the most marked instances of the omission of a syllable from a dramatic motive, the hiatus being naturally supplied by the emotion of the speaker. (Compare Richard II. note 170; King John, note 312.) The use of the indefinite article with *misery* is rather weak, and perhaps one of the proposed emendations for *such*, e.g. *so much*, the conjecture of the Cambridge edd., would be preferable; but anything is better than pronouncing *misery*, *miséry*, for which there is no authority whatever.

302. Line 277: *Whether Bassanio had not once a LOVE.*—Dyce adopts the very unnecessary emendation of the Collier MS. *lover*. Love is used = "friend" frequently in the Sonnets, especially in Sonnet xlii. 1, "but, *love*, you are, &c.," and 13, "Dear *my love*, you know, &c." where there can be no doubt that it is used of a male friend, as may be seen from the context. Another passage, which bears out this use of *love*, is in King John, iii. 4. 61-67:

O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do grieve themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

303. Line 281: *I'll pay it INSTANTLY with all my heart.*—Q. 1 reads *presently*. This sorry jest adds to, rather than decreases, the pathos of this beautiful speech. Many instances will occur to the reader of similar flickers of humour in the most solemn moments. Charles the Second's remark that he "had been a most unconscionable time dying" (Macaulay, vol. ii. p. 12, edn. 1874) is a well-known instance of this propensity.

304. Lines 288, 289:

*Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.*

This touch of the woman peeping out in Portia, as well as in Nerissa (see lines 293, 294 below), is thoroughly Shakespearian.

305. Line 296: *Would any of the stock of BARRABAS.*—This name is so spelt in Tyndale's and Coverdale's version, though in the Authorized Version it is spelt *Barabbas*, and is accented, of course, on the second syllable. Probably Shakespeare was thinking more of Marlowe's Jew of Malta, where the word is spelt and pronounced invariably *Bárabab*, not *Barabbas*.

306. Line 311: *consecrate*.—This form of the past participle is found not only in verbs derived from the first conjugation in Latin, e.g. II. Henry VI. v. 2. 37:

He that is truly *dedicate* to war:

but also in others, for instance in Hamlet, iii. 1. 163: "*deject* and wretched." *Consecrate* = "consecrated" occurs with tolerable frequency, see Mids. Night's Dream, note 289. Compare Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 134, 135:

And that this body, *consecrate* to thee,
By ruffian lust should be *contaminate*.

307. Line 31s: *I take THIS offer, then;—pay the bond thrice.*—So Qq. Ff. Capell altered *this* to *his*, an unnecessary emendation which Dyce adopted, considering the reading of the old copies indefensible (see above, note 295). Bassanio had offered twice the sum which Portia, as judicial assessor, increased to thrice. Surely there is no necessity for altering the text here. *This* would mean "*this offer*," that is, the one before the court, an offer by which Portia, in the character of Bellario, and Bassanio would alike be bound.

308. Lines 327-330:

*Or less than a just pound,—be 't but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple.*

The Clarendon Press edd. have a rather long note on this passage, from which we quote the latter part (p. 121): "There is a climax in Portia's threat: first, if it be lighter or heavier, *i.e.* according to ordinary tests; then, if it weigh less or more by a single grain; thirdly, if the scale be uneven by a single hair's breadth. The turning of the scale is estimated in the first instance by the eye. Possibly, however, it may mean that the *weight* of a hair would redress the balance." They would interpret *substance*—"in the mass," "in the gross weight;" but the ordinary interpretation of the passage is surely the most simple, *i.e.* "a grain." We should have expected a repetition of the preposition before the *division* if the explanation of the Clarendon edd. were the right one. The meaning is, "if Shylock took more than a pound, only exceeding the amount by a whole or the fraction of a grain." It is a curious coincidence that, in the story told by Gregorio Leti, in his life of Sixtus V. as translated by Ellis Farnsworth, 1754, the pope says to Secchi: "for if you cut but a *scruple* or *grain* more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged!" (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 167).

309. Line 357: *predicament*.—It is worth noting that this word is originally a term in logic, being equivalent to "category." Compare I. Henry IV. i. 3. 168, 169:

To show the line and the *predicament*
Wherein you range under this subtle king.

310. Line 362: *The danger FORMERLY by me rehears'd.*—This was altered by Warburton without any reason to *formally*, an emendation which Dyce adopts. The use in legal documents of *formerly* for "above" is illustrated by an extract from the Will of Sir Robert Hitcham (p. 122), given by the Clarendon edd.: "And if the said college shall wilfully refuse to perform this my will: Then, I will, that this my Devise unto them shall be void; and I do Devise the same unto Emanuel College, in Cambridge, in the same manner and form, as it is *formerly* devised unto Pembroke-Hall, and to the same Uses, Intents, Trusts, and Purposes." (Loder, Hist. of Framlingham, p. 207)."

311. Line 373: *Ay, for the state,—not for Antonio.*—This is an excellent touch. Portia, it must be remembered, in the character of Bellario, was not Antonio's advocate. She was, as has been already said, a judicial assessor or referee; but she takes advantage of her legal position to defend the interests of her husband's friend.

312. Lines 374-377.—It is remarkable that Shylock's passionate love of money is made by Shakespeare to assume here not only a dignified but a pathetic aspect. For a brief time vengeance had overpowered avarice in his heart; but immediately that he sees his scheme of revenge is defeated, avarice resumes its sway. He only loses his temper for a moment (see above, line 346), when he finds that he is going to be deprived not only of his revenge but of the money he had lent. It is a marvellous *tour de force*, which none but a great dramatist could effect, to enlist the sympathies of the audience for Shylock in his defeat. Despicable as his motives have been throughout, it is impossible not to feel that the overwhelming nature of that defeat should have protected him from the taunts of Gratiano. As he leaves the court crushed and humbled, sick in mind if not in body, we cannot but sympathize with him, in spite of the cruel purpose which he has tried relentlessly to carry out.

313. Lines 382-385:

*so he will let me have
The other half IN USE, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.*

The exact meaning of the words *in use* has been very much disputed; and it must be confessed that the whole passage is rather obscure at first sight. Antonio would seem to ask that the half of Shylock's property should be made over to him, for his own use, till Shylock's death; when the principal should go absolutely to Lorenzo; but in that case we should have expected rather "upon my death" than "upon his death," an emendation which, in fact, Johnson proposed. But there is little doubt that what Antonio really means is, that he should hold the half of Shylock's fortune *in trust* for Lorenzo, paying him an income during Shylock's life, and the principal at his death. Some have explained it that Shylock was to receive the interest during his lifetime; but that cannot be right, for Shylock was allowed to retain the one half of his fortune for life, and, unless some such provision as Antonio proposes had been made, Lorenzo and Jessica would have had no income at all to live on, except what they earned. Antonio did not lend or borrow upon interest; but he was too good a man of business to let money lie idle. He would probably employ the capital to advantage in his own ventures.

314. Line 387: *He presently become a Christian.*—This sudden "conversion to order" is most repugnant to our feelings; but it is thoroughly consistent with the religion of the time in which Shakespeare lived, when both Roman Catholic and Protestant thought that an instantaneous change of faith, made under strong persuasion (to say nothing of torture), was equivalent to real conversion.

315. Line 399: *Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more; i.e.* enough to make a jury of twelve; an old joke.

316. Line 402: *I humbly do desire your grace of pardon.*—Compare *Mids. Night's Dream*, iii. 1. 185: "I shall desire you of more acquaintance."

317. Line 412: *We freely COME your courteous pains*

WITHAL.—The meaning of *cope* here is a very unusual one. It is equivalent to *reward*. It seems that *cope with* and *cope withal* are used frequently by Shakespeare, generally in the sense of encountering in a hostile manner; or, in one or two cases, as in *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 60:

As e'er my conversation *cop'd withal*,

without any idea of hostility. The word can also bear the sense of "to exchange," "to barter," as in *copeman* (see Nares, *sub voce*), which is the same as *chapman*, and *cope* was derived like that word from *ceap*=trade.

Withal is here used for *with*, and governs *three thousand ducats* in the line above. It is generally used absolutely, as in line 450 below: "his deservings, and my love *withal*," meaning "with this and in addition to." When used as a preposition, it always occurs after the noun which it governs, generally at the end of the sentence. The Clarendon Press edd. (p. 123) compare it with the French preposition, now obsolete, *atout*.

318. Line 418: *My mind was never yet more mercenary*.—The meaning is, "My mind was never more mercenary than to look on the satisfaction of having done a good deed as sufficient reward."

319. Lines 426, 427:

[To Antonio] *Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;* •

[To Bassanio] *And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.*

The Clarendon Press edd. are undoubtedly right in inserting at line 426 the stage-direction [To Antonio] and at line 427 [To Bassanio]. It is from the former that Portia takes the gloves, from the latter that she asks for the ring.

320. Line 451: *Be VALUED against your wife's COMMANDMENT*.—Q. 1 has

Be valew'd gainst your wifes commandment.

If the *ed* in *valued* be elided *commandment* must be read as a quadrisyllable. *Commandment* is generally used as a trisyllable in Shakespeare. There are only two other passages in which it is undoubtedly used as a quadrisyllable, the one (I. Henry VI. i. 3. 20):

From him I have express *commandment*;

the other in the *Passionate Pilgrim* (line 418):

They have at *commandment*,

It seems better, in spite of Dyce's objection, to spell the word *commandment* (as is the practice in F. 1), when it is used thus as a quadrisyllable, in order to distinguish it from *commandment*. Following the reading of F. 1 in this passage, we have not elided the *ed* in *valued*, nor the *a* in *against*; but we have preferred to print *commandment* instead of *commandment* as F. 1 does, apparently by mistake: for when the word is intended to be pronounced as a trisyllable, F. 1 prints it either with the mark of elision, thus, *com^hand'ment*, or *commandment* (see in F. 1 (*inter alia*), As You Like It, ii. 7. 109; *Hamlet*, i. 5. 102).

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

321. Line 15: *We shall have OLD swearing*.—Compare *Merry Wives*, i. 4. 5: "here will be an *old* abusing of God's patience."

ACT V. SCENE 1.

322. Line 1.—There is a remarkable similarity between the first part of this scene and a scene in the anonymous play of *Wily Beguiled*, already referred to in the Introduction:

Sophos. . . .

• In such a night did Paris win his love.

Letia. In such a night Æneas prov'd unkind.

Sophos. In such a night did Troilus court his dear.

Letia. In such a night fair Phillis was betray'd.

Sophos. I'll prove as true as ever Troilus was.

Letia. And I as constant as Penelope.

Sophos. Then let us solace, and in love's delight

And sweet embracings spend the livelong night;

And whilst love mounts her on her wanton wings,

Let's descendant run on music's silver strings.

—Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 315.

The resemblance is too close to be accidental. The probability is that Shakespeare, in this case, was the imitated and not the imitator. In *Romeo and Juliet*, note 156, another somewhat similar case of resemblance between passages in the two plays is pointed out.

Many critics have remarked the charming contrast of this bright and merry act with the preceding one. In scarcely any of his later plays has Shakespeare excelled this scene, as far as pure comedy goes. It is a very great pity that the whole act is too often omitted when the play is put on the stage.

323. Line 4: *Troilus methinks mounted the TROYAN walls*.—This line is evidently suggested by the following passage in Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide* (v. 686):

Upon the walles faste eke would he walke.

—Minor Poems, vol. ii. p. 224.

We have, as before, preserved the old spelling of *Trojan*.

There is no doubt that the allusions to classical stories in this scene were suggested by Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women*, which, in the old Folio edition, comes immediately after *Troilus and Creseide*. *Dido and Medea* being introduced in that poem in the same order as they are here.

324. Lines 10–12:

Stood Dido with a willow in her hand

Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love

To come again to Carthage.

It would seem that Shakespeare's acquaintance with Virgil was very slight (see II. Henry VI. note 193). This description of Dido is most probably taken from Chaucer's description of Ariadne. In both cases the false lovers (Theseus and Æneas) stole away from the sides of their sleeping wives. The passage Shakespeare had in his mind was probably the following from Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women* (lines 2198, 2201):

Her kercheve on a pole sticcked she,

Ascaunce he should it wel yse,

And him remembre that she was behind,

And turne againe, and on the stronde her find.

—Minor Poems, vol. ii. p. 330.

The association of the *willow* with rejected love seems to have been of early date. Shakespeare refers to it in III. Henry VI. iv. 1. 100, "wear the *willow*-garland;" and, in the well-known song in *Othello* (iv. 3), as typical of Desdemona's deserted condition.

325. Line 11: *WAST her love*.—So Qq. Ff. Most modern editors follow Theobald in reading *ward*. But there is no necessity for the change. See King John, ii. 1. 73.

326. Line 17: *In such a night*.—Here, and below in line 20, the beginning of Lorenzo's speech, most modern editors insert *And*, on the authority of some copies of F. 2. But it must be observed that lines 12 and 14 above have both of them a superfluous syllable: and though the insertion of *And* here, and below in line 20, certainly completes the metre, and perhaps may be defended on the ground that each of these speeches is the final one, in which both speakers respectively introduce the phrase *In such a night* for the last time; yet it is better, on the whole, to follow Qq. and F. 1 in omitting the *And*, which, according to the metre, would require to be emphasized in both cases, a fault that Shakespeare is generally very careful to avoid.

327. Line 21: *shreiv*.—So Q. 1; all the other old copies have *shrow*. We have followed the rule of spelling this word in the modern way when the rhyme does not require that it should be pronounced *shrow*.

328. Line 23: *STEPHANO is my name; and I bring word*.—This name, incorrectly accented here, is correctly accented in the Tempest. Stokes (p. 65) says: "Mr. Skottowe (Life of Shakespeare, vol. ii. p. 327, note) therefore thinks Shakespeare learnt the true pronunciation from the first draft of Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour (1598)."

329. Line 31: *By HOLY CROSSES, where she kneels and prays*.—There is no reference here, as Steevens seemed to think, to the *crossee* erected by Edward III. (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 136). Crosses are erected, in all Roman Catholic countries, on many spots to commemorate various events, from the birth of a saint to the death of a murdered person.

330. Line 39: *Sola, sola!*.—This is intended to be an imitation of a post-horn. We have added a stage-direction to that effect.

331. Lines 41, 42: *Sola!—did you see Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!*.—This is the reading of the Cambridge edd. Most modern edd. read: "*Sola!—did you see Master Lorenzo and Mrs. Lorenzo?—sola, sola!*" Q. 1 has *M. Lorenzo, M. Lorenzo; Q. 2, F. 1 M. Lorenzo, d. M. Lorenzo*, which latter becomes in F. 2 *M. Lorenzo, and M. Lorenzo*. From this it would seem that the printers of Q. 2, F. 1 inserted the sign for *et*, misled by the comma after the first *Lorenzo*, and perhaps some actor, in the part of Launcelot, thought it funny to insert *Mrs. Lorenzo* (as in F. 3, F. 4); but there is no reason why Launcelot should ask for Jessica or *Mrs. Lorenzo*, and below (line 46) he says, "Tell him there's a post come from my master." If he had previously asked for both, we should have expected him to say, "Tell them."

332. Line 49: *Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming*.—These words were added in the old copies, by mistake, to the preceding speech of Launcelot. They evidently belong to Lorenzo. They were first placed in their proper position by Rowe, who, however, printed *lore* instead of *soul*, the latter being the substitution of the

editor of F. 2. The printer's mistake may possibly have arisen from the fact that the actor of Launcelot, as he went out, echoed the first few words of Lorenzo's speech.

333. Line 53: *And bring your MUSIC forth into the air*.—For the use of *music*=musical instruments or a band of music compare Henry VIII. iv. 1. 90-92:

the choir,
With all the choicest *music* of the kingdom,
Together sung "Te Deum."

Also, below, line 98:

It is your *music*, madam, of the house.

334. Lines 55, 56:

*Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears.*

Reed quotes from Churchyard's Worthies of Wales (1587):

*A music sweete, that through our eares shall creepe,
By secret arte, and lull a man asleepe.*

—Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 138.

335. Line 59: *Is thick inlaid with PATINES of bright gold*.—Q. 1 has *pattens*; Q. 2, F. 1, Q. 3, Q. 4 *pattens*; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *pattens*. *Patine* (or *paten*, or *patin*, as it is variously spelt), from the Latin *patina*, is the small plate which is placed on the top of the chalice in the service of the mass, and is generally made of gold. The emendation is Malone's, and is evidently the right reading. The reading of F. 2, *pattens*, is sheer nonsense. Warburton would read *patens*, explaining the word as "a round broad plate of gold borne in heraldry" (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 138). Dyce quotes two passages from Silvester's Du Bartas, in which the stars are called "golden scutcheions" and "shields;" but the sense given to *patines* above seems to be the more appropriate one in this passage.

336. Lines 60-62:

*There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins.*

Shakespeare elsewhere refers to the music of the spheres. Compare Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 83, 84:

his voice was propertied

As all the tuned spheres.

And Twelfth Night, iii. 1. 121, "*music from the spheres*."

337. Line 62: *cherubins*.—Shakespeare uses the singular *cherubin* in that beautiful passage in Othello, where Othello apostrophizes patience (iv. 2. 63):

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd *cherubin*.

The correct plural in the Hebrew is *cherubim*; but the form *cherubin* has been adopted in nearly every European language, and therefore Shakespeare's plural is quite allowable.

338. Lines 63-65:

*Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.*

The idea of there being a kind of harmony in the human soul is one which finds different modes of expression in many poets. Milton seems to have imitated this passage in his Arcades (lines 71-73):

And the low world in measur'd motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould, with gross unpurg'd tag.

And perhaps in the following passage in *Comus* (lines 244-245):

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.

But Dr. Farmer gives a quotation from Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, book v.: "Touching musical harmony . . . so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think, that the *soul itself by nature is or hath in it harmony*" (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 140). In line 65 the reading is that of Q. 2; Q. 1, *Ff.* have in it, which is ambiguous. Dyce quotes very appositely:

Our walls of flesh, that *close our souls*, God knew too weak, and gave
A further guard, &c.

—Warner's *Albion's England*, book x. ch. lix. p. 258, ed. 1596.

339. Line 66: *Come, ho, and wake DIANA with a hymn!*
—*Diana*, that is, the moon. Compare below, line 109:
"the moon sleeps with Endymion;" and above, line 54:

How sweet the MOONLIGHT SLEEPS upon this bank!

The story of Endymion and Diana was evidently in Shakespeare's mind.

340. Line 72: *Or race of youthful and unhandled colts.*
—Compare Tempest, *iv.* 1. 175-178:

Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like *unback'd colts*, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music.

341. Lines 79, 80:

therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods.

Compare Two Gent. of Verona, *iii.* 2. 78-81:

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge Leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands;

and the song in Henry VIII. *iii.* 1. 3-14:

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze, &c.

342. Lines 83-88.—This passage, so often quoted, contains quite sufficient truth in it for the purpose of generalization. Steevens has a long and indignant note, in which he appeals from Shakespeare's opinion of unmusical people to Lord Chesterfield, who thought "piping and fiddling" unbecoming a man of fashion (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 142). But it is not necessary—even supposing the opinion of that monster of affectation and hypocrisy to be worthy of attention—for a man to play any musical instrument himself in order to be fond of music; and it is undoubtedly a general truth that men or women with no love of music are themselves very unlovable creatures. Shakespeare's condemnation of persons without any ear for music would seem to include the gentle *Elia*, who confessed "he had no ear," but even he was deeply moved by the singing of Braham.

343. Lines 104-106:

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

The same idea is found in Sonnet cii. 7-12:

As *Philomel* in summer's front doth sing
And stops her pipe in growth of ripper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

244. Lines 107, 108:

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!

The meaning is: "How many things, by being limited to their proper season, obtain due appreciation and true perfection."

345. Line 109: *Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion.*—Qq. *Ff.* have "Peace *how*." The old reading is vigorously defended by Knight; but there can be no doubt that, in this case, as in many others, the old copies have printed *how* for *ho*; so in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 43: "Ware pensils, *ho!*" (Qq. and *Ff.* have *How*), and again in *Hamlet*, *iii.* 4. 22: "What, *ho!* help, help!" and many others. It is also evident from the old stage-direction *music ceases*, that after the next line Portia intends here to silence the music, which has up to now been playing, and has prevented Lorenzo and Jessica hearing her approach or her conversation with Nerissa. In *Julius Caesar*, *i.* 2. 1, we have "Peace, *ho!* Caesar speaks," where the same expression is used to silence the music.

346. Lines 112, 113:

He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

The Clarendon Press edd. say: "This must refer to a proverb importing that there are cases in which a blind man is at no disadvantage as compared with any other man" (p. 127). But is not the meaning perfectly simple? A blind man cannot see the gallant who is making love to his wife, but can tell him only by his voice.

347. Lines 114, 115:

We have been praying for our husbands' WELFARE,
WHICH speed, we hope, the better for our words.

So Q. 2, *Ff.*, Q. 3, Q. 4; Q. 1 reads *husband health*, which Pope changed to "*husbands' healths*." The alteration from *health* to *welfare* was probably made by Shakespeare on account of the latter sounding much better to the ear. *Which* used for *who* refers to the husbands.

348. Line 121: [A tucket sounds.—*Tucket* is derived from the Italian *toccata*. Florio has, "*Toccata d'un musico*, a præludium that cunning musicians use to play, as it were voluntarily before any set lesson."

349. Line 129: *Let me give LIGHT, but let me not be LIGHT.*—For this play on the word *light* compare above, *ii.* 6. 42, and *iii.* 2. 91. It is very common in Shakespeare and in writers of his time.

350. Line 132: *But God sort all!*—Compare Richard III. *ii.* 3. 38: "but, if God *sort* it so;" and in *II. Henry VI.* *ii.* 4. 68, "*sort* thy heart to patience," where the verb is used, in a somewhat similar sense, with the preposition to.

351. Line 132: [Gratiano and Nerissa converse apart.—We have inserted this stage-direction, as it is evident from line 142 below, that they had been talking together before Gratiano's speech.

352. Line 136: *You should in all SENSE be much bound to him.*—Lettsom queries here whether *sense* is plural=*senses*. *Sense* is used as="reason" by Shakespeare in more than one passage, e.g. in Comedy of Errors, ii. 1. 22: Indued with intellectual *sense* and souls.

And Mids. Night's Dream, iii. 2. 27:

Their *sense* thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong.

But the meaning which Schmidt gives the phrase="in every respect" may be the right one. He compares Taming of the Shrew, v. 2. 141:

And in no *sense* is meet or amiable.

There is possibly an intentional play on the word, "in all *sense*," that is to say "in all reason," or "in every meaning of the word."

353. Line 141: BREATHING courtesy.—Compare Macbeth, v. 3. 27: "mouth-honour, *breath*."

354. Line 145: *That she did give to me; whose posy was.*—Qq. Ff. omit *to*, which Steevens supplied for the sake of the metre. Compare above, line 143:

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.

355. Lines 143-150.—Q. 1, Ff. have *poesie*; Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 *posie*. Compare Hamlet, iii. 2. 162:

Is this a prologue, or the *posy* of a ring.

It was the practice, apparently, to inscribe doggerel verses on knives as well as on rings. See Dekker's Satiromastix: "You shall swear by Phœbus (who is your Poets good Lord and Master,) that heere-after you will not hyre Horace, to give you *poesies* for rings, or hand-kerchers, or *knives* which you vnderstand not" (Works, vol. i. p. 261).

356. Line 162: *a little SCRUBBED boy.*—This word is exactly similar to the more modern *scrub*, used of anything that is stunted, and is essentially the same word as *shrub*. Florio gives "An ill-favoured *scrub*, un *sparu-taccio*," which is explained in the Italian part of the dictionary as "a man that through sickness, long imprisonment, or other accident is much consumed, worn away, and looks very ill;" and Cotgrave gives under *Marpaut* "An ill-favoured *scrubbe*, a little ouglie, or swartie wretch."

357. Line 169: *And riveted with faith unto your flesh.*—Qq. Ff. have "And so riveted." We follow Dyce in omitting *so*. It may very probably have got into this line by the compositor's eye catching the *so* in line 167.

358. Line 175: *You give your wife too unkind cause of grief.*—Qq. Ff. have "unkind a cause;" again we follow Dyce in omitting the *a*.

359. Line 201: *Or your own honour to contain the ring.*—This is a very awkward construction; the meaning is: "How much it concerns your honour to keep the ring safe."

360. Lines 205, 206:

wanted the modesty

To urge the thing held as a CEREMONY.

The construction here is extremely obscure and faulty. The meaning is "what man would have been so unreasonably wanting in modesty as to urge you to give up the thing which you held as sacred?" As regards this use of *ceremony*, in a passage in Hakluyt's Voyages (vol. i. p. 114), quoted by Richardson, we have, "for lacke of instruction they omitted the foresayde *ceremonie*," i.e. "the crosse with the image of Jesus Christ." And in Julius Cæsar, i. 1. 60, 70:

disrobe the images,

If you do find them deck'd with *ceremonies*,

which is explained below in same play, 73, 74:

let no images

Be hung with Cæsar's *trophies*.

361. Line 214: *Even he that HAD held up the very life.*—So all Qq. (except Q. 1) and Ff. Q. 1 has *did uphold*; a reading which some editors prefer. But, as what Bellario had done for Antonio was a *completed* act, the reading of the text is better grammar and better sense.

362. Line 220: *blessed candles of the night.*—This is a favourite expression of Shakespeare. Compare Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 9: "Night's *candles* are burnt out;" and Sonnet xxi. 12:

As those gold *candles* fix'd in heaven's air;

and Macbeth, ii. 1. 5.

363. Line 237: *I'll mar the young clerk's pen.*—Gratiano means he will geld him.

364. Lines 242, 243:

*I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself.*

See King John, note 117.

365. Line 262: *In lieu of THIS.*—Grant White would read *In lieu of THEE*; but *in lieu of* is constantly used as "in return for." Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 1. 129-131: "I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, *in lieu thereof*, impose on thee nothing but this."

366. Line 266: *Speak not so grossly.*—This rebuke comes rather strangely from Portia, considering the freedom of language in which she has indulged. Not that there is any harm in what she says, though modern prudery does not allow it to be spoken on the stage; but, perhaps, she thought that the joke had been carried far enough, and that Gratiano's pleasantry might not be so innocent.

367. Line 298: *And charge us there upon intergatories.*—This is another instance of the strangely familiar acquaintance which Shakespeare so frequently shows with legal terms. The Clarendon Press edd. (p. 129) quote from Lord Campbell's Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements: "In the Court of Queen's Bench, when a complaint is made against a person for a 'contempt,' the practice is that before sentence is finally pronounced he is sent into the crown office, and being there 'charged upon *interrogatories*' he is made to swear that he will 'answer all things faithfully.'" Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, note 11, and Romeo and Juliet, note 164.

WORDS PECULIAR TO MERCHANT OF VENICE.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN MERCHANT OF VENICE.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in Q. 1, Q. 2, and F. 1.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Abridged ¹ (from) i. 1 126	Cutler's..... v. 1 149	Inscribed..... ii. 7 72	Portrait..... ii. 9 54
Appropriation. 4. 2 46	Cut-throat (adj.) i. 3 112	Insculp'd..... ii. 7 57	Publican..... i. 3 42
Ash-Wednesday ii. 5 26	Description ¹⁵ iii. 2 303	Inspirations ²⁷ i. 2 31	*Rash-embraced iii. 2 109
Attempt ² (verb) ii. 1 39	Disabled ¹⁶ i. 1 123	Intercessors..... iii. 3 16	Rasher..... iii. 5 28
Bag-piper..... i. 1 53	Division ¹⁷ iv. 1 329	Interior (sub.)..... ii. 9 28	Sand-blind..... ii. 2 38, 77
Bane (verb)..... iv. 1 46	Docked..... i. 1 27	Interposer..... iii. 2 329	Scarfed..... ii. 6 15
Bar ³ (verb)..... ii. 2 268	Eanlings..... i. 3 80	Ivory ²⁸ (sub.)..... iii. 1 42	Scrubbed..... v. 1 162, 261
Bechanced ⁴ i. 1 33	Exhortation..... i. 1 104	Keeness..... iv. 1 125	Shadowed (adj.) ii. 1 2
*Best-conditioned ⁵ iii. 2 295	Fall ¹⁸ (verb trans.) i. 3 89	Knapped ²⁹ iii. 1 120	She-bear..... ii. 1 20
*Best-esteemed ii. 2 131	*Feather-bed .. ii. 2 173	*Land-rats i. 3 23	Shuddering ³⁴ (vb.) iii. 2 110
*Best-regarded ii. 1 10	Ferry..... iii. 4 53	*Land-thieves.. i. 3 23	Slubber ³⁵ ii. 8 39
*Black-Monday ii. 5 25	*Fill-horse..... ii. 2 100	Laughable..... i. 1 56	Snail-slow..... ii. 5 47
Boards ⁶ (sub.)..... i. 3 22	Flat ¹⁹ { i. 1 26	*Love-news..... ii. 4 14	Snaky..... iii. 2 92
Brassy..... iv. 1 31	{ iii. 1 6	*Mad-woman .. iv. 1 445	Sonties ³⁶ ii. 2 46
Breed ⁷ i. 3 135	Floor ²⁰ v. 1 58	Manna..... v. 1 294	Squandered ³⁷ i. 3 22
Burial ⁸ i. 1 29	Fore-spurrer .. ii. 9 95	Mantle (verb intrans.) i. 1 89	Stockish..... v. 1 81
Busbells..... i. 1 116	Forfeit ²¹ (verb) iii. 1 53, 132	Merchandise ³⁰ iii. 1 133	Swan-like..... iii. 2 44
Cater-cousins .. ii. 2 139	Formerly ²² iv. 1 362	Merchant-marring iii. 2 274	Synagogue iii. 1 134, 135
Cereloth..... ii. 7 51	Frutify..... ii. 2 142	Mesh..... { i. 2 22	Table ³⁸ ii. 2 168
Ceremoniously. v. 1 37	Fulsome ²³ i. 3 87	{ iii. 2 122	*Table-talk iii. 5 93
Cheer ⁹ (verb) .. iii. 5 75	Garnish (sub.) .. ii. 6 45	Misbeliever.... i. 3 112	Title ³⁹ ii. 9 35
Colt ¹⁰ (sub.)... i. 2 44	Gauge..... ii. 2 208	Negro..... iii. 5 42	Traffickers i. 1 12
Compromised ¹¹ i. 3 79	Gentile..... ii. 6 54	*New-varnished ii. 9 49	Traject..... iii. 4 53
Conveniently ¹² ii. 3 45	Grow (to) ²⁴ ii. 2 20	Notary ³¹ i. 3 145, 173	*Treasure-house ii. 9 34
Corruptly..... ii. 9 42	Gudgeon..... i. 1 102	Obliged..... ii. 6 7	Tried ⁴⁰ (verb).. { i. 7 53
Courtship ¹³ .. ii. 8 48	Guiled..... iii. 2 97	O'ertrip..... v. 1 7	{ ii. 9 63, 64
Cream (verb) .. i. 1 38	Heat (verb intrans.) i. 1 81	Outbrave ³² i. 1 28	*True-begotten ii. 2 37
Crisped..... iii. 2 92	High-day (adj.) ii. 9 98	Out-dwells ii. 6 3	Turquoise..... iii. 1 126
Cursed'st ¹⁴ ii. 1 46	*High-gravel-blind ii. 2 39	Out-night (verb) v. 1 23	Two-headed... i. 1 50
	Hive (verb)..... ii. 5 43	Over-name..... i. 2 39	Unbated ⁴¹ ii. 6 11
	Hood ²⁵ ii. 6 51	Over-weathered ii. 6 18	Unchecked ⁴² iii. 1 2
	Hovel-post..... ii. 2 72	Parti-coloured. i. 3 89	Underprizing.. { i. 1 165
	Huddled ²⁶ (intrans.) iv. 1 28	Patines..... v. 1 59	{ ii. 7 53
	Impenetrable... iii. 3 18	Peasantry..... ii. 9 46	Undervalued... { i. 1 165
	Inscription.... ii. 7 4, 14	Peering ³³ (verb) i. 1 19	Unforfeited.... ii. 6 7
		Pork..... { i. 3 34	Unhandled ⁴³ .. v. 1 72
		{ iii. 5 39	
		Pork-eaters.... iii. 5 27	

1 = cut off. *Abridge* = to shorten occurs in *Two Gent. of Verona*, iii. 1. 245, and two other passages.

2 = to try; used frequently, but never, as here, followed by an infinitive. 3 = to except.

4 Used absolutely.

5 *Conditioned* = limited; occurs in *Timon*, iv. 3. 833.

6 Of a ship. This word is used in various senses elsewhere by Shakespeare.

7 Used figuratively; literally "offspring," in which sense it is used only once, in *Sonn.* xii. 14.

8 = place of burial, grave.

9 = to fare.

10 = foolish young fellow.

11 = agreed. Shakespeare does not use the verb "to compromise" anywhere.

12 = suitably.

13 = wooing. In *Rich. II.* i. 4. 24 *courtship* is used in a very similar sense with the preposition to.

14 = most wretched. Shakespeare uses *accursed* = miserable, but not *cursed* or *curst*.

15 = kind, sort.

16 = impaired. Also *Sonn.*

ixvi. 8. 17 = fraction.

18 = to bring forth.

19 = a sand-bank.

20 = level space; "the floor of heaven." Floor, in its ordinary sense, occurs three times, *Mids. Night's Dream*, v. 1. 223; and in *Cymbeline*, iii. 6. 50; iv. 2. 212.

21 = not to keep an obligation.

22 = above, previously.

23 = lustful, wanton.

24 See note 124.

25 Sense doubtful; see note 173; *hoods* = monks' cowls, occurs in *Henry VIII.* iii. 1. 23.

26 See note 274.

27 = inspired thoughts. *Inspiration* (in the sing.) = the operation of divine power, occurs twice, in *Comedy of Errors*, ii. 2. 169, and *I. Henry VI.* v. 4. 40.

28 *Venus and Adonis*, 363.

29 = to break into small pieces. Occurs in *Lear* (in *Ff.* only) in the sense of "to rap."

30 = trade, commerce.

31 *Lucrece*, 765 (in figurative sense).

32 Occurs in the sense of "to excel in bravery of dress or appearance" in *Sonn.* xciv. 12.

33 = prying.

34 *Venus and Adonis*, 880.

35 = slur; used in one other passage in a different sense, in *Othello*, i. 3. 227. 36 See note 132.

37 = scattered about; occurs in *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 57, in a different sense.

38 = the palm of the hand.

39 = an inscription.

40 = refined by fire.

41 = undiminished. In the sense of "unblunted" in *Hamlet*, iv. 7. 139; v. 2. 328.

42 = uncontradicted; occurs in one other passage, in a different sense, in *Timon*, iv. 3. 447.

43 = not broken in; occurs in one other passage, in a different sense, in *Henry VIII.* iii. 2. 58.

WORDS PECULIAR TO MERCHANT OF VENICE.

	Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line
Unlesioned....	iii.	2	161	Usance.....	i.	3	46, 109, 142	*Water-rats....	i.	3	23	Wit-snapper ..	iii.	5	55
Unpleasantest ¹	iii.	2	254	Vinegar ² (adj.)	i.	1	54	*Water-thieves	i.	3	24	Wroth ⁴	ii.	9	78
Unwearied....	iii.	2	295	Want-wit	i.	1	6	Well-won ³	i.	3	51	Wry-necked...	ii.	5	30
								Wild-cat	ii.	5	48	*Young-eyed ..	v.	1	62

¹ This is the only form of the adj. <i>unpleasant</i> used in Shakespeare.	² Used as sub. II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 163; Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 158.	³ The reading of Qq.; Ff. have <i>well-worn</i> .	⁴ = SORROW.
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ORIGINAL EMENDATION ADOPTED.

Note

36. i. 1. 143. *To find the other forth; adventuring both.*

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED

Note

184. ii. 8. 33. *You were best tell Antonio what you hear.*

236. iii. 2. 163, 164.

STILL *happier* than this

She is not bred so dull but THAT she can learn.

248. iii. 2. 235. *The best-condition'd MOST unwearied spirit.*

So Lansdowne version.

KING HENRY IV—PART I

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, Prince of Wales, } sons to the King.
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, }

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.

HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.

HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his son.

EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.

RICHARD SCROOP, Archbishop of York.

ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

SIR MICHAEL, a friend to the Archbishop of York.

POINS.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.

LADY MORTIMER, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer

MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers,
and Attendants.

SCENE—Partly in England, partly in Wales.

HISTORIC PERIOD: from the defeat of Mortimer by Glendower, 12th June, 1402,
to the Battle of Shrewsbury, 21st July, 1403.

TIME OF ACTION (according to Daniel).

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1.—Interval: a week (?).

Day 2: Act I. Scene 3.—Interval: some three or
four weeks.

Day 3: Act II. Scene 3.—Interval: a week.

Day 4: Act III. Scene 1.—Interval: about a fort-
night.

Day 5: Act III. Scene 2.

Day 6: Act III. Scene 3.—Interval: a week.

Day 7: Act IV. Scene 1.—Interval: a few days.

Day 8: Act IV. Scene 2.

Day 9: Act IV. Scene 3.

Day 10: Act V. Scenes 1 to 5.

KING HENRY IV.—PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

The play was entered on the Stationers' Registers, under date of February 25, 1597-8, thus: "Andrew Wisse]: a booke intituled the Historye of Henry the iiiith, with his battaile at Shrewsburye against Henry Hottspurre of the Northe with the conceived Mirth of Sir John Falstaffe." In the same year a quarto edition appeared with the title-page as follows:

The | History of | Henrie the | Fovrth; |
With the battell at Shrewsburie, | *betweene*
the King and Lord | Henry Percy, surnamed
| Henrie Hotspur of | the North. | *With the*
humorous conceits of Sir | John Falstaffe. | AT
LONDON, | Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise,
dwelling | in Paules Churchyard, at the signe
of | the Angell. 1598.

On the 27th of June, 1603, three "Enterludes or plays" were entered on the Stationers' Registers to "Math. Lawe," one of which was "Henry the 4;" and four quarto editions were brought out by Lawe—in 1604, 1608, 1613, and 1622. The play, as it appears in F. 1 (1623), seems to have been printed from a partially corrected copy of the quarto of 1613 (Q. 4). A copy of the 1608 quarto was found in a Buckinghamshire village in 1905. (See Richard III.)

Lawe seems to have parted with his interest in the play to one Sheares, who issued another quarto edition in 1632; and yet another was published in 1639.

The play must have been written before 1598, as it is mentioned by Meres in that year; and the critics all put the date either in 1596 or 1597, the majority of the more recent ones favouring the latter year, which, on the whole, is the more probable. The reasons urged in behalf of 1596 by Chalmers and others will apply with almost equal force to 1597.

The question whether Part II. of Henry IV. was written before Part I. was published (as some have attempted to prove) will be considered in the introduction to that play.

The materials for both Parts of Henry IV. and Henry V. were derived from Holinshed's Chronicles and from the old play of The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth. In the latter a Sir John Oldcastle appears as one of the profligate companions of Prince Hal, and we have a variety of evidence that Shakespeare at first adopted this name for the character subsequently called Sir John Falstaff. In Q. 1 of II. Henry IV. (1600) the prefix *Old*. appears before one of Falstaff's speeches; and when the prince in i. 2. 48 calls the fat knight "my old lad of the castle," it is pretty certain that a play upon *Oldcastle* is intended. In the same play, iii. 2. 28, Falstaff is said to have been "page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk," as the historical Oldcastle actually was. In the present drama also the line (ii. 2. 115):

Away, good Ned, Falstaff sweats to death,

is metrically imperfect as it stands, which is probably due to the hurried substitution of *Falstaff* for *Oldcastle*, which satisfies the demands of the measure. As Dowden remarks: "This historical Oldcastle is better known as Lord Cobham, the Lollard martyr. Shakespeare changed the name because he did not wish wantonly to offend the Protestant party nor gratify the Roman Catholics (see II. Henry IV. epilogue). A Sir John Fastolfe had figured in the French wars of Henry VI.'s reign, and was introduced as playing a cowardly part in I. Henry VI. That he also was a Lollard appears not to have been suspected, but a tradition may have lingered of his connection with a certain Boar's Head Tavern, of

which Fastolfe was actually owner. By a slight modification of the name this Fastolfe of history became the more illustrious Falstaff of the dramatist's invention."

STAGE HISTORY.

This play appears to have been one of the most popular of Shakespeare's plays, perhaps the next most popular to *Hamlet* and *Othello*. The first representative of Falstaff was John Lowin, who is said to have been only twenty-one when, in 1597, he first created the character. His name appears among the list of actors prefixed to the First Folio; and it also appears among the names of the actors in *Sejanus* and other plays of Ben Jonson. But Collier thinks that he could not have been the original Falstaff, and that he could only have taken the part after it had been abandoned by Henslowe, or one of the older actors of the company. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that he was, for a long time, acknowledged as the representative of Falstaff; he continued to act the part with great applause till the year 1647, in which year theatres and other rational amusements were swept away by the dismal tyranny of fanaticism. During the time that he was unable to practise his art Lowin is said to have kept an inn, the Three Pigeons at Brentford, where he was in the habit of delighting his customers with some of Falstaff's speeches. According to some writers, he survived the Restoration, and is said to have imparted to Betterton many instructions which he had received from Shakespeare himself. According to other authorities, he died, at the ripe age of eighty-three, in 1659, either at Brentford or in London. The first representative of Falstaff, after the Restoration, was Cartwright, originally a bookseller in Holborn, but who became one of the recruits of the stage after theatres were reopened. Pepys mentions the First Part of Henry IV. no less than five times. The first occasion, on which he saw it, was 31st December, 1660, when he tells us that he bought a book of the play, and went to the theatre to see it acted, "but my expectation being too great, it did not please me, as otherwise I believe it would; and my having a book, I

believe did spoil it a little" [Pepys' Diary, ed. 1875 (vol. i. p. 235)]. Shakespeare seems always to have been a little too much for the gigantic intellect of Samuel Pepys; and he does not seem to have been quite able to make up his mind whether he liked this play or not. Under date November 2, 1667, when he saw I. Henry IV. at the King's Playhouse, he says: "contrary to expectation, was pleased in nothing more than in Cartwright's speaking of Falstaff's speech about 'What is honour?'" (vol. v. p. 83). Cartwright's successor, in the character of Falstaff, was Lacy, the same actor who made the alteration of *The Taming of the Shrew*. (See Introduction to that play, vol. iii. p. 143.)

The next great Falstaff was Betterton, who, after having played *Hotspur* with the greatest distinction, finding himself too old for that part, exchanged it for that of Falstaff; in which, singular to say, he seems to have distinguished himself scarcely less than in that of the heroic *Hotspur*. Davies, in his *Dramatic Miscellanies*, narrates an anecdote concerning Betterton's Falstaff, which is a strong proof of the modesty of that great artist. It appears that a certain master-paviour of Dublin, called Baker, took to the stage, and excelled especially in parts like Sir Epicure Mammon in *The Alchemist*, and Falstaff. Ben Jonson,—the actor, not the dramatist—happened to go over to Dublin, and saw Baker's performance of Falstaff. On his return to London, he gave Betterton a description of Baker's impersonation of that character; with which Betterton was so much struck, that he frankly owned that the master-paviour's conception was better than his own, and adopted many points from it. An amusing story is told of this same Mr. Baker, that when he was studying the part of Falstaff in the presence of his workmen, he so far forgot himself in the character that they took him to be mad, and, seizing hold of him, bound him hand and foot and carried him home in spite of his remonstrances. Powell tried to step into Betterton's shoes in the part of Falstaff; he even went so far as to mimic the severe pains which the great actor suffered from gout, and which even on the stage he could not completely disguise. Barton Booth,

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who was an inimitable Hotspur, seems to have tried one night, at the request of Queen Anne, the part of Falstaff; but he never repeated it. Very many actors distinguished enough in other parts, tried the rôle of Falstaff, and failed in it. Only one, of the name of Harper, thanks to his appropriate figure and happy laugh, seems to have had any success in this character. The next great representative of the fat knight was Quin, who first appeared as the inferior Falstaff of *The Merry Wives*. He afterwards appeared as the real Falstaff, when he became as completely identified with the character as Macklin was with that of Shylock. Indeed the public would scarcely tolerate any other representative of Falstaff. Davies says (vol. i. p. 249): "In person he was tall and bulky; his voice strong and pleasing; his countenance manly, and his eye piercing and expressive. In scenes, where satire and sarcasm were poignant, he greatly excelled; particularly in *The Witty Triumph over Bardolph's carbuncles*, and the fooleries of the hostess. In the whole part he was animated, though not equally happy. His supercilious brow, in spite of assumed gaiety, sometimes unmasked the surliness of his disposition; however he was, notwithstanding some faults, esteemed the most intelligent and judicious Falstaff since the days of Betterton." Berry, who succeeded him in the part at Drury Lane, was a failure; and Love seems to have been the only actor that had even a moderate success in the part; till Henderson, who must have been only a less genius than Garrick, in spite of his great physical disadvantages, almost succeeded in dethroning Quin from his sovereignty in this part. Davies (vol. i. p. 252) sums up their respective merits very fairly: "In the impudent dignity, if I may be allowed the expression, of the character, Quin greatly excelled all competitors. In the frolicsome, gay, and humorous, situations of Falstaff, Henderson is superior to every man." Henderson is said to have excelled, particularly, in the soliloquy where Falstaff describes his ragged company of soldiers.

In connection with the character of Falstaff it is worth recording that on July 21, 1786, at the Haymarket Theatre, Mrs. Webb,

who was an actress of considerable ability in her own line, played Falstaff for her benefit, to the no small entertainment of an overflowing audience.¹ She was tempted to this extraordinary experiment, which was never repeated, by what may politely be called her ample figure. This lady appears to have made a considerable success as Lockit in what was entitled, a "Favourite Pasticcio" by Colman, founded on the Beggars' Opera (*Genest*, vol. vi. pp. 202, 203). She was also the original of Mrs. Cheshire in O'Keefe's piece called "An Agreeable Surprise."

It is impossible to mention, except in the most cursory manner, even one half of the actors who have distinguished themselves, or sought to distinguish themselves in the part of Falstaff. George Frederick Cooke, unequal in this part as in every other; Fawcett, Dowton, Stephen Kemble, and even the more elegant Charles Kemble in later life, all impersonated, with more or less success, the fat Sir John; till we come to Bartley, the last of the actors who made Falstaff his specialty. He took his benefit, in this play, at the Princess's Theatre, December 18, 1852, "under the patronage of Her Majesty, and H. R. H. Prince Albert," upon which occasion Charles Kean played the part of Hotspur; that admirable comedian, Mr. Walter Lacy, that of the Prince of Wales; Mr. Ryder that of King Henry IV.; and Mr. Meadows and Mr. Harley the two minor parts of Francis and the First Carrier respectively. The part of Lady Percy was played by Miss Murray, now the wife of Mr. Brandram, whose recitations of Shakespeare from memory are so well known.

Mr. Phelps produced the First Part of Henry IV. at Sadlers Wells, July 25, 1846, when Mr. Creswick made his first appearance in London as Hotspur. The play was revived again in 1849; but it does not appear to have been a great success.¹

Neither in this play nor in *The Merry Wives* could Mr. Phelps be considered a satisfactory Falstaff, his physical appearance being against him; while his dry manner,

¹ See *Dramatic Table Talk, or Scenes, Situations, &c., in Theatrical History and Biography* (London, 1830), vol. iii. p. 67.

coupled with a total lack of unctuous humour in the tone of his voice, unfitted him for this part.

The late Mr. Calvert, whose admirable revivals of Shakespeare's plays at Manchester did him such infinite credit, produced this play in 1868, himself playing Falstaff. He had already played the part of the Prince on the occasion of his first appearance in London at the Surrey.

In America, during the nineteenth century, the only successful representative of Falstaff seems to have been Mr. J. H. Hackett, whose career on the stage terminated in 1871. Since then, in 1850, Mr. John Gilbert, of whose excellent comic powers English audiences have had an opportunity of judging, acted the part in a brief revival of the play at the Bowery Theatre in New York with considerable success; but he never repeated the experiment.

On May 8, 1896, the play was given by Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree and his company at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Tree appeared as Falstaff, Mr. William Mollison as the King, Mr. Lewis Waller as Hotspur, Mr. Lionel Brough as Bardolph, Mrs. Tree as Lady Percy, and Miss Kate Phillips as Mistress Quickly.

It was a performance of considerable all-round interest and excellence, and was well received; the mounting being on a most elaborate scale.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

This play is unquestionably the most popular of all Shakespeare's historical dramas with all classes of readers, if, indeed, it be not, as it has been called, "the most popular of all dramatic compositions in the language." It may be said to have been the means of making the other historical plays with which it is connected more widely known than they would otherwise have become, and to a certain extent a substitute for more sober chronicles of the period. The conceptions which the great majority of people form of the men and manners and deeds of that time are derived from the picture that Shakespeare has painted, rather

than from the cold and colourless delineations of the historians.

The leading events of the reign of Henry IV. are concisely presented in the two plays to which he has furnished the title; but the real interest of both is centred in the youthful follies of Prince Hal, and the development of his nature into that of the poet's ideal monarch. It would almost seem that both plays were written mainly to prepare the way for Henry V. Shakespeare had taken a wonderful liking to this sovereign, and wanted to set him forth as "the mirror of all Christian kings;" but the popular traditions of his loose behaviour when young could not be ignored. The poet was not satisfied to present him after his reformation, allowing the glory of his manly career to condone the "unyoked humours" of his earlier years. He desired to show that, even when wildest, he never entirely forgot his high estate or his prospective responsibilities. He was the sun, though for a time in eclipse; not extinguished or stained, though permitting

The base contagious clouds

To smother up his beauty from the world.

• His moral purity is guarded with scrupulous care. His worst follies are of a venial sort; and, so far from a hint that he is soiled by sensuality, the poet represents him as absolutely unaffected by its temptations.

Falstaff himself seems to owe his conception to this purpose of Shakespeare. In order to give an honest picture of the prince's profligate associations without rendering it repulsive—to show that a true intellectual enjoyment was possible in such scenes and such company, a character like Falstaff was needed—a man as brilliant in his mental endowments as he was lacking in moral sensitiveness, as witty as he was wicked. The corpulent old reprobate is one of the poet's most intellectual characters—not inferior to Iago in that respect, and equally unscrupulous and depraved, but free from Iago's diabolical malignity. The real Henry, if we accept the traditions of his youthful habits, must have had some companion or companions of this type, though we can hardly believe that any one of them was equal in wit or talent to the peerless knight.

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Falstaff is "the most original as well as the most real of all comic creations—a character of which many traits and peculiarities must have been gleaned, as their air of reality testifies, from the observation of actual life; and yet, with all his tangible and ponderous reality, as much a creature of the poet's 'forgetive' fancy as the delicate Ariel himself. In his peculiar originality, Falstaff is to be classed only with the poet's own Hamlet and the Spanish Don Quixote, as all of them personages utterly unlike any of those whom we have known or heard of in actual life, who, at the same time, so impress us with their truth that we inquire into and argue about their actions, motives, and qualities as we do in respect to living persons whose anomalies of conduct perplex observers. Thus Falstaff's cowardice or courage, as well as other points of his character, have been as fruitful subjects for discussion as the degree and nature of Hamlet's or Don Quixote's mental aberration."

In the development of the character of Henry, Shakespeare may have been unconsciously nearer the truth than the historians, who represent his change of behaviour on coming to the throne as a sudden and extraordinary conversion—so sudden that it was almost regarded as "some miracle of grace or touch of supernatural benediction." To the poet, as a student of human nature, this instantaneous transformation appeared unnatural rather than supernatural; and he was not willing to explain the reformation of his favourite in any such manner. He preferred to depict him, as in very truth he may have been, a sharer in the profligacy of his companions but in no sense captivated or enslaved by it—one among them but not of them. The soliloquy of the prince at the close of i. 2 seems to have been introduced solely to impress this fact upon us at an early point in the play. It has puzzled some of the critics and offended others. Furnivall remarks: "Prince Hal, afterwards Henry the Fifth, is Shakespeare's hero in English history. He takes not Cœur-de-lion, Edward the First or the Third, or the Black Prince of Wales, but Henry of Agincourt. See how he draws him by his enemy Vernon's mouth, how modestly

he makes him challenge Hotspur, how generously treat that rival when he dies; how he makes him set Douglas free, praise Prince John's deed, save his father's life, give Falstaff the credit of Hotspur's death! Yet, on the other hand, he shows us him as the companion of loose-living, debauched fellows; highway-robbers, thieves, and brothel-hunters, himself breaking the law, lying to the sheriff on their behalf. And what is the justification, the motive for all this? To astonish men, to win more admiration—

So, when this loose behaviour I throw off, &c.

(i. 2. 232, fol.).

Surely this is a great mistake of Shakespeare's; surely in so far as the prince did act from this motive, he was a charlatan and a snob."

The critic seems to have overlooked the exigencies of the stage soliloquy, which, while it is a device for unfolding to us the inmost thoughts and feelings of the person, does not present them in the exact manner in which they exist in his mind and heart. Here, for example, we may readily admit all that Harry claims for himself without supposing that he would have said it, even to himself, in the formal way in which the dramatist is compelled to give it. There is an element of sophistry in it, we may admit, but no snobbishness. The young man is not wholly forgetful of his rank and his responsibilities. When his conscience pricks him for yielding to the temptation to study low life in London, he excuses himself with the thought that the burden of those responsibilities is not yet laid upon his shoulders. He justifies his present fooleries as the harmless whims of a young man who has nothing of importance to do; and he promises himself that when the call of duty comes he will obey it. Thus doing, he says that he shall appear like the sun breaking through clouds, the brighter for its temporary obscuration. This thought follows, not precedes, the conduct to which it refers; it is a commentary upon it, as it will strike others, not a reminiscence of the motive that prompted it. If, at the outset, he had deliberately planned his wild career with a view to the impression he now suggests it will make, it would have been

a piece of contemptible stage trickery; but we may be sure that Henry was incapable of thus shaping his behaviour for mere theatrical effect, and Shakespeare was incapable of the blunder it would have been to represent him as doing it.

It strikes me that the poet is more obnoxious to criticism for the sophistry of which he makes the prince guilty in his interview with his father in iii. 2. 147-152, where he declares that he will make Hotspur "exchange his glorious deeds for my indignities."

Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
T' engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.

That can be pardoned only as a rhetorical protest against the eulogies of Hotspur with which his father has piqued and stung him. "I can be all that you say Percy is," he feels; and for the moment he forgets that no achievement of his own can detract from the honours of his gallant rival. He may conquer and kill Percy, as he does, but not the slightest worship of his time can he take away from the slain

hero. Henry is more just to Hotspur when he stands over his dead body on the field of Shrewsbury (v. 4. 99-101):

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
Be not remember'd in thy epitaph!

But I must not prolong these random comments on this extraordinary drama—"a drama historical in the highest sense of the term, as being imbued throughout, penetrated, with the spirit of the times, and of the men and scenes it represents; while in a more popular sense of the epithet historical, it is so chiefly in its subjects and main incidents. Though boldly deviating from chronological exactness, and freely blending pure invention with recorded facts, yet in all this the author neither designs nor effects any real distortion of history; but, while he impresses upon the bare succession of events the unity of feeling and purpose required for dramatic interest, he converts the dead, cold record of past occurrences into the very *tragi-comedy* which those occurrences must have exhibited as they arose, and thus reflects 'the very age and body of *those times*, their form and pressure.'"



King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant.—(Act I. 1. 1, 2)

KING HENRY IV.—PART I.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. Throne-room in the palace.*

Flourish of trumpets. KING HENRY seated on the throne, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR RICHARD VERNON, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and Attendants.

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new
broils

To be commenc'd in strands afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance¹ of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's
blood;

[No more shall trenching war channel her
fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces; those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred, 11
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,

Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming² ranks, {
March all one way and be no more oppos'd {
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:]
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore,
friends,

As far as to the sepulchre of Christ, 19
[Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross,
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,]
Forthwith a power³ of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers'
womb

To chase these pagans in those holy fields
[Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet ;
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.] {

But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless⁴ 't is to tell you we will go;
Therefore⁴ we meet not now.—Then let me
hear 30

Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.⁵

² Well-beseeming, comely.

³ Power, force, army.

⁴ Therefore, i.e. for that purpose; or about that matter.

⁵ Dear expedience, urgent expedition.

¹ Entrance, mouth.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,¹

And many limits² of the charge³ set down
But yesternight: when all athwart there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman
taken, 41

And a thousand of his people butchered;
[Upon whose dead corpse⁴ there was such mis-
use,

Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.]

King. It seems then that the tidings of this
broil

Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This match'd with other did, my gra-
cious lord;

For more uneven⁵ and unwelcome news 50
Came from the north, and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,

Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way. 61

King. Here is a dear, a true-industrious
friend,

Sir Walter Blunt, new-lighted from his horse,

[Stain'd with the variation of each soil

Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;]
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome
news.

The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:

Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty
knights,

Balk'd⁶ in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur
took 70

Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son

To beaten Douglas, and the Earl of Athol, 72
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith;

And is not this an honourable spoil?

A gallant prize? ha! cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad and
mak'st me sin

In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son, 80
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue,
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant,
Who is sweet Fortune's minion⁷ and her
pride;

Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be
prov'd

That some night-tripping fairy had exchange'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet! 89
Then would I have his Hafry, and he mine;
But let him from my thoughts.—What think
you, coz,

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use⁸ he keeps, and sends me
word,

I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is
Worcester,

Malevolent to you in all aspects;

[Which makes him prune⁹ himself, and bristle
up

The crest of youth against your dignity.]

King. But I have sent for him to answer
this; 100

And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

[Rising from throne.

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor: so inform the lords;
But come yourself with speed to us again,
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered. 107

West. I will, my liege.

[Flourish of trumpets. *Exeunt.*

¹ Hot in question, warmly discussed. ² Limits, estimates.

³ Charge, expense.

⁴ Corpse, plural.

⁵ Uneven, unfavourable.

⁶ Balk'd, heaped.

⁷ Minion, favourite, darling.

⁸ To his own use, for his own purposes.

⁹ Prune, plume.

SCENE II. *London. An Apartment belonging to Prince Henry.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and FALSTAFF, from opposite sides.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack,¹ and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, [and dials the signs of leaping-houses,² and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta,] I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me³ now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, "that wand'ring knight so fair." And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as God save thy grace,—majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come, roundly,⁴ roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be call'd thieves of the day's beauty: let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dis-

solutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing "lay by,"⁵ and spent with crying "bring in;"⁶ now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips⁷ and thy quiddities?⁸ what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reck'ning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—but, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd⁹ as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic¹⁰ the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge!

Prince. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps¹¹ with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'S blood,

⁵ *Lay by*, lay down your arms (the address of highway-men to their victims).

⁶ *Bring in*, bring liquor (said to the tapster in a tavern).

⁷ *Quips*, witty turns.

⁸ *Quiddities*, quibbles.

⁹ *Fobb'd*, foiled, cheated.

¹⁰ *Antic*, buffoon.

¹¹ *Jumps*, agrees.

¹ *Sack*, Spanish or Canary wine.

² *Leaping-houses*, brothels.

³ *Come near me*, hit me.

⁴ *Roundly*, bluntly.

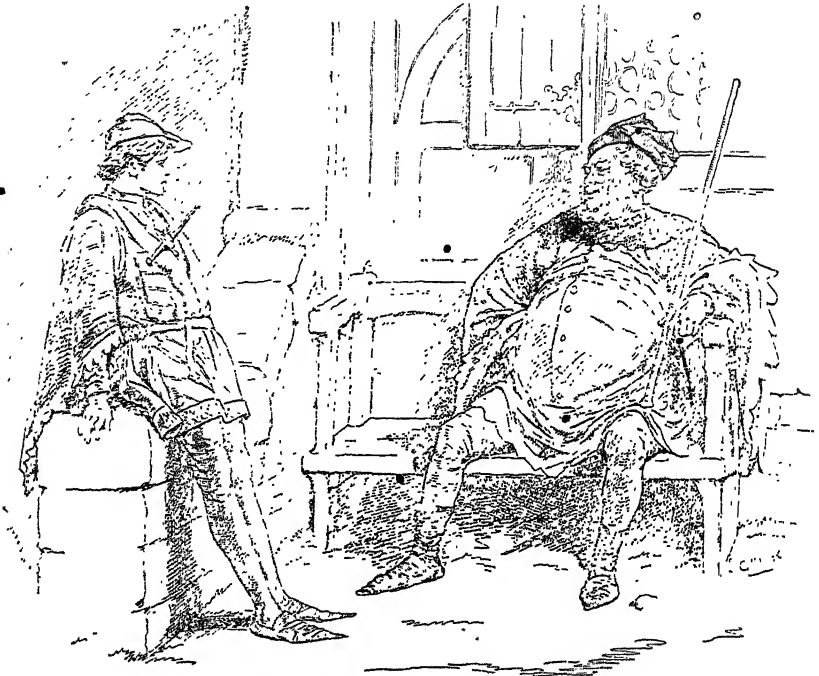
I am as melancholy as a gib-cat¹ or a lugg'd² bear.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes and art indeed the most comparative,³ rascal-liest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I pri-thee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a com-modity of good names were to be bought! An old lord of the council rated⁴ me the other



Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?—(Act i. 2. 110, 111.)

day in the street about you, sir, but I mark'd him not; and yet he talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it. 100

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration,⁵ and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew

nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain! I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack? 111

Fal. Zounds, where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.⁶

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

¹ Gib-cat, old tom-cat.

² Lugg'd, led with a chain.

³ Comparative, given to comparisons.

⁴ Rated, scolded. ⁵ Iteration, mockery.

⁶ Baffle me, take away my knighthood.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter POINS.

Poins.—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.¹ [—O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried "stand" to a true man.] 122

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and Sugar? [Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his due. 123

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

Prince. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins.] But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have vizards² for you all; you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward;³ if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going. 150

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand⁴ for ten shillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my days I'll be madcap. 160

¹ Set a match, planned a robbery.

² Vizards, vizors, masks.

³ Yedward, a familiar form of Edward.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go. 169

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell; you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallow⁴ summer! [*Exit Falstaff.*

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid: yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders. 186

Prince. How shall we part with⁵ them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achiev'd, but we'll set upon them.

Prince. Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits,⁶ and by every other appointment,⁷ to be ourselves. 197

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood: our vizards we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to im-mask our noted⁸ outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt⁹ they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them

⁴ All-hallow, All-hallows or All Saints' Day.

⁵ Part with, get away from.

⁶ Habits, dress.

⁷ Appointment, equipment.

⁸ Noted, known, familiar.

⁹ Doubt, suspect.

to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wafers, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof¹ of this lies the jest.

Prince. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. *[Exit.]*

Prince. I know you all, and will awhile uphold

The unyok'd² humour of your idleness; 220
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for
come, 230

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;³
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil⁴ to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill; 240
Redeeming time when men think least I will.
[Exit.]

SCENE III. *London. Council chamber in the Palace.*

Flourish of trumpets. KING HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and other Gentlemen, Guards, and Attendants.

King. *[on throne]* My blood hath been too cold and temperate,

¹ *Reproof*, refutation.

² *Unyok'd*, unrestrained.

³ *Hopes*, expectations.

⁴ *Foil*, contrast.

Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me;⁵ for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition,⁶
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young
down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the
proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little
deserves 10
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own
hands
Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

King. Worcester,⁷ get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O, sir,

Your presence⁸ is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow. 19
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[Exit Worcester.]

[To Northumberland] You were about to speak.
North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name de-
manded,

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, notwithstanding strength denied
As is delivered⁹ to your majesty;
[Either envy,¹⁰ therefore, or misprision¹¹
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.] }

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners,
But I remember, when the fight was done, 30
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly
dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home.
He was perfum'd like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held

⁵ *Found me*, found me out, seen it in me.

⁶ *Than my condition*, than according to my tempera-
ment.

⁷ *Worcester*, pronounced as a trisyllable.

⁸ *Presence*, bearing.

⁹ *Delivered*, reported.

¹⁰ *Envy*, malice.

¹¹ *Misprision*, mistake.

A pouncet-box,¹ which ever and anon 38
 He gave his nose and took 't away again;
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff: and still he smil'd and talk'd,
 And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse

Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday² and lady terms
 He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
 My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, allsmarting with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief³ and my impatiencè, 50



Hot. He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.—(Act i. 3. 43-45.)

Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
 He should, or he should not; for he made me
 mad
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
 Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save
 the mark!—
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti⁴ for an inward bruise;

And that it was great pity, so it was,
 This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd 60
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall⁵ fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.⁶
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
 And I beseech you, let not his report

¹ *Pouncet-box*, perfume-box, snuff-box.

² *Holiday*, fine, affected.

³ *Grief*, pain.

⁴ *Parmaceti*, spermaceti.

⁵ *Tall*, stout, brave.

⁶ *Soldier*, pronounced as a trisyllable.

Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good
my lord, 70

Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,*
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong or any way impeach
What then he said, so¹ he unsay it now.

King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But² with proviso and exception,³
That weatour own chargeshall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer; so
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent⁴ with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend 90
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war; to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those
wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand, 99
He did confound⁵ the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment⁶ with great Glendower.
Three times they breath'd,⁷ and three times
did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp⁸ head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;

Nor never could the noble Mortimer 110
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost
belie him;

He never did encounter with Glendower.

[*Rising*] I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.

Send me your prisoners with the speediest
means, 120

Or you shall hear in such a kind from me

As will displease you.—My Lord Northum-
berland,

We license your departure with your son.—

• [*Going.*
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

[*Flourish of trumpets. Exeunt all but
Northumberland and Hotspur.*

Hot. An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them.—I will after straight
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head. [*Going.*

North. What, drunk with choler? Stay and
pause awhile.— 129

Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the
dust

But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd⁹ Bolingbroke.)

North. [*To Worcester*] Brother, the king hath
made you nephew mad.

Wor. Whostruck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my pris-
oners; 140

And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling ev'n at the name of Mortimer.

¹ So, if.

² But, unless.

³ Exception, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

⁴ Indent, make terms.

⁵ Confound, spend.

⁶ Changing hardiment, exchanging hard blows.

⁷ Breath'd, took breath.

⁸ Crisp, curled.

⁹ Canker'd, malignant.

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd

By Richard that dead is the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king,—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition; 150
From whence he intercepted did return
To be depos'd and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's
wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard
then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man 161

[And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation,¹ shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament

Wherein you range under this subtle king!]
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come, 171
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker,² Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shapes ye underwent?
No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,

[Revenge the jeering and disdain'd³ contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.]
Therefore, I say,—

¹ Of murderous subornation, of procuring murder.

² Canker, dog-rose.

³ Disdain'd, disdainful.

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more.

And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving⁴ discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous 190
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple; O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare! 198

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd
moon,

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the
ground,

And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival⁵ all her dignities;
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship! 208

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures⁶ here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.⁷

Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all.
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not.
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat.
He said he would not ransom Mortimer,
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer; 220
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla "Mortimer!"

Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but "Mortimer," and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

⁴ Quick-conceiving, prompt to perceive.

⁵ Corival, rival, competitor.

⁶ Figures, fancies.

⁷ Cry you mercy, beg your pardon.

[*Wor.* Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke;
And that same sword-and-buckler¹ Prince of
Wales, 230

But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.]

Wor. Farewell, kinsman; I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung² and im-
patient fool

Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and
scourg'd with rods, 239

Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—what do ye call the place?—
A plague upon 't—it is in Gloucestershire;
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,³
His uncle York,—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—
'S blood!—

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkeley Castle.

Hot. You say true.— 250

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—“when his infant fortune came to
age”—

And—“gentle Harry Percy”—and “kind
cousin,”—

O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive
me!

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it again;

We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish
prisoners.

Deliver them up⁴ without their ransom
straight, 260

And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers⁵ in Scotland; which, for divers
reasons

Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted.—[*To Northumberland*]

You, my lord, 265
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is it not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,⁶ 272
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still
• lett'st slip.⁷

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble
plot.— 279

And then the power of Scotland and of York,—
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 't is no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;⁸

For, bear ourselves as even⁹ as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:
And see already how he doth begin

To make us strangers to his looks of love. 290

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on
him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell.—No further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.

[When time is ripe,—which will be suddenly,—
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.]

North. Farewell, good brother; we shall
• thrive, I trust. 300

Hot. Uncle, adieu; O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our
sport!

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Sword-and-buckler*, low-lived.

² *Wasp-stung*, irritable.

³ *Kept*, resided.

⁴ *Deliver them up*, set them free.

⁵ *Powers*, forces, troops.

⁶ *In estimation*, as a matter of opinion.

⁷ *Let'st slip*, dost let the hounds loose.

⁸ *Head*, army. ⁹ *Even*, discreetly.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rochester. An inn-yard.

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

First Car. Heigh-ho! an it be not four by the day, I'll be harg'd! Charles' wain¹ is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd.—What, ostler!

Ost. [Within] Anon, anon.

First Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks² in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.³ 8

Enter another Carrier.

Sec. Car. Peas and beans are as dauk here as a dog, and that is the next⁴ way to give poor jades the bots;⁵ this house is turn'd upside down since Robin ostler died.

First Car. Poor fellow! never joy'd since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

Sec. Car. I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas; I am stung like a tench.

First Car. Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock. 20

Sec. Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in the chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

First Car. What, ostler! come away, and be hang'd! come away.

Sec. Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes⁶ of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

First Car. God's body! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An't were not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd! hast no faith in thee? 35

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

First Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

First Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith. 41

Gads. I prithee, lend me thine.

Sec. Car. Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a'?—marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

Sec. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt Carriers.*]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain! 52

Cham. [Within] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as⁷—"at hand, quoth the chamberlain;" for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight; there's a franklin⁸ in the wild⁹ of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold. I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper—a kind of auditor—one that hath abundance of charge too,—God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter; they will away presently. 66

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks,¹⁰ I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it; I prithee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshipp'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

¹ Charles' wain, Ursa Major. ² Flocks, bits of wool.

³ Out of all cess, to the utmost, to excess.

⁴ Next, nearest, quickest.

⁵ Bots, the larvæ of the gadfly, parasitical on horses.

⁶ Razes, packages.

⁷ As fair as, as proper as to say.

⁸ Franklin, freeholder.

⁹ Wild, weald.

¹⁰ Saint Nicholas' clerks, robbers.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hang-man? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou know'st he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans¹ that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace, that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers,² no long-staff sixpenny strikers,³ none of these mad mustachio-purple-hued malt-worms;⁴ but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers,⁵ such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.⁶ 91

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd⁷ her. We steal as in a castle, cocksure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding⁸ to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand; thou shalt have a share in our purchase,⁹ as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief. 103

Gads. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The road by Gadshill.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS, disguised.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

Prince. Stand close.

[*They retire to back of scene.*]

¹ Trojans, boon companions.

² Foot land-rakers, footpads.

³ Sixpenny strikers, petty robbers.

⁴ Malt-worms, tipplers.

⁵ Oneysers, ones.

⁶ Boots, booty, plunder.

⁷ Liquor'd, made waterproof.

⁸ Beholding, beholden.

⁹ Purchase, plunder.

Enter FALSTAFF, disguised.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hang'd! Poins!

Prince. [*Coming forward*] Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

Prince. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.

[*Retires again into background.*]

Fal. I am accurs'd to rob in that thief's company; the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire¹⁰ further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. —Poins! —Hal! —a plague upon you both! —Bardolph! —Peto! —I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew! —A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd!

Prince. [*Coming forward*] Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'S blood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt¹¹ me thus? 40

Prince. Thou li'st; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

¹⁰ Squire, square, foot-rule.

¹¹ Colt, trick, gull.

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heinous apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not bailads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison! When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it. 50

Enter POINS, from one side; from the other GADSHILL, BARDOLPH and PETO disguised.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter;¹ I know his voice.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all. 60

Fal. To be hang'd.

Prince. You four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned and I will walk lower: if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal. 71

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prince. [*Aside to Poins*] Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. [*Aside to Prince*] Here, hard by; stand close. [*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole,² say I; every man to his business. 81

[*They retire.*]

Enter four Travellers.

First Trav. Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Fal., Gads., &c. Stand!

Sec. Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats. [*Ah!* whoreson caterpillars!; bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them;] fleece them. 90

First Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

[*The travellers run across and exeunt, pursued by Bardolph, Gadshill, and Peto.*]

Fal. [*Running about with his sword drawn*] Hang ye, gorbellied³ knaves, are ye undone? [*No, ye fat chuffs;*⁴ I would your store were here!]
On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i' faith. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS, in buckram suits.

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever. 102

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

[*They retire.*]

Re-enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO, with bags of money.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. [*They all sit on the ground*] An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring; there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them.*]

Prince. Your money!

Poins. Villains! 110

[*Gadshill, Bardolph, Peto, and (after a blow or two) Falstaff, run away, leaving the booty behind them.*]

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse.

The thieves are scatter'd and possess'd with fear So strongly that they dare not meet each other;

Each takes his fellow for an officer.

¹ Setter, manager of the robbery.

² Happy, man be his dole, happiness be his lot.

³ Gorbellied, big-bellied.

⁴ Chuffs, churls, clowns.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along;
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Warkworth. A room in the castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.

Hot. "But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house." He could be contented! why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house! he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous;"—why, that's certain: 't is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time itself unsorted,¹ and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition." Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation;² an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king; we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

¹ *Unsorted, unsorted, ill-chosen.*

² *Expectation, promise.*

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone? 40

For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee

Thy stomach,³ pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,

And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-ey'd musing and curst melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,
Speak terms of manage⁴ to thy bounding
steed, 52

Cry "Courage! to the field!" And thou hast talk'd

[Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers,⁵ parapets,
Of basilisks,⁶ of cannon, culverin,⁷
Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain,
And all the current of a heady⁸ fight.

[Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream; 62
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest.⁹ O, what portents
are these?]

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!—

Enter Servant.

Is Gilmans with the packet gone?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses
from the sheriff? 70

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

³ *Stomach, appetite.*

⁴ *Manage, horsemanship.*

⁵ *Frontiers, forts, outworks.*

⁶ *Basilisks, cannon.*

⁷ *Culverin, smaller ordnance.*

⁸ *Headly, impetuous.*

⁹ *Hest, behest, command.*

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not? 72

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight.—*Oesperance!*¹—
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love,—my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen² 81

As you are toss'd with. In faith,



Lady. In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars.—(Act II. 3. 50, 51.)

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath set for you
To line³ his enterprise; but if you go,—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito,⁴ answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask. 89
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,
Away, you trifer! Love! I love thee not,

¹ *Esperance!* Hope! (the Percy motto).

² *Spleen*, caprice.

³ *Line*, support.

⁴ *Paraquito*, paroquet, parrot.

I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world
To play with mammets⁵ and to tilt with lips;
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—God's me, my
horse!—

What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou
have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, in-
deed? 99

Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

⁵ *Mammets*, puppets.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride? 108
 And when I am of horseshock, I will swear
 I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
 I must not have you henceforth question me
 Whither I go, nor reason whereabouts.
 Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
 This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
 I know you wise, but yet no farther wise
 Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,
 But yet a woman: and for secrecy, 112
 No lady closer; for I well believe
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you,

Kate:

Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you. 119
 Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must of force. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Eastcheap. A room in the Boar's-
 Head Tavern.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat-
 room,¹ and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Enter POINS.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

Prince. With three or four loggerheads
 amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have
 sounded the very base-string of humility.
 Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash² of
 drawers;³ and can call them all by their christen
 names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They
 take it already upon their salvation, that
 though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am
 the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am
 no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian,⁴
 a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so
 they call me!—and when I am king of Eng-
 land, I shall command all the good lads in
 Eastcheap. [*They call drinking deep, dying*
scarlet; and when you breathe⁵ in your wa-
tering,⁶ they cry "hem!" and bid you play it
off.] To conclude, I am so good a proficient in

one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with
 any tinker in his own language during my
 life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much
 honour, that thou wert not with me in this
 action. But, sweet Ned, [—to sweeten which
 name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of
 sugar, clapp'd even now into my hand by an
 under-skinker,⁷ one that never spake other
 English in his life than "Eight shillings and
 sixpence," and "You are welcome," with this
 shrill addition, "Anon, anon, sir! Score a
 pint of bastard⁸ in the Half-moon,"⁹ or so.
 But, Ned,] to drive away the time till Falstaff
 come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-
 room, while I question my puny drawer to
 what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou
 never leave calling "Francis," that his tale to
 me may be nothing but "Anon." Step aside,
 and I'll show thee a precedent. [*Exit Poins.*]

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Prince. Thou art perfect, 39

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into
 the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord?

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as
 to—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. 40

Prince. Five year! by'r lady, a long lease
 for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis,
 darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward
 with thy indenture¹⁰ and show it a fair pair of
 heels and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the
 books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. [*Going*] Anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. [*Returning*] Let me see—about
 Michaelmas next I shall be— 61

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

¹ Fat-room, vat-room.

² Leash, trio.

³ Drawers, tapsters.

⁴ Corinthian, good-fellow.

⁵ Breathe, take breath.

⁶ Watering, drinking.

⁷ Under-skinker, under-tapster.

⁸ Bastard, a sweet wine.

⁹ Half-moon, the name of a room.

¹⁰ Indenture, bond of apprenticeship

Fran. Anon, sir [*Going*].—Pray stay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis; for the sugar thou gavest me,—'t was a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. [*Returning*] O Lord, sir, I would it had been two!

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound; ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it. 70

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

Fran. My lord?

Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal button, nodd-pated,¹ agate-ring, puke-stocking,² caddis-garter,³ smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,— 80

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within*] Francis! 87

Prince. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; he stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within.— [*Exit Francis.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door; shall I let them in?

Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door.— [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir. 97

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But

hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

Prince. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of Goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.— [*Calling off*] What's o'clock, Francis? 108

Fran. [*Within*] Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*]

Prince. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says he; and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after; "a trifle, a trifle."—I prithee, call in Falstaff: [I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn⁴ shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. "Rivo!"⁵ says the drunkard.] Call in ribs, call in tallow. 125

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, PETO, and FRANCIS.

Poins. Welcome, Jack, where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks⁶ and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*Francis brings a cup of sack, he drinks.*]

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan⁷ kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound. 136

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too [*flings the sack away—exit Francis*]: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward!—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon

¹ Nodd-pated, round-headed.

² Puke-stocking, puce-coloured stocking.

³ Caddis-garter, worsted garter.

⁴ Brawn, mass of flesh.

⁵ Rivo, a bacchanalian cry.

⁶ Nether stocks, hose.

⁷ Titan, the sun.

the face of the earth, then am I a shotten¹ herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat and grows old; God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. [*Going up to Falstaff*] How now, wool-sack! what mutter you? 149

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are not you a coward? answer me to that,—and Poin's there?

Poins. Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee. 160

Fal. [*Itising and retreating*] I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back; call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last. 171

Re-enter FRANCIS with another cup of sack.

Fal. All's one for that. [*Drinking*] A plague of all cowards, still say I. [*Exit Francis.*]

Prince. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us. 180

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword² with a dozen of them two hours together. I have scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through

the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw—*ecce signum!*³ [*showing his sword all hacked*] I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness. 191

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us— 200

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murdered some of them. 210

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have pepper'd two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;⁴ here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four. 220

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else. 230

¹ *Shotten*, dried (according to some, lean).

² *At half-sword*, in close fight.

³ *Ecce signum*, behold the mark.

⁴ *Ward*, posture of defence.

Prince. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose. 239

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch,¹—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; what say'st thou to this? 259

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? Zounds, an I were at the strappado,² or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I. 266

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. 'S blood, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,³—O for breath to utter what is like thee! —you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,⁴—[pausing for breath].

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

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Prince. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy and still run and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole,⁵ canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent⁶ shame? • 292

[Falstaff hides his face behind his shield.]

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. [Throwing down his shield] By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters; was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? [sheathes his sword] why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—[calling off to Hostess] Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away. 311

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the prince!

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! what say'st thou to me.

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you; he says he comes from your father. 319

¹ Tallow-catch, tallow-tub.

² Strappado, an instrument of punishment.

³ Stock-fish, dried fish.

⁴ Standing-tuck, rapier.

⁵ Starting-hole, hiding-place, subterfuge.

⁶ Apparent, manifest.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

Prince. Prithee, do, Jack. 327

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*]

Prince. Now, sirs [*to Bardolph, &c.*]: by'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like. 339

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

Prince. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,¹ and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rann'st away; what instinct hadst thou for it? 350

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

[*pointing to his face.*]

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Prince. Hot livers² and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.

[*Exit Bardolph angrily.*]

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.—

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

How now, my sweet creature of bombast!³ How long is't ago, JACK, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

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Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amamon⁴ the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook⁵—what a plague call you him? 373

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying. 380

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou then to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct. 389

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps⁶ more. Worcester is stol'n away to-night; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

Prince. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred. 399

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—
But tell me, Hal, art thou not horrible afraid?
thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid?
doth not thy blood thrill at it?

⁴ Amamon, an evil spirit.

⁵ Welsh hook, a weapon.

⁶ Blue-caps, Scotchmen.

¹ With the manner, in the act.

² Hot livers, hard drinking. ³ Bombast, cotton padding.

Prince. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct. 409

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father; if thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content; this chair shall be my state,¹ this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for² a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown! 420

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyse's vein. [Drinks.]

Prince. Well, here is my leg.³

Fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility. 429

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful⁴ queen;

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see! 437

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.⁵—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher⁶ and eat blackberries?

—a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses?—a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name. 461

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker⁷ or a poulter's hare.⁸ 481

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand.—Judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'S blood, my lord, they are false;—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith. 489

Prince. Swarest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion.

¹ State, throne. ² Is taken for, is no better than

³ Leg, bow, obeisance. ⁴ Tristful, sorrowful.

⁵ Tickle-brain, a kind of liquor. ⁶ Micher, truant.

⁷ Rabbit-sucker, sucking rabbit.

⁸ Poulter's hare, a hare hung up for sale.

Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch¹ of beastliness, that swoll'n parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard² of sack, that stuff'd cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice,³ that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you;⁴ whom means your grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know. 510

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd; if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*
[*Exit Hostess.*

Enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door. 530

Fal. Out, ye rogue! Play out the play; I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

¹ *Bolting-hutch*, meal-chest.

² *Bombard*, leathern vessel for liquors.

³ *Vice*, a character in the old moral plays; a buffoon.

⁴ *Take me with you*, let me understand you.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!— 533

Prince. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick. What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door; they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

[*Prince Henry is going to answer when Falstaff stops him.*

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit; thou art essentially mad, without seeming so. 541

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major.⁵ If you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart⁶ as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras;⁷—the rest walk up above.—Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience. 551

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exit behind the arras; Bardolph, Gadshill, and Peto go out by side-door.*

Prince. Call in the sheriff. [*Exit Hostess.*

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry

Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,

A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter. 560

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here;

For I myself at this time have employ'd him. And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal; And so let me entreat you leave the house.

⁵ *Major*, major proposition (with a pun on *mayor*).

⁶ *Cart*, for carrying a criminal to the gallows.

⁷ *Arras*, tapestry hangings.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Prince. It may be so: if he have robb'd
these men, 570
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

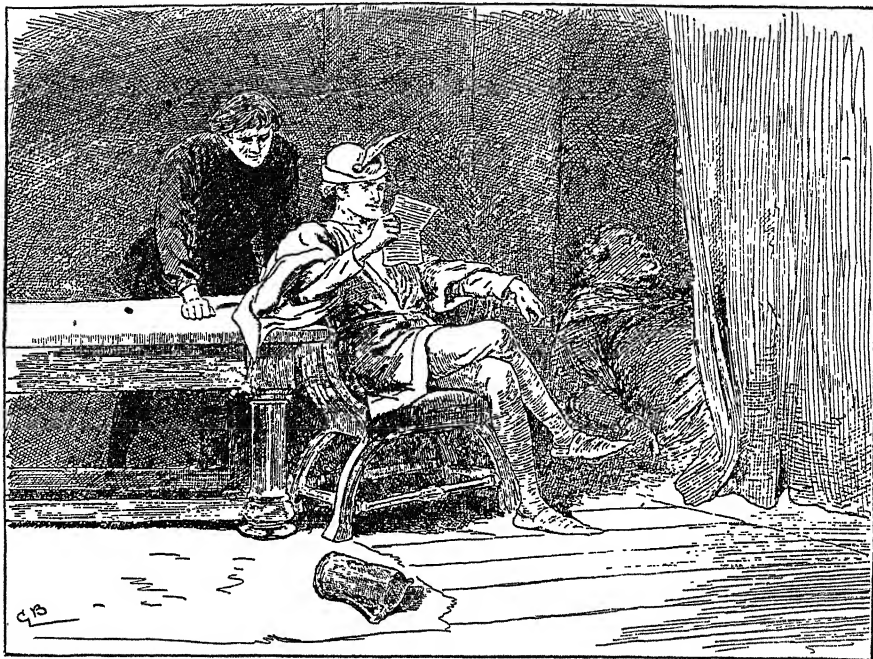
Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two
o'clock. [*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as
Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff! [*pushing aside the arras*]—
fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting
like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath.



Prince. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—(Act ii. 4. 590, 591.)

Search his pockets. [*Poins searches.*] What
hast thou found? 582

Poins. Nothing but pape^{rs}, my lord.

Prince. Let's see what they be; read them.

Peto. [*Reads*] { "Item, A c^{ap}pon, 2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce, 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and
sack after supper, ... 2s. 6d.
Item, Bread, ob."¹

Prince. O monstrous! but one half-penny-
worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!

What there is else, keep close; we'll read it
at more advantage. There let him sleep till
day. I'll to the court in the morning. We
must all to the wars, and thy place shall be
honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a
charge of foot; and I know his death will be
a march of twelve score.² The money shall be
paid back again with advantage. Be with me
betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow,
Poins. [*Exeunt.*]

• *Poins.* Good morrow, good my lord. 602

¹ Ob. (*obolus*), halfpenny.

² Twelve score, meaning so many yards.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Bangor. A room in the Arch-deacon's house.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER,
and GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties
sure,

And our induction¹ full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?—

And uncle Worcester.²—A plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,—
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and
with

A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven. 10

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him; at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets;³ and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the
same season, if your mother's cat had but
kitten'd, though yourself had never been
born. 20

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I
was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my
mind,

If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the
earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the hea-
vens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind 30

Within her womb;⁴ which, for enlargement⁵
striving, 31

Shakes the old beldame earth and topples down
Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your
birth

Our grandam earth, having this distempera-
ture,⁶

In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the
herds 39

Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,

And all the courses of my life do show

I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living, clipp'd in⁷ with the sea

That chides the banks of England, Scotland,
Wales,

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?

And bring him out that is but woman's son

Can trace⁸ me in the tedious ways of art

And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better
Welsh. I'll to dinner. 50

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make
him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;

But will they come when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to
command

The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame
the devil

By telling truth; tell truth, and shame the devil.

If thou have power to raise him, bring him
hither, 60

And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him
hence.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the
devil!

¹ *Induction*, introduction, beginning.

² *Worcester*, pronounced as a trisyllable.

³ *Cressets*, hanging lamps.

⁴ *Womb*, belly.

⁵ *Enlargement*, liberation.

⁶ *Distemperature*, disorder.

⁷ *Clipp'd in*, shut in, inclosed. ⁸ *Trace*, track, follow.

Mort. Come, come, 63
No more of this unprofitable chat.
Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke
made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of
Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent
Him bootless home and weather-beaten back.
Hot. Home without boots, and in foul
weather too!
How scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map; shall we di-
vide our right 70
According to our threefold order ta'en?
Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally.
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd;
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower; and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.



Hot. Who shall say me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.—(Act iii. 1. 117, 118.)

And our indentures tripartite¹ are drawn; 80
Which being sealed interchangeably,
A business that this night may execute,
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set
forth

To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen
days.—

[*To Glend.*] Within that space you may have
drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gen-
tlemen. 90

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you,
lords:
And in my conduct shall your ladies come;

From whom you now must steal and take no
leave, 98
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety,² north from
Burton here,

In quantity equals not one of yours.
See how this river comes me cranking³ in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle⁴ out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug⁵ and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly; 103
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see
• it doth.

¹ *Indentures tripartite*, triple bonds.

² *Moiety*, share, portion.

⁴ *Cantle*, corner.

³ *Cranking*, winding.

⁵ *Smug*, trim.

Mort. Yea, but mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much 110
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge¹ will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you, then;
Speak it in Welsh. 120

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;

For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart.

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew 129
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick² turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry.
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land

To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. 140
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair; you may away by night.

I'll haste the writer, and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence;

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*]

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

Hot. I cannot choose; sometime he angers me

With telling me of the moldwarp³ and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish, 151
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten⁴ raven,
A couching lion and a ramping⁵ cat,
And such a deal of skumble-skamble⁶ stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys; I cried "hum," and
"well, go to,"

But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife; 160
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates⁷ and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited⁸
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect, 170
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you do cross his humour; [faith, he does.]
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.]

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame,⁹

And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.

[You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault. 180

Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—

And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion,¹⁰ and disdain;

³ Moldwarp, mole.

⁴ Moulten, moulting.

⁵ Ramping, rampant.

⁶ Skumble-skamble, rambling.

⁷ Cates, dainties.

⁸ Profited, proficient.

⁹ Wilful-blame, wilfully to blame.

¹⁰ Opinion, self-conceit.

¹ Charge, expense, outlay. ² Canstick, candlestick.

The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.]

Hot. Well, I am school'd; good manners be
your speed!¹ 100
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

*Re-enter GLENDOWER with LADY MORTIMER
and LADY PERCY.*

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me;
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps: she will not
part with you; •
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her that she and my
aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*Glendower speaks to Lady Mortimer in
Welsh and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She is desperate here; a peevish²
self-willed harlotry, one that no persuasion can
do good upon. 200

[*Lady Mortimer speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty
Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling
heavens³

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*Lady Mortimer speaks to him again in Welsh.*
I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy
tongue

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division,⁴ to her lute. 211

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run
mad.

[*Lady Mortimer speaks to
Mortimer again in Welsh.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this!

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes
lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you

And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
[Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.] 222

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear
her sing;

By that time will our book,⁵ I think, be drawn.
Glend. Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here: sit, and at-
tend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying
down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my
head in thy lap. 231

Lady. Go, ye giddy goose.

[*The music plays—they sit.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands
Welsh;

And 't is no marvel he is so humorous.⁶
By'r lady, he is a good musician.

Lady. Then should you be nothing but
musical, for you are altogether governed by
humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the
lady sing in Welsh.

[*Hot.* I had rather hear Lady, my brach,⁷
howl in Irish. 241

Lady. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hot. Neither;⁸ 't is a woman's fault.

Lady. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.]

[*A Welsh song sung by Lady Mortimer.*

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.⁹ 251

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! Heart! you
swear like a comfit-maker's wife. [*Not you,
in good sooth," and "as true as I live," and "as
God shall mend me," and "as sure as day."
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'st further than Fins-
bury.]

¹ Be your speed, give you good fortune.

² Peevish, silly.

³ Heavens, eyes.

⁴ Division, variation (in music).

⁵ Book, indenture.

⁷ Brach, hound.

⁹ Sooth, truth.

⁶ Humorous, capricious.

⁸ Neither, not that either.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave "in
sooth," 259

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,¹
To velvet-guards² and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next³ way to turn tailor, or
be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be
drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and
so, come in when ye will. [*Exit.*]

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you
are as slow

As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book is drawn; we'll but seal, and
then 270

To horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *London. The presence chamber in
the palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE
JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORE-
LAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *with other
Gentlemen, Guards, and Attendants: the
King sits.*

King. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of
Wales and I

Must have some private conference: but be
near at hand,

For we shall presently have need of you.

[*Exeunt all but the King and Prince Henry.*]

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost in thy passages⁴ of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings.⁵ Tell me else, 11
Could such inordinate and low desires,
[Such poor, such bare, such lewd,⁶ such mean
attempts,⁷

Such barren pleasures, rude society, 14
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,]
Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

Prince. So please your majesty, I would I
could

Quit⁸ all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless⁹ I can purge 20
Myself of many I am charg'd withal;
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must
hear,

By smiling, pick-thanks¹⁰ and base news-
mongers,

I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder,
Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing 30
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall.)
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men, 40
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion,¹¹ that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession¹²
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.

[By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children "This is
he;"

Others would say "Where, which is Boling-
broke?"

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven, 50
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck¹³ allegiance from men's hearts,

¹ *Pepper-gingerbread*, spiced gingerbread.

² *Velvet-guards*, women that wear dresses trimmed with velvet.

³ *Next*, nearest.

⁴ *Passages*, actions, events.

⁵ *Mistreadings*, transgressions.

⁶ *Lewd*, vile, base.

⁷ *Attempts*, pursuits.

⁸ *Quit*, acquit myself of.

⁹ *Doubtless*, sure.

¹⁰ *Pick-thanks*, parasites.

¹¹ *Opinion*, reputation, public opinion.

¹² *Possession*, the possessor of the crown.

¹³ *Pluck*, gain, win.

Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast
And won by rareness such solemnity. 59
The skipping king, he ambled up and down

With shallow jesters and rash bavin¹ wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,²
Mingled his royalty with capering fools, 63
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative,³
Grew a companion to the common streets,



Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.—(Act iii. 2. 92, 93.)

Enfeoff'd⁴ himself to popularity;
That,⁵ being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began 71
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a
little

More than a little is by much⁶ too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,⁷

Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes; 80
But rather drows'd and hung their eyelids
down,
Slept in his face and render'd such aspect
As cloudy⁸ men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and
full.

And in that very line, Harry, standest thou:
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation:⁹ not an eye
• But is weary of thy common sight,

¹ Bavin, fickle, volatile.

² Carded his state, discarded his dignity.

³ Comparative, dealer in comparisons, affecter of wit.

⁴ Enfeoff'd, devoted, gave. ⁵ That, so that.

⁶ By much, by far. ⁷ Community, commonness.

⁸ Cloudy, moody.

⁹ Vile participation, low company.

Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness. 91

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious
lord,
Be more myself.

King. For all the world
As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspur,
And even as I was then is Percy now.

[Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to¹ the state
Than thou the shadow of succession;
For of no right, nor colour like to right, 100
He doth fill fields with harness² in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.]

What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! [whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital 110
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge
Christ.]

Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing
clothes,

This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas, [ta'en him once,
Enlarged³ him and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.]
And what say you to this? Percy, Northum-
berland,

The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas,
Mortimer,

Capitulate⁴ against us and are up.⁵ 120
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?

Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which are my nearst and dearest⁶ enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,⁷
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

¹ Interest to, claim to. ² Harness, armour, armed men.

³ Enlarged, set free. ⁴ Capitulate, conspire.

⁵ Up, in arms. ⁶ Dearest, most intense.

⁷ Start of spleen, impulse of caprice.

Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find
it so;

And God forgive them that so much have
sway'd 130

Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
[When I will wear a garment all of blood
And stain my favour⁸ in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame
with it.

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm, 142
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.]

Percy is but my factor,⁹ good my lord,
To engross up¹⁰ glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up, 150
Yea, even the slightest worship¹¹ of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here;

[He kneels.

The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may save
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;¹²
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this!
[Goes to the Prince, and raising him from
his knees, embraces him.

Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust
herein. 161

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of
speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to
speak of.

⁸ Favour, face.

⁹ Factor, agent.

¹⁰ Engross up, store up, accumulate.

¹¹ Worship, homage he receives.

¹² Bands, bonds, obligations.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met 165
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head¹ they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

King. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth
to-day, 170

With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement² is five days old.—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;

On Thursday we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgenorth; and, Harry, you
Shall march through Gloucestershire; by which
account,

Our business valued,³ some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him⁴ fat while men delay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Eastcheap. A room in the
Boar's-Head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fall'n away vilely
since this last action? do I not bate?⁵ do I not
dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like
an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like
an old apple-john.⁶ Well, I'll repent, and
that suddenly, while I am in some liking;⁷ I
shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall
have no strength to repent. An I have not
forgotten what the inside of a church is made
of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse. The
inside of a church! Company, villanous com-
pany, hath been the spoil of me. 12

[*Bard.* Sir John, you are so fretful, you
cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it: come sing me a bawdy
song; make me merry. I was as virtuously
given as a gentleman need to be, virtuous
enough; swore little; dic'd not above seven
times a week; went to a bawdy-house not

above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid
money that I borrow'd, three or four times;
liv'd well and in good compass;⁸ and now I
live out of all order, out of all compass. 23

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that
you must needs be out of all compass, out of
all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll
amend my life. Thou art our admiral, thou
bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in
the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the
Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no
harm. 32

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use
of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or
a memento mori. I never see thy face but I
think upon hell-fire and Dives that liv'd in
purple; for there he is in his robes, burning,
burning. If thou wert any way given to vir-
tue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should
be "By this fire that's God's angel:" but thou
art altogether given over, and wert indeed,
but for the light in thy face, the son of utter
darkness. When thou rann'st up Gadshill in
the night to catch my horse, if I did not think
thou hadst been an ignis-fatuus or a ball of
wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O,
thou art a perpetual triumph,⁹ an everlasting
bonfire-light! Thou hast sav'd me a thousand
marks in links¹⁰ and torches, walking with thee
in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but
the sack that thou hast drunk me would have
bought me lights as good cheap¹¹ at the dearest
chandler's in Europe. I have maintain'd that
salamander of yours with fire any time this
two and thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in
your belly! 57

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to
be heart-burn'd.¹²—]

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you
inquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket? 61

¹ Head, army. ² Advertisement, intelligence.

³ Valued, duly considered. ⁴ Him, himself.

⁵ Bate, abate.

⁶ Apple-john, an apple that shrivels with age.

⁷ Liking, condition, flesh.

⁸ In good compass, within reasonable bounds.

⁹ Triumph, show, pageant.

¹⁰ Links, a kind of torches.

¹¹ As good cheap, at as good a market, as cheaply.

¹² Heart-burn'd, stomach-burned.

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have inquir'd, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant; the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before. 67

Fal. Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shav'd and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was pick'd. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I? no; I defy thee. God's light! I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough. 73

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John; you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas,¹ filthy dowlas; I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters² of them. 81

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings,³ and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier.⁴ What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup;⁵ 's blood! an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.— 101

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS in half armour marching. FALSTAFF meets them playing on his truncheon like a fife.

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithce, let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Jack? 111

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket pick'd: [this house is turn'd bawdy-house; they pick pockets.]

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What! he did not? 124

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox;⁶ and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go. 131

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise. 140

[*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast! why, an otter.

Prince. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!]

¹ Dowlas, coarse linen.

² Bolters, sieves.

³ By-drinkings, drinks between meals.

⁴ Denier, a very small coin.

⁵ Sneak-cup, one who shirks his drink.

⁶ Drawn fox, a fox drawn from his kennel, and supposed to be particularly sly.

Prince. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly. 150

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said the other day you ought¹ him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph? 160

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prince. I say 'tis copper; darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art



Host. Who, I? no; I defy thee. God's light! I was never call'd so in mine own house before.—(Act iii. 3. 71, 72.)

but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion; dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? [nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.] 171

Prince. [O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff.] Charge an honest woman with pickin-

thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, emboss'd² rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not ashamed? 184

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of

¹ Ought, owed.

² Emboss'd, swollen.

villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you pick'd my pocket! 190

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee; go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason; thou seest I am pacified.—Still? Nay, prithee, be gone.—*[Exit Hostess.]* Now, Hal, to the news at court; for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

Prince. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee; the money is paid back again. 200

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

Prince. I am good friends with my father and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.¹ 209

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for

a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thank'd for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord? 217

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland.—*[Exit Bardolph.]* Go, Poin, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.—*[Exit Poin.]* Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple Hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive

Money and order for their furniture.²

The land is burning; Percy stands on high; And either they or we must lower lie. *[Exit.]*

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast, come!— 229

[Drum beats without.]

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum!³ *[Exit.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot; if speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery, Such attribution⁴ should the Douglas have, As not a soldier of this season's stamp Should go so general current through the world.

By God, I cannot flatter; I defy⁵ The tongues of soothers;⁶ but a braver place In my heart's love hath no man than yourself. Nay, task⁷ me to my word; approve⁸ me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour; 10
No man so potent breathes upon the ground

¹ Charge of foot, command of infantry.

² Furniture, equipment. ³ Drum, head-quarters.

⁴ Attribution, praise. ⁵ Defy, abjure.

⁶ Soothers, flatterers. ⁷ Task, test. ⁸ Approve, prove. 220

But I will heard him.

Hot.

Do so, and 'tis well.—

Enter a Messenger with letters.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.

Hot. Sounds how has he the leisure to be sick?

In such a justling⁹ time? Who leads his power?¹⁰

Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord. 20

⁹ Justling, busy.

¹⁰ Power, force, army.

Wor. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth; 22

And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd¹ by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first
been whole

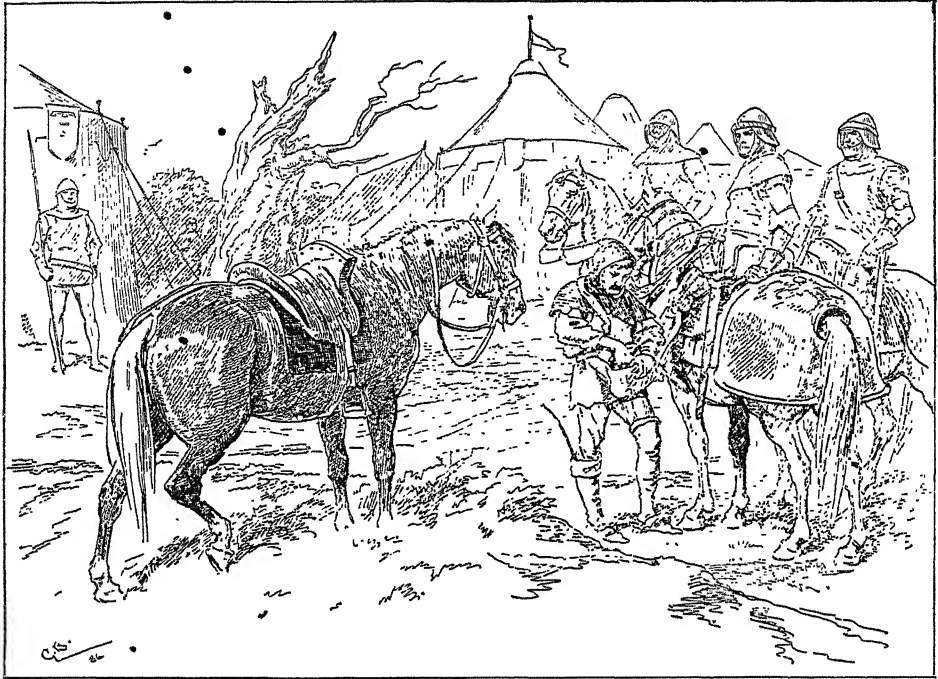
Ere he by sickness had been visited;
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness
doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise;

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp. 30

He writes me here that inward sickness—



Hot. What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.—(Act iv. 1. 13, 14.)

And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd but on his own. *advice*
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,²
That with our small conjunction³ we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd⁴ 40
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us

[*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off;
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want⁵
Seems more than we shall find it.—Were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main⁶
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope, 50
The very list,⁷ the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

¹ Fear'd, feared for. ² Advertisement, advice.

³ Conjunction, assembled forces.

⁴ Possess'd, informed.

⁵ His . . . want, our want of him.

⁶ Main, stake.

⁷ List, limit.

Doug. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion. 53
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in;

A comfort of retirement¹ lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big²
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been
here.] 60

The quality and hair³ of our attempt
Brooks no division. It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence:
[And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,⁴ 70
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
This absence of your father's draws⁵ a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.]

Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head 80
To push against the kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet⁶ all goes well, yet⁶ all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think; there is not such
a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a wel-
come, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand
strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince
John.

Hot. No harm; what more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth, 91
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is
his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd⁷ the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plum'd like estridges⁸ that wing the
wind;

Bated⁹ like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images; 100
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver¹⁰ on,
His cuisses¹¹ on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wip'd¹² a fiery Pegasus 109
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun
in March,

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal¹³ is so nigh,
And yet not ours.—Come, let me take my
horse,

Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt 120
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales;
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
O that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news;
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power¹⁴ this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear
of yet.

¹ Retirement, something to fall back upon.

² Big, threatening.

³ Hair, character, nature.

⁴ Arbitrement, examination, scrutiny.

⁵ Draws, draws aside.

⁶ Yet—as yet.

⁷ Daff'd, put aside.

⁸ Estridges, ostriches.

⁹ Bated, bating.

¹⁰ Beaver, helmet.

¹¹ Cuisses, armour for legs.

¹² Wind, guide.

¹³ Reprisal, prize. ¹⁴ Draw his power, rally his forces.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle¹ reach unto? 129

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be;

My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.

Come, let us take a muster speedily:

Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one half-
year. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A public road near Coventry.—
Drums and fife heard without.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH, in half
armour.*

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry;
fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall
march through; we'll to Sutton Co'fil² to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.³

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and
if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer
the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet
me at town's end. 10

Bard. I will, captain; farewell. [Exit.]

Fal. [Pointing off, and laughing] If I be not
asham'd of my soldiers, I am a sous'd⁴ gurnet.
I have misus'd the king's press damnably. I
have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty
soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I
press'd me none but good householders, yeo-
men's sons; inquir'd me out contracted bache-
lors, such as had been asked twice on the banns;
such a commodity of warm⁵ slaves, as had as
lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the
report of a caliver⁶ worse than a struck fowl
or a hurt wild-duck. I press'd me none but
such toasts-and-butter,⁷ with hearts in their
bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they
have bought out their services; and now my
whole charge consists of ancients,⁸ corporals,

lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as
ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth,⁹ where
the glutton's dogs lick his sores; and such as
indeed were never soldiers, but discarded
unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger
brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-
fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long
peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged
than an old fac'd ancient;⁹ and such have I,
to fill up the rooms of them that have bought
out their services, that you would think that
I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals
lately come from swine-keeping, from eating
draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on
the way and told me I had unloaded all the
gibbets and press'd the dead bodies. No eye
hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march
through Coventry with them, that's flat!
nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the
legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I
had the most of them out of prison. There's
but a shirt and a half in all my company; and
the half shirt is two napkins tack'd together
and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's
coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the
truth, stol'n from my host at Saint Alban's,
or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But
that's all one; they'll find linen enough on
every hedge. 52

Enter PRINCE HENRY and WESTMORELAND.

Prince. How now, blown Jack! how now,
quilt!¹⁰

Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what
a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good
Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I
thought your honour had already been at
Shrewsbury. 59

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time
that I were there, and you too; but my powers
are there already. The king, I can tell you,
looks for us all; we must away all to-night.

Fal. Tut! never fear me; I am as vigilant
as a cat to steal cream.

Prince. I think, to steal cream indeed, for
thy theft hath already made thee butter. But
tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that
come after?

¹ Battle, army. ² Angel, a coin worth ten shillings.

³ Sous'd, pickled.

⁴ Warm, ease-loving.

⁵ Caliver, musket.

⁶ Toasts-and-butter, cockneys.

⁷ Ancients, ensigns.

⁸ Painted cloth, tapestry.

⁹ Ancient, banner.

¹⁰ Quilt, a wadded coverlet.

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine. 69

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut! good enough to toss;¹ food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me. 78

Prince. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir John; I fear we shall stay too long.

[*Exeunt Prince Henry and Westmoreland.*]

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast 85

Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [*Exit.*]

[*Drums and fife, as before, heard outside.*]

SCENE III. *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, VERNON, Gentlemen, and Soldiers with banners.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?²

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well; You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas; by my life, And I dare well maintain it with my life, If well-respected honour bid me ou, 10 I hold as little counsel with weak fear As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives. Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night. 14

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,

Being men of such great leading³ as you are, That you foresee not what impediments Drag back our expedition: certain horse 19 Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up; Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day; And now their pride and mettle is asleep, Their courage with hard labour tame and dull, That⁴ not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy In general, journey-bated⁵ and brought low; The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours; For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT, two Gentlemen, and a flag of truce.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king, 30

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.⁶

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God

You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well; and even those some Envy your great deservings and good name, Because you are not of our quality,⁷ But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend⁸ but still I should stand so,

So long as out of limit and true rule

You stand against anointed majesty. 40

But to my charge. The king hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs,⁹ and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace

Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land

Audacious cruelty. If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot,

Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed

You shall have your desires with interest

³ Leading, military experience. ⁴ That, so that.

⁵ Journey-bated, travel worn. ⁶ Respect, attention.

⁷ Quality, party, faction. ⁸ Defend, forbid.

⁹ Griefs, grievances.

¹ Toss, toss upon a pike. ² Supply, reinforcements.



KING HENRY IV. PART I
Act IV Scene II

Falstaff's ragged regiment

And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.¹ 51

Hot. The king is kind; and well we know
the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unmind'd outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster, 61
To sue his livery² and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less³ came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended⁴ him on bridges, stood in lanes, 70
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspur;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth, 80
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
[Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal⁵ in the Irish war.]

Blunt. Tut! I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the king; 90
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And in the neck of that, task'd⁶ the whole state;
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,

Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king, to be engag'd⁷ in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,



Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael, bear this sealed brief
With winged haste to the lord marshal.—(Act iv. 4. 1, 2.)

Sought to entrap me by intelligence;⁸
Rated⁹ mine uncle from the council-board; 99
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion drove us to seek out

¹ Suggestion, tempting.

² Sue his livery, recover his estates.

³ More and less, high and low. ⁴ Attended, waited for.

⁵ Personal, personally engaged. ⁶ Task'd, taxed.

⁷ Engag'd, held as a hostage.

⁸ Intelligence, information got by spies.

⁹ Rated, chid, scolded.

This head of safety;¹ and withal to pry 103
 Into his title, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw
 awhile.

Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd²
 Some surety for a safe return again,
 And in the morning early shall my uncle 110
 Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace
 and love.

Hot. And may be so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you do.

[*Flourish of trumpets and drums. Exeunt*

*Blunt and his party on one side, Hot-
 spur and his party on the other.*

[SCENE IV. *York. A room in the Archbishop's
 palace.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK and SIR
 MICHAEL.*

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed
 brief³

With winged haste to the lord marshal;
 This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
 To whom they are directed. If you knew
 How much they do import, you would make
 haste.

Sir M. My good lord,
 I guess their tenour.

Arch. Like enough you do.
 To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
 Must bide the touch;⁴ for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
 As I am truly given to understand, 11

The king with mighty and quick-raised power
 Meets with Lord Harry; and, I fear, Sir
 Michael, 13

What with the sickness of Northumberland,
 Whose power was in the first proportion,
 And what with Owen Glendower's absence
 thence,

Who with them was a rated sinew⁵ too
 And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,
 I fear the power of Percy is too weak
 To wage an instant trial with the king. 20

Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
 There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord
 Harry Percy,
 And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head⁶
 Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is; but yet the king hath
 drawn

The special head of all the land together:
 The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
 The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt,
 And many more⁷ corrivals⁸ and dear⁹ men 31
 Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be
 well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 't is to fear;
 And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
 For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
 Dismiss his power he means to visit us,
 For he hath heard of our confederacy,
 And 't is but wisdom to make strong against
 him. 39

Therefore make haste. I must go write again
 To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The King's camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE
 JOHN OF LANCASTER, SIR WALTER BLUNT,
 and SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.*

King. How bloodily the sun begins to peer

¹ This head of safety, this rising in arms for our own
 safety. ² Impawn'd, pledged. ³ Brief, letter.

⁴ Bide the touch, bear the test.

Above yon bosky¹⁰ hill! the day looks pale
 At his distemperature.¹¹

Prince. The southern wind
 Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
 And by his hollow whistling in the leaves

⁵ Rated sinew, help depended upon.

⁶ Head, force, army.

⁷ More, more.

⁸ Corrivals, companions.

⁹ Dear, valued.

¹⁰ Bosky, wooded.

¹¹ Distemperature, disorder.

Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

Enter WORCESTER, VERNON, and a flag of truce.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 't is not
well 9

That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doff¹ our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel;
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.

[*What say you to it? Will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-aborred war?
And move in that obedient orb² again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear and a portent 20
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?*]

Wor. Hear me, my liege.

For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

King. You have not sought it! how comes
it, then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found
it.

Prince. Peace, chewet,³ peace!

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty to turn your
looks 30

Of favour from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember⁴ you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son, 39
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n
right,

The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time, 50
The seeming sufferances that you had-borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster,
And being fed by us you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull,⁵ the cuckoo's bird, 60
Useth the sparrow,—did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your
sight

For fear of swallowing, but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head;⁶
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,⁷
And violation of all faith and troth⁸ 70
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

King. These things indeed you have articu-
late,⁹

Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face¹⁰ the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation;
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause, 80
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion...

Prince. In both your armies there is many
a soul

Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the
world

¹ *Doff*, do off, take off.

² *Orb*, orbit.

³ *Chewet*, pudding.

⁴ *Remember*, remind.

⁵ *Gull*, nestling.

⁶ *Head*, army.

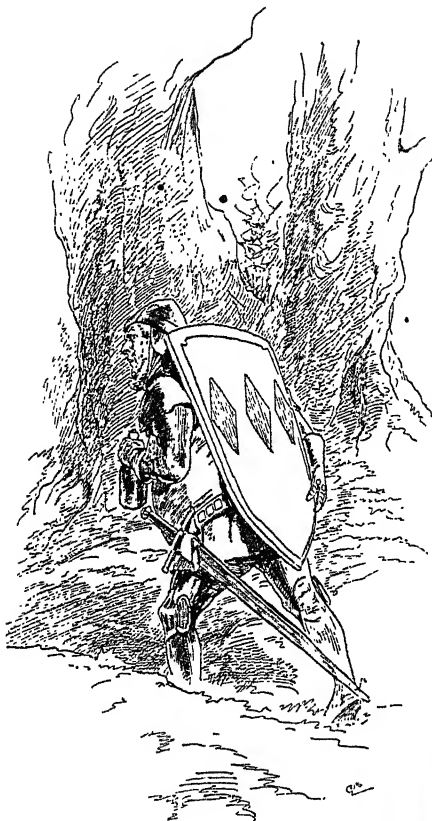
⁷ *Countenance*, bearing, demeanour.

⁸ *Troth*, truth.

⁹ *Articulate*, formally set forth.

¹⁰ *Face*, put a better face upon.

In praise of Henry Percy; by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,¹
I do not think a braver gentleman, 89
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.



Fal. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon;
and so ends my catechism.—(Act v. i. 142-144.)

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry,
And so I hear he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight. 100

¹ Set off his head, taken from his account.

King. [*Rising*] And, Prince of Wales, so
dare we venture thee; [*advancing*] 101
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again and I'll be his.
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do; but if he will not yield, 110
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair; take it advisedly.²

[*Exeunt Worcester, Vernon, and flag of truce.*]

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his
charge, 118

For, on their answer, will we set on them;
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt King, Prince John, Gentlemen,
and Soldiers.*]

Fal. [*Stopping the Prince as he is going*]
Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and
bestride³ me, so; 't is a point of friendship.

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee
that friendship. Say thy prayers, and fare-
well.

Fal. I would 't were bedtime, Hal, and all
well. 126

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. 'T is not due yet; I would be loath to
pay him before his day. What need I be so
forward with him that calls not on me? Well,
't is no matter; honour pricks⁴ me on. Yea,
but how if honour prick me off when I come
on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no;
or an arm? no. or take away the grief of a
wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery,
then? no. What is honour? a word. What
is that word honour? air. A trim⁵ reckoning!
Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday.
Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is

² Advisedly, deliberately.

³ Bestride, stand over (to defend).

⁴ Pricks, spurs.

⁵ Trim, fine (ironical).

it insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II. *The rebel camp.*

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,

The liberal and kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'T were best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults.
[Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;

For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors. 11
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,

The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.]

My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;

It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood;

And an adopted name of privilege,

A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen.¹

All his offences live upon my head. 20

And on his father's; we did train² him on,

And, his corruption being ta'en from us,

We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.

Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,

In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver³ what you will; I'll say 't is so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; Officers and Soldiers behind.

Hot. My uncle is return'd; 29
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.—
Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. *[Exit.]*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid! 36

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

[Re-enter DOUGLAS.]

Doug. Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I have
thrown 42

A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd,⁴ did
bear it;

Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor.] The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth
before the king,

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath
to-day

But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking?⁵ seem'd it in con-
tempt? 51

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life

Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,

Unless a brother should a brother dare

To gentle exercise and proof of arms.

He gave⁶ you all the duties of a man,

Trimn'd up your praises with a princely tongue,

Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,

Making you ever better than his praise 59

By still dispraising praise valu'd⁷ with you;

And, which became him like a prince indeed,

He made a blushing cital⁸ of himself,

And chid his truant youth with such a grace

As if he master'd there a double spirit

Of teaching and of learning instantly.

There did he pause; but let me tell the world,

If he outlive the envy of this day,

England did never owe⁹ so sweet a hope,

So much misconstru'd in his wantonness.)

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamour'd

Upon his follies; never did I hear 71

⁴ Engag'd, held as hostage.

⁵ Tasking, challenge.

⁶ Gave, ascribed to.

⁷ Valu'd, compared.

⁸ Cital, mention.

⁹ Owe, own, have.

¹ Spleen, fit of passion. ² Train, entice. ³ Deliver, report.

Of any prince so wild a libertine. 72
 But be he as he will, yet once ere night
 I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
 That¹ he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
 Arm, arm with speed! and, fellows, soldiers,
 friends,
 Better consider what you have to do
 Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
 Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you. 80

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
 To spend that shortness basely were too long,
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
 An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
 If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
 Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
 When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on
 apace. 90

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my
 tale,

For I profess not talking; only this—
 Let each man do his best: and here draw I
 A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
 With the best blood that I can meet withal
 In the adventure of this perilous day.
 Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.—
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
 And by that music let us all embrace; 99
 For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
 A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The field of battle near
 Shrewsbury.*

*Excursions, and parties fighting. Alarum to
 the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and SIR
 WALTER BLUNT, who is dressed like the
 King, meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle
 thus

Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
 Upon my head? 2

Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas;
 And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
 Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day
 hath bought

Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,
 This sword hath ended him; so shall it thee,
 Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner. 10

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud
 Scot;

And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
 Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and Blunt is slain.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Hol-
 medon thus,
 I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breath-
 less lies the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no; I know this face
 full well: 19

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
 Semblably² furnish'd like the king himself.

[*Doug.* A fool go with thy soul, whither it
 goes!

A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear;
 Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his
 coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his
 coats;

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
 Until I meet the king.

Hot.] Up, and away! 28
 Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free³ at
 London, I fear the shot here; here's no scor-
 ing⁴ but upon the pate.—Soft! who are you?

² *Semblably*, seemingly, in appearance.

³ *Shot-free*, without paying the shot, or bill.

⁴ *Scoring*, making charges of debts (with pun).

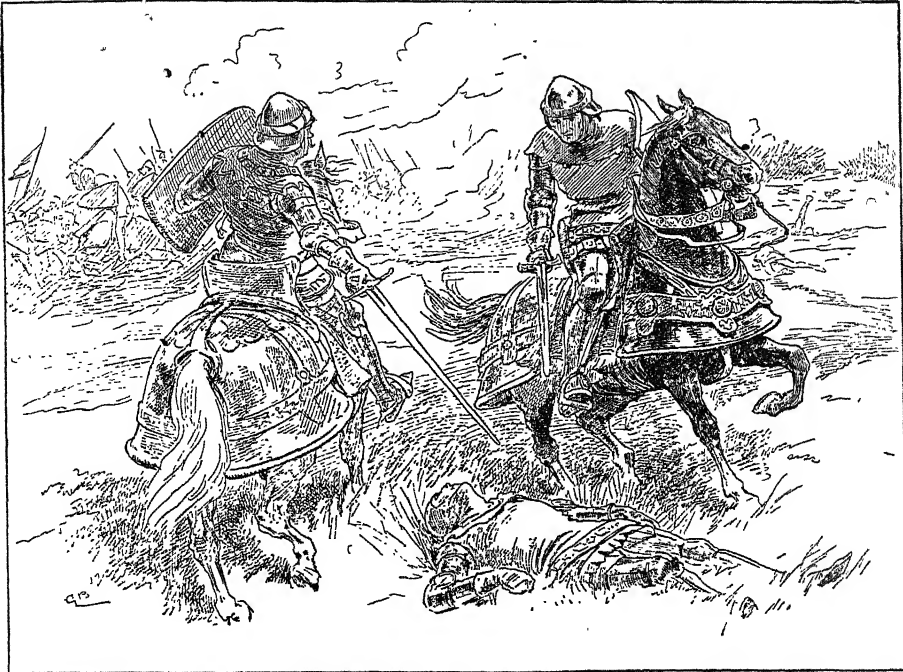
¹ *That*, so that.

Sir Walter Blunt.—There's honour for you! here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too; God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my ragamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the

town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here? 40

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

Prince. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword;
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff.



Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.—(Act v. 3. 16.)

Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies, 43
Whose deaths are yet unreveng'd. Prithee,
lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

Prince. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword. 50

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

Prince. Give it me. What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city. 57

[*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*

Prince. What, is it a time to jest and dally now? [*Throws it at him, and exits.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado¹ of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so;² if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Alarums—he runs off.*

¹ Carbonado, meat cut for broiling.

² So, be it so, well and good.

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field of battle.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter [KING HENRY]

PRINCE HENRY [PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, and WESTMORELAND.]

[*King. I prithee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.—*

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.



Doug. But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be, And thus I win thee.—(Act v. 4. 37, 38.)

Lanc. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Prince. I beseech your majesty, make up,¹ Lest your retirement do amaze² your friends.

King. I will do so.—

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help; 10

And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive The Prince of Wales from such a field as this, Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on, And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Lanc. We breathe³ too long. Come, cousin Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.*

Prince. By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster;

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit.

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul. 20

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point

With lustier maintenance than I did look for Of such an ungrown warrior.

Prince. O, this boy Lends mettle to us all! [Exit.]

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads.

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those That wear those colours on them; what art thou,

That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

King. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart

So many of his shadows thou hast met 30

And not the very king. I have two boys

Seek Percy and thyself about the field:

But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,

I will assay⁴ thee; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;

And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:

But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be, And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the King being in danger, re-enter Prince Henry.*

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like

Never to hold it up again! the spirits 40

Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms;

¹ Make up, go on (with the army).

² Amaze, bewilder, confuse.

³ Breathe, rest.

⁴ Assay, make trial of.

It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.—

[*They fight: Douglas flies.*]

Cheerly,¹ my lord! how fares your grace?

Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breathe awhile.

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,²
And show'd thou mak'st some tender³ of my
life,

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prince. O God! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd⁴ for your death.

If it were so, I might have let alone

The insulting hand of Douglas over you,

Which would have been as speedy in your
end

As all the poisonous potions in the world,

And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

King. Make up to Clifton; I'll to Sir
Nicholas Gawsey. [Exit.]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Mon-
mouth.

Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny
my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prince. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the Prince of Wales; and think not,
Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is
come

To end the one of us; and would to God

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

Prince. I'll make it greater ere I part from
thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you
shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Re-enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF,
who falls down as if he were dead. Exit
DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my
youth!

I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my thoughts worse than thy
sword my flesh:

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's
fool;

And time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death

Lies on my tongue!—No, Percy, thou art dust,

And food for— [Dies.]

Prince. For worms, brave Percy; fare thee
well, great heart!

I'll weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit,

A kingdom for it was too small a bound;

But now two paces of the vilest earth

Is room enough: this earth that bears thee dead

Bears not alive so stout⁵ a gentleman.

[If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so dear a show of zeal;

But let my favours⁶ hide thy mangled face,

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.]

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

Thy ignomy⁷ sleep with thee in the grave,

But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[*Sees Falstaff on the ground.*]

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spar'd a better man.

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity!

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.

Embowell'd⁸ will I see thee by and by;

Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

[*Trumpets and drums—exit Prince.*]

¹ *Cheerly*, be of good cheer.

² *Opinion*, reputation.

³ *Mak'st some tender*, hast some regard.

⁴ *Hearken'd*, was eager.

⁵ *Stout*, brave. ⁶ *Favours*, scarf. ⁷ *Ignomy*, ignominy.

⁸ *Embowell'd*, for embalming.

Fal. [*Rising up*] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder¹ me and eat me too to-morrow! 'S blood! 't was time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot² too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a



Prince. What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh keep in a little life?—(Act v. 4. 102, 103.)

counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part

I have saved my life. Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [*Takes Hotspur on his back.*]

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, and four Soldiers, who stand in the back-ground.

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd³ 132

Thy maiden sword.

Lanc. But, soft! whom have we here? Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince. I did; I saw him dead, Breathless, and bleeding on the ground.—Art thou alive? or is it fantasy That plays upon our eyesight? I prithee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st. 140

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man, but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]; if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, Percy I kill'd myself and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take't⁴ upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh; if the man were alive and would deny it, zounds! I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

¹ Powder, salt.

² Scot and lot, taxation according to one's means.

³ Flesh'd, stained for the first time.

⁴ Take't, take my oath.

Lanc. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother

John.— 159

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back;
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,¹
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.—

[*A retreat sounded.*

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince Henry and Prince John.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward.
He that rewards me, God reward him! If I
do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge,
and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman
should do.

[*Flourish of trumpets. Falstaff beckons to the
Soldiers, who take up Hotspur's body, and
he marches off at their head.*

SCENE V. *King Henry's tent. Flourish of
drums and trumpets.*

KING HENRY (*seated*), PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE
JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND,
*Gentlemen, and Soldiers, with WORCESTER,
VERNON, and others, prisoners.*

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?

{ Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?
{ Three knights upon our party² slain to-day,
{ A noble earl, and many a creature else
{ Had been alive this hour,
{ If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
{ Betwixt our armies true intelligence.] 10

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd
me to;

And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King. Bear Worcester to the death, and
Vernon too;

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.*

[*How goes the field?*

Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when
he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest, 20
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster,
to you

This honourable bounty shall belong.
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free.
His valour shown upon our crests to-day
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries. 31

Lanc. I thank your grace for this high cour-
tesy,

Which I shall give away immediately.

King. Then this remains, that we divide our
power.—

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you with your
dearest³ speed,

To meet Northumberland and the prelate
Scroop,

Who, as we hear, are busily in arms.—
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of
March.] 40

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day;
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

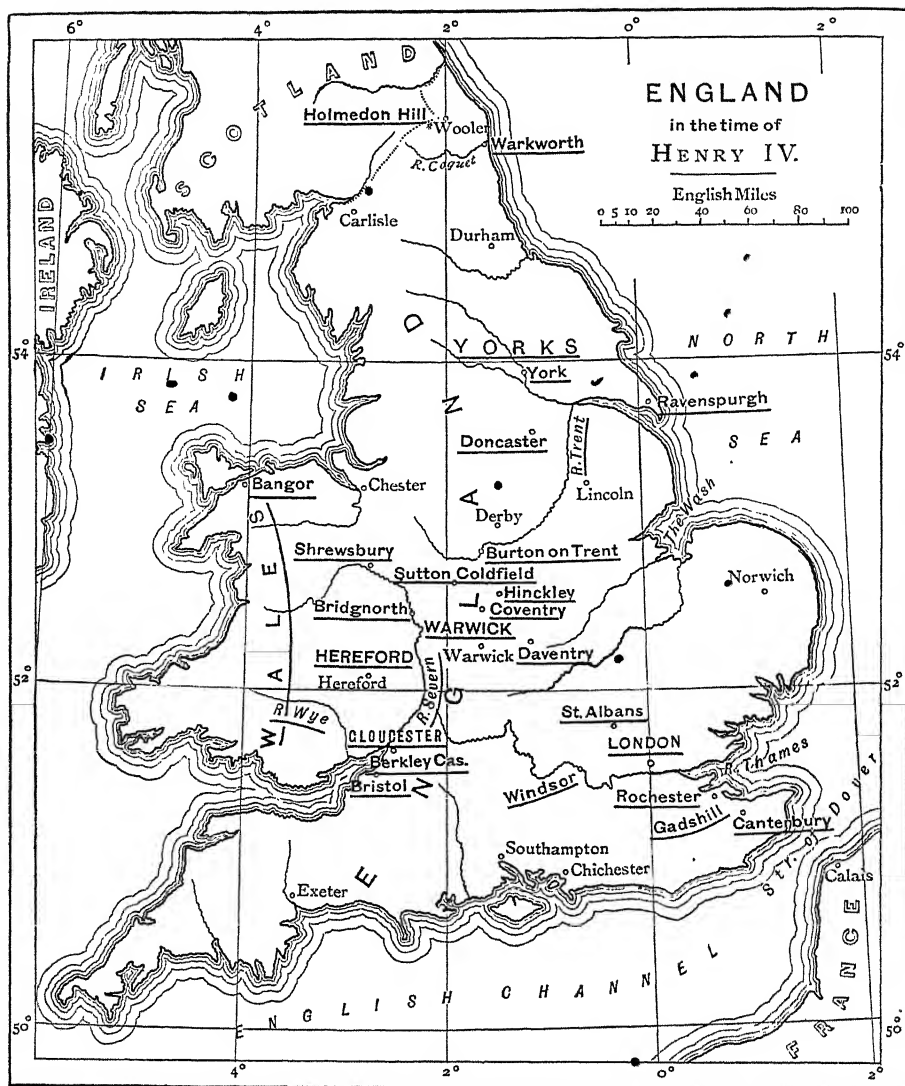
[*Exeunt.*

¹ Grace, honour.

² Party, side.

³ Dearest, best.

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE KING HENRY IV.—PARTS I. AND II.*



* For Map of London in the time of Henry IV. see beginning of Notes on King Henry IV. Part II.

NOTES TO KING HENRY IV.—PART I.

NOTE ON TIME OF ACTION.

Mr. Daniel rightly observes there are besides these ten days three extra Falstaffian days and intervals

which he distinguishes as Day 1a, Day 2a, Day 3a. Day 1a comprises Act i. Scene 2; Day 2a Act ii. Sc. 1, Act ii. Scene 2, and the greater part of Act iv. Scene 4; Day 3a includes part of Act ii. Scene 4, some of the events

of which take place in the early morning, and the events of the rest of this day are represented in Act iii. Scene 2, that is Day 5 in the Time Analysis we have given.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. KING HENRY IV. For some account of the life of Henry before his accession to the throne, see Richard II. note 4. The present play begins¹ three years later, or immediately after the battle of Holmedon, fought on Holyrood Day, Sept. 14, 1402. The Percies, as the first scene reports, there routed the Scottish army that had invaded England with the purpose of restoring Richard to the throne. Soon afterwards came the rebellion against Henry, in which the Percies united with the Welsh under Glendower and others. The defeat of the rebels at Shrewsbury, July 21, 1403, and the death of their gallant leader, are prominent features in the drama. For some years longer Glendower kept up an irregular warfare in the mountains of Wales; and the Percy family revolted again in 1408 (see II. Henry IV.), but were finally defeated at Bramham Moor, where the Earl of Northumberland was among the slain. No other event of importance broke the monotony of the latter years of Henry's reign, which terminated with his death in 1413.

Henry was twice married: in 1385 to Mary de Bohun, who died in 1394 (see Richard II. note 4); and in 1403 to Joan, widow of John de Montfort, Duke of Brittany, who survived her royal husband until 1437. The princes who figure in the play were the children of the first wife, the second having had no issue by Henry.*

2. HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, was the eldest of the four sons of Henry. The date of his birth is given in the inscription on his statue at Monmouth (where he was born) as August 9, 1387. The historians make it variously 1385, 1386, and 1388. His mother, as stated above, died in 1394, but his grandmother, the Countess of Hereford, gave some attention to his education. At the age of eleven he was entered as a student at Queen's College, Oxford. Of his wild career subsequently Holinshed gives an account, which Shakespeare has made the basis of his graphic delineation in this play and the next. The old chronicler also pays a tribute to his gallant behaviour at Shrewsbury.

3. PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER was the third son of Henry, born in 1389. He was made Duke of Bedford by his brother when the latter came to the throne, and appears with that title in the play of Henry V. He is a more important character in I. Henry V. as Regent of France. (See note 2 on that play.) Under his father he became Constable of England, Governor of Berwick, and Warden of the East Marches towards Scotland.

4. The EARL OF WESTMORELAND, born in 1365, was the head of the noble house of Neville, which figured prominently in the reign of Henry and his immediate successors. He was descended from Gilbert de Neville, who came in with the Conqueror, and was the fourth Baron Neville. He was created Earl of Westmoreland by Richard II. in 1397, but became a leader in the party of Bolingbroke,

and one of his most able and powerful supporters in the contest with the Percies. We shall see more of him in the next play.

5. SIR WALTER BLUNT was standard-bearer to King Henry, and was one of the knights who put on armour resembling his at Shrewsbury, and whose death was due to that disguise. He was one of the executors of John of Gaunt's will, by which he received a legacy of a hundred marks.

6. THOMAS PERCY, EARL OF WORCESTER, was a younger brother of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who figures in the play. He had served with the Black Prince, and in 1387 was admiral of the fleet. He was made Earl of Worcester by Richard II. in 1397, but went over to the side of Bolingbroke when his brother was proclaimed traitor for the same cause. He was afterwards one of the most active and virulent opponents of Henry, and was the means of bringing on the battle of Shrewsbury by misrepresenting the conciliatory overtures of the king as in the play. Being captured, he paid the penalty of his treason with his life two days after the battle.

7. HENRY PERCY, EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, was another of the great nobles who, after raising Bolingbroke to the throne, turned against him and did their best to depose him. The play follows history in regard to the illness which prevented him from leading his forces southward, and put them in the charge of his fiery son. The earl is another of the characters who will reappear in the next play. For some account of him, see Richard II. note 13. This earl was twice married; first, in 1358, to Margaret, daughter of Ralph Lord Neville of Raby, who died 1372, five years before her husband succeeded to the title. By her he had issue: (1) Sir Henry Percy (Hotspur); (2) Sir Thomas Percy, who died in Spain in or before 1388; (3) Sir Ralph Percy, who, with Hotspur, was taken prisoner at the Battle of Otterbourne; he died without issue, being killed by the Saracens in 1399. Two other children, Alan and Margaret, died young. His second wife was Maude, sister and heir of Anthony Lord Lucy, widow of the Earl of Angus, who died before him without issue.

8. HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR. His proper title was *Sir Henry Percy*. He is alluded to as having been knighted, in 1377, at the coronation of Richard II. How he obtained the name of *Hotspur* is not quite clear. Holinshed in his History of Scotland says he was "surnamed for his often pricking, *Henrie Hotspur*, as one that seldome times rested, if there were anie service to be doone abroad" (vol. v. p. 397). In the ballad of Chevy Chase and that of Otterbourne (see Percy's Reliques, edn. 1857, pp. 1-20) he is never called anything else but *Percy*. Hall calls him "the *Lorde Henry Percie*, whom the Scottes for his haut and valiant corage called *sir Henry hotspur*" (p. 24). He was born about A.D. 1366 (Collins says in 1364), and was therefore of nearly the same age as King Henry. Shakespeare takes the liberty of making him younger than he may at once compare and contrast him with Prince Henry. When the latter was a baby of a year old, Hotspur was fighting at Otterbourne (Aug. 15, 1388), where he and his brother Ralph were captured by

¹ See note 19.

the Scots under the command of James, Earl of Douglas, who was killed in the battle. At Holmedon, however, Hotspur had his revenge for the former defeat, taking prisoner the Earl of Douglas (Archibald) of the play, with many other Scottish nobles. His refusal to give up these captives to the king is an important incident in Shakespeare's plot. He fell at Shrewsbury; but the dramatist varies from the historical narrative in making him die by the hand of Prince Henry. It is not known to whom the honour of overcoming the gallant warrior is really due. He was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March (see note 16), and he left an only son, Henry, afterwards second Earl of Northumberland, and one daughter, Elizabeth, who married, first, John Lord Clifford, and afterwards Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland. The Earl of Northumberland in III. Henry VI. was the grandson of Hotspur. (See note 7 of that play.)

9. EDMUND MORTIMER, called "Earl of March," in the list of dramatis personæ as in the play, was in fact Sir Edmund Mortimer, "the second son of Edmund Mortimer, third Earl of March, and *uncle* to Edmund Mortimer, the young Earl of March at the period of this play, who was entitled to the crown at the death of Richard II." Historians have confused these Mortimers as the dramatist does. See I. Henry VI. note 13. It should have been explained in that note that George Dunbar, or "George of Dunbar" as he is called sometimes (Hall, p. 23), was Earl of Dunbar and March in the peerage of *Scotland*, but, of course, had no right to the title of Earl of March in the peerage of *England*. If the Chroniclers had always called him Earl of Dunbar or Earl of the *Marches*, so much confusion would not have arisen. (See note 226 of this play.) Sir Edmund, according to some authorities, married a daughter of Glendower, and he had been captured by the Welsh chieftain at Pilleth, in Radnorshire, June 12, 1402. Mortimer was leading the retainers of his nephew against Glendower, who had ravaged the estates of the young nobleman; but the latter, though only some ten years old, was in the expedition, and, like his uncle, was made prisoner by the Welshman.

10. SCROOP, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.—This was Richard Le Scrope, second son of that Richard, Lord Scrope of Bolton, who was chancellor in the reign of Richard II. Shakespeare, in common with many commentators and historians, calls the prelate a brother of the Earl of Wiltshire, who belonged to the Scropes of Masham. Thus Holinshed (vol. iii. p. 23) says: "The Persies, to make their part [in the insurrection] seems good, devised certain articles, by the aduise of Richard Scroope, archbishop of Yorke, brother to the lord Scroope, whome king Henrie had caused to be beheaded at Bristow." The archbishop plays a more prominent part in the next play than in the present.

11. ARCHIBALD, EARL OF DOUGLAS, was the fourth earl of that name (Scott says the third), and got the epithet of "Tine-man," because he *tined*, or lost, his followers in every battle in which he fought. He was vanquished at Holmedon, wounded and captured at Shrewsbury, and badly foiled in a siege of Roxburghe Castle. He had better luck at the battle of Beaugé, in France; but this

gleam of sunshine in his disastrous fortunes was followed by his defeat and death at Verneuil in 1424.

12. OWEN GLENDOWER was born in 1349. He was the son of Griffith Vaughan, who married Elena, granddaughter of Llewelyn, the last prince of North Wales. He studied law at the Inns of Court in London, but gave it up for the service of Richard II., who appointed him "esquire of the body," an office involving close personal attendance upon the sovereign. His estates, after the deposition of Richard, were seized by Lord Grey de Ruthyn, and his petitions for redress were rudely treated by the parliament. Holinshed gives the following account of him:—"He dwelled in the parish of [Corwen], within the countie of Merioneth in North Wales, in a place called Glindourwie, . . . by occasion whereof he was surnamed Glindour Dew.

"He was first set to studie the lawes of the realme, and became an utter barrester, or an apprentice of the law (as they terme him), and served King Richard at Flint castell when he was taken by Henrie duke of Lancaster, though other have written that he served this king Henrie the fourth, before he came to atteine the crowne, in room of an esquier; and after, by reason of variance that rose betwixt him and the lord Reginald Greie of Ruthyn, about the lands which he claimed to be his by right of inheritance: when he saw that he might not prevaile, finding no such favor in his sute as he looked for, he first made warre against the said lord Greie, wasting his lands and possessions with fire and sword, cruellie killing his servant^s and tenants" (vol. iii. p. 17). He afterwards joined Mortimer and Hotspur in their plot to place the Earl of March on the throne. The meeting represented in iii. 1 of the play, as occurring at Bangor, actually took place at Aberdaron, in Carnarvonshire, at the house of David Daron, Dean of Bangor, who was a zealous adherent of Glendower, who, in 1402, had been crowned Prince of North Wales on account of his descent from Llewelyn. It was at this time that "the prophecies of Merlin, derided by Hotspur as 'a deal of skimbie-skamble stuff,' were revived, that Henry, under the style of 'Gugmagog,

Must be brought in thrall,

By a wolf, a dragon, and a lion strong,

Which should divide his kingdom them among.¹

The *dragon* was the badge of Glendower, the *lion* was the crest of Percy, and Mortimer was called the *wolf*, from his crest, a white wolf" (French, p. 64). Glendower took no part in the battle of Shrewsbury, his forces not having made a junction with those of Hotspur; but, as stated above, he kept up an irregular warfare during the reign of Henry IV., and was twice defeated by Prince Henry. He is said to have died in September, 1415, or not until long after the time when Shakespeare makes Warwick (II. Henry IV. iii. 1. 103) report his death to the king.

¹ See note 222. The substance of this prophecy is found in II. iii.,—from whom, of course, Holinshed copies—"A certayne writer writeth that this earle of Marche, the Lorde Percy and Owen Glendour wer unwisely made believe by a Welch Prophecie, that king Henry was the Moldwarpe, cursed of Goddes owne mouth, and that they thre were the *Dragon*, the *Lion* and the *Wolfe*, whiche should divide this realme betwene them, by the deuicacion and not deuicatioⁿ of that mawmet Merlin" (p. 28).

"It is evident that he outlived Henry IV., for a writ of 3 Henry V. directs Gilbert, Lord Talbot, to treat for Owen Glendower's return to allegiance" (French, p. 65).

Holinshed, however, gives the following account of his death:—"The Welsh rebell Owen Glendower made an end of his wretched life in this tenth year of King Henrie his reigne" [1409] "being driven now in his latter time (as we find recorded) to such miserie, that in manner despairing of all comfort, he fled into desert places and solitarie caves, where being destitute of all releefe and succour, dreading to shew his face to anie creature, and finally lacking meat to susteine nature, for meere hunger and lacke of food, miserable pined awaie and died" (*ut supra*, p. 48).

13. SIR RICHARD VERNON belonged to an ancient family, holding fifteen manors in Cheshire before the "Doomsday Survey." He joined in the rebellion against Henry, and was a prominent leader at Shrewsbury, where he was taken prisoner, and on the following Monday beheaded.

14. POINS. "As this favourite companion of Prince Hal is evidently of more gentle blood than Gadshill or Bardolph ('the worst they can say of me is that I am a second brother'), it is probable that Shakespeare intended him for a cadet of the family of Poyntz, one of high antiquity, found in Domesday Book, under Gloucestershire" (French, p. 68). "Poins" is the form in which F. 1 gives his name at his first appearance, i. 2. 118, as well as in the "Actors Names" at the end of II. Henry IV.

15. PETO. According to French (p. 69) "Peito" is also an ancient name, occurring on the "Roll of Battell Abbey;" and the family settled in Warwickshire at an early period. Like Poins, Peto appears to be of superior rank to the other companions of the prince.

16. LADY PERCY. Hotspur always calls his wife "Kate;" Holinshed, in the passage quoted in note 66 *infra*, names her "Elienor;" but her real name was Elizabeth. She was born in 1371, and was named for her grandmother, Elizabeth de Burgh, wife of Lionel of Clarence. Her father was Edmund Mortimer, third Earl of March, and her mother Philippa Plantagenet, granddaughter of Edward III. After the death of her husband Lady Percy was arrested at the order of Henry IV. and brought before him to be questioned. Of her subsequent history there is no record of any importance.

17. LADY MORTIMER. There is no clear evidence that Sir Edmund Mortimer married a daughter of Glendower as Shakespeare and others have represented. Mr. Carte, quoted by French (p. 70), says that "Welsh historians do not bear out a marriage of Glendower's daughter with Mortimer, to whom, in fact, the best English genealogists do not assign any wife."

18. The above are the only *historical* characters in the play. Falstaff, the only other important character, is sufficiently discussed in the Introduction. See also I. Henry VI. note 14.

ACT I. SCENE I.

19.—In this scene Shakespeare follows Holinshed's account of the various events alluded to pretty closely; but

he considerably antedates the determination of Henry IV. to visit the Holy Land. According to Holinshed this was not till 1413. "In this fourteenth and last year of King Henries reigne, a councill was holden in the white friers in London, at the which, among other things, order was taken for ships and gallies to be builded and made readie, and all other things necessarie to be provided for a voiage which he meant to make into the holie land, there to recover the cite of Ierusalem from the Infidels" (vol. iii. p. 57). Holinshed's account of the battle between Glendower and Mortimer is as follows (vol. iii. p. 20): "Owen Glendower, according to his accustomed manner, robbing and spoiling within the English borders, caused all the forces of the shire of Hereford to assemble together against them, vnder the conduct of Edmund Mortimer earle of March. But, coming to trie the matter by battell, whether by treason or otherwise, so it fortuneth, that the English power was discomfited, the earle taken prisoner, and above a thousand of his people slaine in the place. The shamefull villanie used by the Welsh-women towards the dead carcasses, was such as honest eares would be ashamed to heare, and continent toongs to speake thereof. The dead bodies might not be buried, without great summes of monie giuen for libertie to conueie them awaie. The king was not hastie to purchase the deliuerance of the earle March, because his title to the crowne was well enough known, and therefore suffered him to remaine in miserable prison."

The date of Mortimer's defeat by Glendower, which Holinshed (by implication) puts after Whitsuntide, was June 12, 1402. Henry's opening speech, however, shows that the present play must be regarded as following closely on the overthrow, in 1400, of the friends of Richard II., as represented at the end of the play of that name. Further, Westmoreland's speeches require us to regard the defeat of Mortimer as contemporaneous with the victory of the Percies over the Scots at Holmedon, on Sept. 14, 1402. It is at the latter date that the play, in fact, begins.

On June 22, Holinshed says, the Scots, "entring into England, were ouerthrowen at Nesbit, in the marches. . . . Archembald earle Dowglas sore displeased in his mind for this ouerthrow, procured a commission to invade England, and that to his cost. For at a place called Homildon . . . they were so fiercely assailed by the Englishmen, vnder the leading of the lord Persie, surnamed Henrie Hotspur, and George earle of March, that with violence of the English shot they were quite vanquished and put to flight. . . . There were slaine of men of estimation, sir John Swinton, sir Adam Gordon, . . . and three and twentie knights, besides ten thousand of the commons: and of prisoners among other were these, Mordacke earle of Fife, son to the gouernour¹ Archembald earle Dowglas, . . . Thomas erle of Murrey, Robert earle of Angus, and (as some writers have) the earles of Atholl & Menteith" (vol. iii. pp. 20, 21).

20. Line 2: *Find we a time for frighted peace, &c.*—"That is, let us suffer peace to rest awhile without disturbance, that she may recover breath to propose new wars" (Johnson, Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 179).

¹ See below, notes 37, 66.

21. Line 4: *strands*.—The early editions have *stronds*, which form is sometimes found even when the word rhymes with others ending in *-and*. The broad pronunciation of the latter came tolerably near the sound of *-ond*, sufficiently so, at least, for purposes of rhyme. Compare II. Henry IV. i. 1. 62.

22. Lines 5, 6:

*No more the thirsty ENTRANCE of this soil**

Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood.

The word *entrance* has troubled the commentators greatly, and sundry emendations have been proposed. F. 4 has *entrails*, which, if not a misprint, is a change decidedly for the worse. Steevens, after conjecturing *entrants*, adopted *Erinnyes*, which was suggested by Mason. Malone thinks, not without reason, that the poet had in his thoughts Genesis iv. 11: "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand." If we take *entrance* to mean the mouth of the earth or soil, there is no difficulty in the passage. Shakespeare personifies the earth or soil frequently, especially in Richard II., e.g. in the beautiful speech of Richard's, iii. 2. 4-26. Compare for a very similar poetic figure Richard III. iv. 4. 29, 30:

Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.

and III. Henry VI. ii. 3. 15:

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk.

23. Line 28: *But this our purpose is A twelvemonth old*.—This is the reading of the Ff. Q. 1, Q. 2 have "now is twelve month;" Q. 3, Q. 4, Q. 5, Q. 6 have "is twelve month."

24. Line 30: *Therefore we meet not now*.—Not on that account do we now meet.

25. Line 43: *Upon whose dead CORPSE there was such MISUSE*.—*Corpse* here, for which some editors substitute *corps*, is unquestionably a plural, like that of many other words ending with *-se*, *-ce*, &c. Compare Macbeth, v. 1. 29: "Ay, but their *sense* are shut" (the Ff. reading); and in the Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 255, 256:

Are there balance here to weigh

The flesh?

For other examples see Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar, § 471.—*Misuse* in this line is equivalent to *abuse*.

Shakespeare has here copied almost the very words of Holinshed. (See above, note 19.)

26. Lines 49-51:

This match'd with other DID, my gracious lord;

FOR more uneven and unwelcome news

Came from the north, and thus it did IMPORT.

The text follows Q. 1 and Q. 2. Q. 5, Q. 6, and Ff. read thus:

This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord,
Farre more vneuen and vnwelcome Newes
Came from the North, and thus it did report.

27. Lines 55, 56:

At Holmedon met,

Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour.

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The Qq. and Ff. end the first line with *spend*. The correction is Capell's. Pope compressed the two lines into

At Holmedon spent a sad and bloody hour.

28. Line 58: *the NEWS WAS told*.—Shakespeare makes *news* either singular or plural; and sometimes both in one sentence, as here, where we have *them* in the next line referring to *news*. In iii. 2. 121 below we find these *news*.

29. Line 64: *Stain'd with the variation of each soil, &c.*—The picture is a graphic one. The rider has upon him the dust or mud of the varied soils over which he has ridden, not having paused at any point to brush it from his clothes.

30. Line 69: *BALK'D in their own blood*.—This is the only instance of the occurrence of the verb *to balk* in the peculiar sense in which *is* is used here, viz., "to pile or heap up in ridges." The very obvious emendation *balk'd* was suggested by Heath; *bak'd* was Grey's conjecture. Grant White would read *bark'd*. But though there would seem to be no other instance of the use of this verb in the sense which it has here, it may very easily have been coined by Shakespeare from the substantive *balk*, thus explained by Baret in his *Alvearie sub voce*: "A *balke* or *banke* of earth rayzed or standing vp betwene two furrowes." He translated it by the Latin *grumus*, which Cooper in his *Thesaurus* renders: "A barrow or hillocke of earth," and also by *tyra*, which should be *tyra*, rendered by Cooper "a ridge of land between two furrowes: a *balke*." *Balk* is a word which seems to have had very various meanings; according to Baret it also meant "a footstool or step to go up." At any rate the word is used in the sense of "a ridge left by the plough" commonly enough in old English literature. In Piers Plowman, passus vi, line 109, we have:

Dikeres and delueres digged vp the *balkes*.

Gower in his Confessio Amantis (bk. iii.) uses the verb *to balk* in the sense of to leave a *balk* or ridge in ploughing:

But so well halt no man the plough,
That he ne *balketh* other while.

—Works (1837), vol. iii. p. 296.

Minsheu, Guide into Tongues, 1617, *sub voce*, gives "to *balke*, or make a *balke* in earing of land," with its equivalents, the French *seillonner*, Italian *solcare*, &c. For the noun *balk* in its various senses see Skcat, *sub voce*, who says that the word is not much in use at the present day. He points out its connection with the A.Sax. *balca*, a heap, and he gives from Boethius, xvi. 2, "on *balcan* legan" = to lay in heaps. For the verb *to balk*, in another sense, see Taming of the Shrew, note 27.

31. Lines 71, 72:

Mordake THE Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas.

Qq. Ff. omit *the*, which was first supplied by Pope. *Mordake*, or *Murdach*, was not the son of *Douglas*, but of the Duke of Albany, regent of Scotland. As Steevens points out, Shakespeare was misled by the omission of a comma in Holinshed after *gouvernour*, in the last passage quoted in note 19 above. This is a good illustration of the poet's carelessness in the minor details of history, so

unlike what we might expect of Bacon, if he had written the plays, as certain folk imagine.

Just below, in the same passage, Holinshed makes a mistake, which Shakespeare copies, in referring to the Earl of *Menteith* as a different person from the Earl of *Fife*, when they were one and the same.

32. Lines 75-77:

A gallant prize? ha! cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

Q. 1, Q. 2, followed substantially by the other copies, read thus:

A gallant prize? Ha coosen, is it not? In faith it is.

West. A conquest for a Prince to boast of.

The text is Dyce's. Pope read:

A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith, a conquest for a prince to boast of.

Westmoreland's speech has been condensed into one line in various other ways.

33. Line 83: *sweet Fortune's MINION and her pride*.—Shakespeare appears several examples of this old use of *minion* (the French *mignon*) in the sense of darling or favourite. One is in the next scene (line 30), where Falstaff describes his company of amateur highwaymen as "*minions of the moon*." See also Macbeth, ii. 4. 15, where Duncan's horses are called "*the minions of their race*;" and Tempest, iv. 1. 98, where Venus is referred to as "*Mars's hot minion*." See Comedy of Errors, note 31.

34. Line 87, 88:

That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd

In cradle-clothes our children where they lay.

For the popular superstition concerning these fairy changelings, see *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 70.

35. Line 95: *I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife*.—See the first part of the quotation from Holinshed in note 66, *infra*. As Tollet explains, Hotspur had a right to all the prisoners *except* the Earl of Fife. "By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly for himself, either to acquit or ransom, at his pleasure." Steevens points out that the Earl of Fife, "being a prince of the blood royal (son to the Duke of Albany, brother to King Robert III.), Henry might justly claim him by his acknowledged military prerogative" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. pp. 188, 189).

36. Line 97: *Malevolent to you in all aspects*.—This is the language of astrology. *Malevolent* was especially used of the influence of the heavenly bodies, and *aspect* was the technical term for the position of a heavenly body with reference to that influence.

37. Line 98: *makes him PRUNE himself*.—"The metaphor," as Johnson remarks, "is taken from a cock who, in his pride, *prunes himself*;" that is, picks off the loose feathers to smooth the rest. To *prune* and to *plume*, spoken of a bird, is the same" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 189). Hamner changed *prune* to *plume*; but the former word is used again in *Cymbeline*, v. 4. 118: "*Prunes the immortal wing*."

38. Line 107: *Than out of anger can be uttered*.—Than can be uttered because of my anger, or than anger will suffer me to say.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

39. An Apartment belonging to Prince Henry.—Some of the editors place the scene in *Another Room of the Palace*; but we learn elsewhere in the play that the Prince had absented himself for some time from the court. According to tradition he lived at Cold Harbour, a mansion granted to him as Prince of Wales. This house is said to have been in the neighbourhood of Eastcheap. Halliwell, in his Folio edition of Shakespeare, makes the scene *The Painted Tavern in the Vintry*, which Stow mentions as a favourite haunt of the Prince and his comrades.

40. Line 2: *fat-witted*.—An excess of fat was associated with dulness of wit. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 268:

Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat;

and in Henry V. iii. 7. 143, *fat-brained* is used as *fat-witted* is here.

41. Line 3: *sack*.—This was the name given to all Spanish wines, which were, as a rule, dry and rough, and required to be qualified with sugar to suit the taste of those times. *Sack* (originally written *secke*) is generally held to be the equivalent of the French *vin sec*. It appears afterwards to have been used also as the name for sweeter wines, such as Canary and Malaga, simply because they were like the wines of Spain, white, and not red wines. Minshew (edn. 1599) gives under *Sacke*, "a wine that commeth out of Spaine, Vino blanco;" and in the edition of 1617 "*vinum siccum*," which he further explains "propter magnam *siccandi* humoris facultatem, unde etiam G (i.e. French) *vin sec*, vin d'Espagne." Florio explains the word = "*vin di Spagna*." Neither the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, nor Falsgrave, nor Baret gives *sack* in this sense. Nares has an exhaustive article on *sack*, in which he quotes "Dr. Venner's curious work, *Via recta ad Vitam longam* (publ. 1637). After discussing medicinally the propriety of mixing sugar with *sack*, he adds: 'But what I have spoken of mixing sugar with *sack*, must be understood of *Sherie sack*, for to mix sugar with other wines, that in a common appellation are called *sack*, and are *sweeter in taste*, makes it unpleasant to the pallet, and fulsome to the stomach' (p. 31). Speaking afterwards of Canary wine, he says: 'Canarie-wine, which beareth the name of the islands from whence it is brought, is of some termed a *sack*, with this adjunct, *sweete*; but yet very improperly, for it differeth not only from *sack* in sweetness and pleasantness of taste, but also in colour and consistence. For it is not so white in colour as *sack*, nor so thin in substance' (p. 32)." Further on in his article, Nares seems to throw some doubt on the derivation of the word from *sec*, apparently on the sole authority of F. E. Brückman, from whose Catalogus, &c., 1722, he quotes: "*est vinum quoddam album generosum, dulce, Hispanicum, sic dictum, quod in utribus seu saccis in Hispania circumvehatur. Hispani secco vocitant;*" which may be thus translated: "It is a certain white, generous, *sweet* wine, coming from Spain, so called

because it is carried about in leather bottles or *sacks* in Spain. The Spaniards call it *secco*." With regard to this statement we may observe that, in the first place, the Spanish for a *sack* is *saca*, or *saco*; next, that there appears to be no such word in the Spanish language as *secco*. It is evident that Brückman confused the Italian word *secco*, meaning dry, with the Spanish *saco*, a sack. But it is only fair to those who reject the derivation from the Spanish *saco*, dry, or the French *vin sec*, to point out that Douce says that the first mention of *sack* appears to be not "till the 23rd year of Henry the Eighth, when a regulation was made that no malmseys, romineis, *sackes* nor other sweet wines, should be sold for more than three-pence a quart" (p. 257). He does not give any reference; but malmsey is undoubtedly a *sweet* wine, while *romineis* is the same as the wine called *rumney*, which is mentioned by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, in the following passage (part I. sect. 2. memb. 1, subs. 1, quoted by Nares *sub voce*): "All black Wines, over-hot, compound, strong thick drinks as Muscadine, Malmisie, Allegant, *Rumny*, Brownbastard, Metheglen, and the like . . . are hurtful in this case." But the identification of this wine is difficult. It appears from another quotation by Nares, *sub voce*, from Cogan's Haven of Health, that it was a distinct wine from *sack*, while in The Nomenclator, 1585, *Vinum Hispanense* is explained as "Spanish wine, *rumney* or *sacke*." Miège, in his dictionary, 1679, under the word *sack*, gives as its French equivalent "vin d'Espagne," and adds a long note, of which we give the substance. After saying that there is no word in the English language, the etymology of which has given so much trouble, he declares in favour of a derivation by Mandelslo (sic) who derives *sack* from *Xeque*, "une Ville de Mairitanie, qui n'est pas fort éloignée du Détroit de Gibraltar." He thinks that the Spanish might have transported both the vine (la Vigne) and the name from the other side of the Straits. This certainly seems a very far-fetched derivation; but the more one examines into the history of the word, the more difficult it becomes to accept the ordinary derivation from *vin sec*. Neither Cotgrave nor Miège gives under *Sec*, or *vin*, any such expression as *vin sec*. The suggestion that *sack* was so called because the wine was originally carried in goat-skins or *sacks* is plausible enough, but in the absence of further light on the subject we must be content to leave its etymology doubtful.—F. A. M.

42. Line 11: *flame-coloured taffeta*.—*Taffeta* was a thin kind of silken stuff, and it seems to have been often of this bright colour. Halliwell quotes from Wits, Fittes, and Fancies (by Anthonic Copley), 1614: "att'y'd in *taffeta* all over figured with *flames of fire*," and from The Masque of the Inner Temple and Grayes Inne, 1612, "Enter foure Cupids from each side of the boscage, attired in *flame coloured taffeta*."

43. Line 14: *you come near me now*.—We find the phrase again in Romeo and Juliet, i. 5. 22, where old Capulet, bantering the ladies, asks "am I *come near ye now*?"

44. Lines 15, 16: *the moon and the seven stars*.—A fami-

liar expression of the time for the moon and the stars in general, though the *seven stars* was no doubt originally a reference to the Pleiades.

45. Line 16: "*that wand'ring knight so fair*."—Steevens points out that there is an allusion here to El Donzel del Febo, the "Knight of the Sun," whose adventures were translated from the Spanish in a book entitled "The First Part of the Mirrour of Princely deedes and Knighthood. Wherein is shewed the Worthinesse of the Knight of the Sunne and his brother Rosicleer. . . . Now newly translated out of Spanish into our vulgar English tongue, by M[margaret] T[iller]. Imprinted at London by Thomas Este" [1579]. There were altogether eight parts of this book published between 1579–1601. The second and third parts are the only other ones which refer to the history of the Knight of the Sun, and they were published probably in 1582, 1583. The two latter parts were translated by "R. P." The work is now very scarce. Steevens says: "This illustrious personage was 'most excellently faire,' and a great wanderer, as those who travel after him through three thick volumes in quarto will discover. Perhaps the words that *wandering knight so fair* are part of some forgotten ballad on the subject of this marvellous hero's adventures." Shirley, in the Gamester (act iii. sc. 1), mentions this knight:

He has knock'd the flower of chivalry, the very
Donzel del Phebo of the time.

—Works (Clifford's edn.), vol. iii. p. 230.

46. Line 23: *not so much as will serve to be PROLOGUE to an egg and butter*.—That is, "not so much *grace* (playing upon the word) as will serve to be *prologue* (= *grace*) to a simple breakfast." Compare ii. 1. 65 below, where the guests call for *eggs* and *butter* in the morning.

47. Line 27: *let not us that are squires of the NIGHT'S BODY be called thieves of the DAY'S BEAUTY*.—The meaning of this fanciful sentence is not very clear. Of course there is a play upon the words *knight* and *night*, and upon *body* and *beauty*. Malone says that *beauty* "in the western counties is pronounced nearly in the same manner as *booty*" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 191). Certainly this mispronunciation is not uncommon. Grant White (quoted by Rolfe) says that there is a play on the words *body* and *beauty*, which "were in their vowel sounds pronounced alike, both of them having in their first syllable the pure or name sound of *o*, and *booty* having also that sound;" but does not produce any evidence of this pronunciation, and from the fact that the initial syllable of *beauty*, *beautiful*, and *beautified* is very frequently spelt *beu* in the literature of the sixteenth century, it is very unlikely that *beauty* was ever pronounced *böty* as in the French *beauté*. Falstaff's speeches are full of antitheses and euphuisms. In fact many of them seem to be parodies of speeches in Lilly's works. This sentence in the text is an instance of straining after antithesis. There may be, as Steevens suggests, a reference to another meaning of the phrase *squires of the body*, which properly applied to an attendant on a knight, but was afterwards used as a cant term for a pimp (*ut supra*, p. 101).—F. A. M.

48. Line 29: *Diana's foresters*.—Malone has a very misleading note here. He says: "We learn from Hall that

1 This is the Second Edition; the first was published in 1895. The prose part is translated from a Spanish work.

certain persons who appeared as *foresters* in a pageant exhibited in the reign of Henry VIII. were called *Diana's Knights*" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 192). On referring to Hall we find that in the long account he gives of the jousts and pageants that took place at the marriage of Prince Henry to his brother's widow, Catharine of Aragon, there appeared six knights, at the head of whom was Thomas Lord Howard, afterwards Earl of Surrey, who was accompanied by a pageant, the central figure of which was "the Lady Pallas." These knights called themselves "Dame Pallas Schollers," and they were challenged by eight knights, headed by Sir John Pechy, who was accompanied by "a Pageant made like a Parke, paled with pales of White and Grene, wherein were certain Fallowe Dere" (pp. 211, 212). The deer were let out of the park and killed by the greyhounds, and then the knights who were announced as "Seruantes to Diana" challenged Dame Pallas's knights, who were to have as their reward if they conquered "the dere killed, and the greye houndes that slew them;" but if Diana's knights won they were to have only the swords of their opponents. The king, however, fearing "that there was some grudge, and displeasure betwene them," refused to give his consent to the mimic combat (p. 212). It is very doubtful whether the phrase *Diana's foresters* alludes at all to these knights. According to the old mythology, Diana, the goddess of the moon, was a huntress. Speaking of those who ply their trade by moonlight as though they belonged to the huntress-goddess's retinue, Falstaff calls them her *foresters*. There are other instances of this use of the phrase.—F. A. M.

49. Line 47: of *Hybla*.—The words are found in the Qq. but not in the Ff. The omission was doubtless accidental. The town *Hybla* in Sicily, like Mount Hymettus in Greece, was proverbial for its bees and honey. The "*Hybla* bees" are mentioned in Julius Caesar, v. 1. 34.

50. Lines 47, 48: *my old lad of the castle*.—As stated in the introduction the original name of Falstaff in the play was *Oldcastle*, and this passage was a punning allusion to it. Compare II. Henry IV. epilogue, 31: "Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions; for *Oldcastle* died a martyr, and *this is not the man*;" which is evidently an apology for the former use of *Oldcastle's* name, and an assurance that no allusion to the martyr was intended. Nat. Field, who was a member of Shakespeare's company, in his *Amends for Ladies* (1618), makes Seldom say (act iv. sc. 3):

I do hear
Your lordship this fair morning is to fight,
And for your honour: did you never see
The play where the *fat knight*, hight *Oldcastle*,
Did tell you truly what this honour was?

—Dodsley, vol. xi. p. 152.

This alludes to Falstaff's soliloquy on honour (v. 1. 130 below). Compare also Fuller, Church Hist. lib. iv.: "Stage poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John *Oldcastle*, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and yet a coward to boot. . . . The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John *Oldcastle*, and of late is substituted *buffoon* in his place."

51. Lines 48, 49: *And is not a BUFF JERKIN a most sweet robe of DURANCE?*—See Comedy of Errors, note 102. The same pun on *durance* occurs in iv. 3. 26 of that play. *Durance* appears to have been the name of some cloth which was remarkable for its durable qualities. Nares thinks it was an improved substitute for *buff* leather. That there was such a stuff is shown by the following passage, among others, from the Three Ladies of London (1584):

As the tailor that out of seven yards stole one and a half of *durance*.
—Dodsley, vol. vi. p. 344.

52. Lines 72, 73: *I'll be a brave judge!*—Compare the Famous Victories of Henry V. (1598), sc. 6:

Hen. V. But Ned, so soon as I am King, the first thing I will do, shall be to put my Lord chief Justice out of office, And thou shalt be my Lord chief Justice of England.

Ned. Shall I be Lord chief Justice? By gog, wounds, *it be the bravest Lord chief Justice* that euer was in England.

—Shakspeare Quarto Facsimile, No. 39, p. 17.

53. Line 81: *obtaining of SUITS, whereof the HANGMAN hath no lean wardrobe*.—There is a quibble on suits, with an allusion to the fact that the clothes of the criminal were the hangman's perquisite. This privilege belonged to Jack Ketch in very recent times. It is alluded to by Charles Lamb in his humorous Letter to the Reflector, "On the Inconveniences resulting from being hanged." The unfortunate writer is supposed to have been reprieved at the last moment and cut down while alive. Subsequently he meets the hangman "smirking along" in a waistcoat that had been his!

54. Lines 82, 83: *I am as melancholy as a GIB-CAT or a LUGG'D BEAR*.—A *Gib-cat* was undoubtedly a male cat, *Gib* being an abbreviation of *Gilbert*, of which *Tibert* is said to be the old French form, the latter (*Tybert*) being, as will be remembered, the name of the cat in Reynard the Fox; hence *Tib*, another common name for a cat. (Compare Romeo and Juliet, note 85.) Chaucer has in the Romaunt of the Rose (line 6174) "*Gibbe* our cat." *Gib* is a translation of *Thibert* (see Nares *sub voce Gib*). But there is no doubt that it is often used as if it referred to a *she* cat. For instance in Gammer Gurton's Needle "*Gib* the cat," who may be considered one of the characters of the play, is constantly referred to as a female, e.g. in act ii. scene 3 Hodge says, "With that *Gib* shut her two eyes;" and on the same page, "*Gib* in her tail hath fire" (Dodsley, vol. iii. p. 186), in spite of the fact that in act i. scene 2 *Gib* is referred to as a male (p. 178):

Hath no man stolen her ducks or hens, or gelded *Gib* her cat?

—*Ut supra*, p. 178.

And in Peele's Edward I., Jack says:

Ere *Gib* our cat can lick her ear.

—Works, p. 382.

And in Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady, v. 1, "your *gib-ship*" is applied in a coarse passage, figuratively, to a woman (Works, vol. i. p. 98). The confusion as to gender, in Gammer Gurton's Needle, may arise from the fact that nothing is more common than to hear a male cat, especially one that has been gelded, alluded to as *she*; and the feminine gender is used by the common people, in the most haphazard fashion, of all kinds of things animate and inanimate. "As melancholy as a *gibbed* cat" is

found among Howell's English Proverbs. See Bohn (p. 190), where it is spelt "*gibed cat*." The appropriateness of the proverb is not at all clear. A *gibed cat* (i.e. a castrated male) is, as a rule, anything but a melancholy animal, even when he has long passed the age of kittenhood.

A *lugg'd bear* means one of those unhappy bears that were led about by a collar and chain and made to dance. Certainly it is easier to see why this poor animal should be melancholy, considering the ill-treatment which it almost invariably suffers. Compare Lear, iv. 2. 42: "the head-lugg'd bear;" and in the same play, act ii. sc. 4, lines 7, 8, "Horses are tied by the heads, dogs and bears by the neck."—F. A. M.

55. Line 85: *or the drone of a LINCOLNSHIRE BAGPIPE*.—Stevens, unwilling to believe that the national instrument of Scotland could ever have been naturalized in England, hazarded the extraordinary conjecture that by *Lincolnshire bagpipe* Shakespeare meant the frogs croaking in the Lincolnshire marshes! But we have a reference quoted by Boswell from Armin's Nest of Ninnies, 1608, in which, among the pleasures provided at a Christmas jollification, are enumerated "a noyse of Minstrells and a *Lincolnshire bagpipe* was prepared: the minstrells for the great chamber, the *bagpipe* for the hall; the minstrells to serve up the knights meate, and the *bagpipe* for the common dancing" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 197). This, it is clear, must refer to the well-known musical instrument. Chappell, Popular Music, p. 545, quotes, *inter alia*, Drayton, Polyolbion, Song xxv., concerning Lincolnshire:

From Wytham, mine own town, first water'd with my source,
As to the eastern sea I hasten on my course,
Who sees so pleasant play, or is of fairer seen?
Whose swains in shepherds' grey, and girls in Lincoln green,
Whist some the rings of bells, and some the *bag-pipes* ply,
Dance many a merry round.

—Southey's British Poets, p. 672.

Stevens might have remembered that Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims numbered among them a certain Miller, of whom we are told:

A *baggepipe* wel coude he blowe and sounen,
And therewithal he brought us out of tounen.

Prologue to Canterbury Tales, lines 567, 568.

In Stothard's well-known picture we see the miller at the head of the procession vigorously blowing the pipes. Chaucer does not tell us from what part of England the miller came; his tale relates to Oxford.—F. A. M.

56. Lines 87, 88: *a HARE, or the melancholy of MOOR-DITCH*.—Compare Drayton's Polyolbion, The Second Song, in the parts descriptive of the New Forest:

That where the hearth was warm'd with winter's feasting fires,
The *melancholy hare* is form'd in brakes and briars.

—Southey's British Poets, edn. 1831, p. 606, 2nd col.

Is form'd means, of course, is seated in her form. According to Burton in his Anatomy of Melancholy (part i. sect. 2, memb. 2, subsec. 1), hare is "a black meat, melancholy, and hard of digestion, it breeds Incubus, often eaten, and causeth fearful dreams" (edn. 1676, p. 40). In Swift's Polite Conversation, Answerall, being asked to eat hare, replies, "No, madam, they say 'tis melancholy meat."

Moor-ditch was a ditch which drained Moor-fields. It formed part of the main ditch which surrounded the old city of London for defensive purposes. Stow says in his chapter on "The Toun-ditch without the Wall of the Citty" that it was cleansed in 1540, and again in 1549 and 1569 (pp. 26, 27). It appears that the part known as Moor-fields, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, was originally a large marsh, and a great part of it under water. Various attempts were made to drain it. In 1512 Roger Atchley, the mayor, "caused divers dikes to be cast, and made to drein the waters of the said Moore-fields, with Bridges arched over them, and the grounds about to be leveled, whereby the said field was made somewhat more commodious, but yet it stood full of noisome waters" (p. 475). It was again drained, 1527, "into the course of Walbrooke, and so into the Thames" (p. 475). Finsbury-fields were also drained at the same time. In the map of London, 1563, prefixed to Pennant's London, there is a note which says, among other things, that when the map was printed Moor-fields was not laid out or planted. This was apparently done towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, when the fields became a favourite resort of the citizens; but *Moor-ditch* seems still to have retained its uninviting character. In a passage (partly quoted by Malone) in his Pennilesse Pilgrimage, giving an account of his journey from London to Edinburgh, 1618, Taylor, the Water-poet, describing his arrival, altogether penniless, in Edinburgh, says: "my body being tyred with trauell, and my minde attyred with moody, muddy, *Moore-ditch melancholly*" (Works, 1630, pt. i. p. 129).—F. A. M.

57. Lines 90, 100: *wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it*.—This is an allusion to Proverbs i. 20: "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets." This may be the reason why F. 1 omits the first part of the sentence, reading simply *for no one regards it*. So it omits by the Lord in the next speech. Staunton points out, in his Illustrative Comments on this play, that the omission in F. 1 of this passage, and of such phrases as "by my faith," "by the mass," &c., must not be attributed to the Act (3 Jac. 1) which forbade the use of "the Holy Name of God in Stage plays," &c., but to the increasing influence of the Puritans (vol. i. edn. 1858, p. 562).

58. Line 101: *thou hast damnable iteration*.—Hanmer changed *iteration* to *attraction*. Johnson defines *damnable iteration* as "a wicked trick of repeating and applying holy texts." Knight says: "Falstaff does not complain only of Hal's quoting a scriptural text, but that he has been retorting and distorting the meaning of his words throughout the scene. For example, Falstaff talks of the sun and moon, the Prince retorts with the sea and moon; Falstaff uses *hanging* in one sense, the Prince in another; so of *judging*; and so in the passage which at last provokes Falstaff's complaint."

59. Line 113: *bagge me*.—See Richard II. note 42. Compare Spenser, Faerie Queen, vi. 7. 27:

And after all, for greater infamie,
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,
And *bagged* so, that all which passed by
The picture of his punishment might see,

60. Line 139: *Gadshill*.—This hill was near Rochester, on the highway to Canterbury, and was much infested by highwaymen and footpads, who waylaid pilgrims and other travellers. Compare John Clavell's *Recantation of an ill-led Life*, 1634:

For though I oft have seene Gadd's-hill and those
Red tops of mountains where good people lose
Their ill kept purses.

The author was an ex-highwayman, and commenced his predatory career on *Gads-hill*. In Westward Hoe, by Dekker and Webster (1607), there is an allusion to the dangers of this spot (act ii. sc. 2):

Mon. Why how lies she?

Bird. Troth as the way lies ouer *Gads-hill*, very dangerous.

But Boswell in the Var. Ed. (vol. xvi. pp. 432-434) gives on the authority of Sir Henry Ellis, a Narrative from the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum written by Sir Roger Manwood, and dated 3rd July, 1590, which gives a detailed account of "robberyes done at Gadeshill by certain floote theves" and "by horse theves." It appears that the latter had remarkably good horses, and that one of them "wearing a vizarde greye bearde" was commonly called "Justice greye Bearde." Two of the principal robbers were called Custall and Manwaring, who appear to have escaped arrest. Perhaps Shakespeare may have had this particular gang in his mind.

Gads-hill in our time has achieved a pleasanter reputation, having been the place where the late Charles Dickens resided, having fulfilled the ambition of his youth, as he tells us, by purchasing a house there.

61. Lines 157, 158: *stand for ten shillings*.—That is, for a royal, the ten-shilling coin to which we have punning allusions elsewhere; as in ii. 4. 321 below, where the *noble* and the *royal* are played upon. So in Richard II. v. 5. 67, 68, where, in reply to the greeting of the groom, "Hail, royal prince!" the king sportively says:

Thanks, noble peer;

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

See Richard II. note 322.

62. Lines 177, 178: *farewell, All-hallow summer!*—The summer-like weather that sometimes comes at about the time of All-hallows Day (November 1) is compared with Falstaff's jollity in the winter of life.

63. Lines 181, 182: *Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gads-hill*.—For *Bardolph*, *Peto*, the Qq. and Ff. have *Harvey*, *Rossill*, which are doubtless the names of actors. In ii. 4 the prefix *Ross* is found in the Qq. in three speeches which the Ff. give to Gadshill. Nothing is known of any actors so named, nor does any mention of them occur elsewhere. They were probably only what we now call *supers*, and possibly *Rossill* first played Gadshill, and then *Peto*, for he could not have "doubled" the parts. We can readily understand how actors' names were sometimes substituted for those of their parts in prefixes and stage-directions of MSS. used in the theatre; but why they should get into the text is not so easily explained. It might possibly be the slip of a drowsy copyist in the theatre, who, being accustomed to associate the person with the part, inadvertently put one name for the other.

64. Lines 215, 216: *meet me TO-MORROW night in East-*

cheap.—Capell changes *to-morrow night* to *to-night*. Knight arranges the passage thus: "meet me. To-morrow night in Eastcheap." Clarke aptly says: "The prince is thinking of the meeting that is to take place after the 'exploit,' and not of that which is to precede it; of the time when he is to enjoy the jest, not of the time when he is to prepare for it."—P. A. M.

65. Lines 228-230:

*If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come.*

Compare Sonnet lii. 5-8:

Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

66.—Holinshed's account of the quarrel between Henry and the Percies is as follows:—

"Henrie earle of Northumberland, with his brother Thomas earle of Worcester, and his sonne the lord Henrie Persie, surnamed Hotspur, which were to king Henrie in the beginning of his reigne, both faithfull freends, and earnest aiders, began now to envie his wealth and felicitie; and especiallie they were grieved, because the king demanded of the earle and his sonne such Scottish prisoners as were taken at Homeldon and Nesbit: for of all the captiues which were taken in the conflicts foughten in those two places, there was delivered to the kings possession onlie Mordake earle of Fife, the duke of Albanies sonne, though the king did diuers and sundrie times require deliuerance of the residue, and that with great threatnings: wherewith the Persies being sore offended, for that they claimed them as their owne proper prisoners, and their peculiar preies, by the counsell of the lord Thomas Persie earle of Worcester, whose studie was euer (as some write) to procure malice, and set things in a broile, came to the king vnto Windsore (vpon a purpose to prooue him), and there required of him, that either by ransome or otherwise, he would cause to be deliuered out of prison Edmund Mortimer earle of March, their cousine germane, whome (as they reported) Owen Glendouer kept in filthie prison, shakled with irons, onelie for that he tooke his part, and was to him faithfull and true.

"The king began not a little to muse at this request, and not without cause; for in deed it touched him somewhat neere, sith this Edmund was sonne to Roger earle of March, sonne to the ladie Philip, daughter of Lionell duke of Clarence, the third sonne of king Edward the third; which Edmund at king Richards going into Ireland, was proclaimed heire apparent to the crowne, whose aunt called Elianor, the lord Henrie Persie had married; and therefore King Henrie could not well heare, that anie man should be in earnest about the aduancement of that linage. The king when he had studied on the matter made answer that the earle of March was not taken prisoner for his cause, nor in his seruice, but willinglie suffered himselfe to be taken, because he would not with-

stand the attempts of Owen Glendouer and his complices, and therefore he would neither ransom him, nor releuee him.

"The Persies with this answer and fraudulent excuse were not a little fumed, inasmuch that Henrie Hotspur said openlie: Behold, the heire of the relme is robbed of his right, and yet the robber with his owne will not redeeme him. So in this furie the Persies departed, minding nothing more than to depose king Henrie from the high type of his roialtie, and to place in his seat their cousine Edmund earle of March, whom they did not onlie deliuer out of captiuitie, but also (to the high displeasure of King Henrie) entered in league with the foresaid Owen Glendouer. . . .

"King Henrie not knowing of this new confederacie . . . gathered a great armie to go againe into Wales, whereof the earle of Northumberland and his some were aduertised by the earle of Worcester, and with all diligence raised all the power they could make, and sent to the Scots which before were taken prisoners at Homeldon, for aid of men, promising to the earle of Dowglas the towne of Berwikke and a part of Northumberland, and to other Sootish lords great lordships and seignories, if they obtained the upper hand. The Scots in hope of gaine, and desirous to be reuenged of their old greefes, came to the earle with a great companie well appointed" (pp. 22, 23).

67. Line 19: *The moody FRONTIER of a servant brow.*—Warburton changed the word to *frontlet*; but *frontier* here is used in a figurative sense, perhaps as indicating defiance. Below, in act ii. 3. 55, *frontier* is used in the sense of a fortified outwork (or perhaps the *front* of the fort in which the embrasures were): "palisadoes, *frontiers*, parapets." Florio (quoted by Singer upon that passage) has "*Frontiera*, a frontier or bounding place; also a sconce, a bastion, a defence." Shakespeare only uses *frontier* in one other passage; in *Hamlet*, iv. 4. 16, where it means the *frontier* of a country, or a border territory. Stubbes, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, speaks of women's dressing of their heads, with coronets, &c. about their temples, "on the edges of their bolstered hair (for it standeth crested round their *frontiers*)," &c. (Shak. Soc. Reprint, p. 67). It may, indeed, be doubted whether *frontier* means, in the passage in our text, anything more than *front*, i.e. forehead.

68. Line 20: *You have good leave to leave us.*—A courteous but peremptory formula of dismissal. Compare Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 326:

Since I have your good leave to go away.

69. Lines 34, 35:

his chin new REAP'D

Show'd like a STUBBLE-LAND at harvest-home.

This seems to show that the top wore his beard very closely cropped, but was not clean-shaved. Taylor the Water-Poet, in his *Superbie Flagellum* or the Whip of Pride, has a long passage about the "strange and variable cut" of men's beards, in which occur the following lines:

Some are reap'd most substantiall, like a brush
Which makes a Nat'rall wit knowne by the bush!

And some (to set their Love's desire on edge)
Are cut and prun'd like to a quickset hedge.
Some like a spade, some like a forke, some square
Some round, some *moor'd like stubble*, some starke bare.

—Works (1639), Reprint, 1879, pt. i. p. 34.

70. Line 36: *milliner*.—The word is masculine in the only two instances in which Shakespeare uses it. Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 192: "no *milliner* can so fit his customers with gloves." The trade was carried on by men long after the time of Elizabeth.

71. Line 41: *Took it in snuff*.—Snuffed the powder. There is a play upon the expression, which often meant *took offence* (see Love's Labour's Lost, note 100). Some have fancied that there is a reference to tobacco, but Shakespeare does not mention the word elsewhere, and it is unlikely that he does so here.

72. Line 58: *Was PARMACETI for an INWARD BRUISE.*—The word is altered by some editors to *spermaceti*. Reed cites, in illustration of the form, Sir Richard Hawkins, Voyage into the South Sea, 1593: speaking of the whale, he says: "his spawne is for divers purposes. This we corruptly call *parmacetie*, of the Latin word *sperma ceti*." Phillips, in his New World of Words (edn. 1706), gives *Parmacety* as the common form of *Sperma Ceti*. Compare Sir T. Overbury's Characters [an Ordinary Fencer], 1616: "His wounds are seldom skin-deepe; for an *inward bruisse* lambstones and sweete-breads are his only *spermaceti*."

73. Line 64: *He would himself have been a SOLDIER.*—*Soldier* is here tetrisyllable, as in Julius Cæsar, iv. 3. 51: "You say you are a better *soldier*;" and Hamlet, i. 5. 141: "As you are friends, scholars, and *soldiers*." So *exception* is a quadrisyllable in line 78 below.

74. Line 80: *His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer.*—See note 9 above.

75. Line 106: *his crisp head*.—Here the word *crisp* might be supposed to be suggested by the curly head of the river-god as generally represented in sculpture and poetry; but we find it applied to water where there is no such personification. Compare Tempest, iv. 1. 130, where the *crisp channels* of the brooks are mentioned. Steevens quotes Kyd, Cornelia, 1596: "Turn not thy *crispy* tides, like *silver curls*" (Dodsley, vol. v. p. 220); and Ben Jonson's Masque, The Vision of Delight:

The rivers run as smoothed by his hand,
Only their *heads* are *crisped* by his stroke.

—Works, vol. vii. p. 309.

76. Line 108: *BASH and rotten policy.*—So Ff.; Qq. have *bare*, which some editors prefer.

77. Line 128: *ALTHOUGH IT BE WITH hazard.*—This is the reading of the Ff. The Qq. have: "*Aldreit I make a hazard*," which some editors adopt. In line 133, just below, the Ff. have "*In his behalf* I'll empty all these veins." The text follows the Qq. In line 135, for the *down-trod* of the Qq. the Ff. have *downfall*, except F. 4, which alters it to *downfauln*.

♦ 78. Line 143: *an eye of death.*—Johnson made this "an eye menacing death;" but Mason's explanation, "an eye of deadly fear," is favoured by the context. Worcester gives the reason for the king's fear at the name of Mortimer.

79. Line 176: *this CANKER, Bolingbroke*.—For *canker*=dog-rose, see Much Ado, i. 3. 28, and the note thereon.

80. Line 188: *I will unclasp a secret book*.—Compare Twelfth Night, i. 4. 13, 14:

I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul.

81. Line 193: *On the unsteadfast footing of a spear*.—The spear is supposed to be laid across as a bridge. Compare the reference to Hotspur in II. Henry IV. i. 1. 170, 171:

You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er.

82. Line 194: *If he fall in*, GOOD NIGHT!—Clarke says: "The Italians, to this day, use their *buona notte!* as *good night!* is used here, to express a desperate resignation, when a cause or a game is lost. *Sink or swim* is an old English proverbial expression, implying to run the chance of success or failure."

83. Lines 201–207: *By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap, &c.*—Verplanck (quoted by Rolfe) remarks: "Theobald, Steevens, and the critics of that school, have sneered at this passage, as 'rant,' and T. Warton (a critic of a higher order) has strangely suggested that this is probably a passage from some bombast play, and afterwards used as a common burlesque phrase for attempting impossibilities." But this *rant* is precisely the rant in which such a character as Hotspur might give vent to his feelings, in real life. It is the language of an ardent mind, under strong excitement, giving utterance to its aspirations in grand but half-formed figures; and is justly liable to no other criticism than Worcester himself immediately subjoins, on the 'world of figures' created by his nephew's imagination; a clear proof as to what the author himself intended. This 'rant' of Hotspur is not unlike some of the rants of Napoleon, in his bulletins—so extravagant when tried by the standard of cold criticism; so animating and exciting in their actual effect. Warburton observes that Euripides has put the same sentiment into the mouth of Eteocles: 'I will not disguise my thoughts; I would scale heaven, I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom.' Johnson says, 'Though I am far from condemning this speech, with Gildon and Theobald, as absolute madness, yet I cannot find in it that profundity of reflection and beauty of allegory which Warburton endeavoured to display. This sally of Hotspur may be, I think, soberly and rationally vindicated as the violent eruption of a mind inflated with ambition and fired with resentment; as the foisted clamour of a man able to do much and eager to do more; as the dark expression of indetermined thoughts. The passage from Euripides is surely not allegorical; yet it is produced, and properly, as parallel.' In the Knight of the Burning Pestle (Induction, Works, vol. ii. p. 75), Beaumont and Fletcher put these lines into the mouth of Ralph, the apprentice, apparently with the design of raising a good-natured laugh at Shakespeare's expense, in which he probably would have joined as heartily as any one."

84. Lines 209, 210:

He apprehends a world of FIGURES here,
But not the form of what he should attend.

The figures are shapes which Hotspur conceives in his imagination; but none of them bear the form of the matter to which he should attend, namely, what his uncle had to propose.

85. Line 228: *All studies here I solemnly DEFY*.—*Defy* is here equivalent to abjure or renounce. Compare King John, iii. 4. 23: "No, I *defy* all counsel, all redress." See also iv. 1. 6 of the present play.

86. Line 230: *that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales*.—"When the rapier and dagger were introduced, they became the distinctive weapons of gentlemen, while the sword and buckler were used by serving-men and brawling, riotous fellows; therefore Percy coins this epithet for Prince Hal, to intimate that he was but one of those low and vulgar fellows with whom he was associated" (Clarke).

87. Line 236: *wasp-stung*.—This is the reading of Q. 1. Q. 2, which the rest follow, has *waspe-tongue*; Ff., substantially, *wasp-tongue*.

88. Line 248: *Ravenspur*.—The port, at the mouth of the Humber, where Bolingbroke landed on his return from exile. See Richard II. note 145. For the interview to which Hotspur refers, see act ii. sc. 3 of that play.

89. Line 278: *Before the game's afoot, thou still LETT'ST SLIP*.—The metaphor is taken from hunting. To let slip the greyhounds was to set them free from the slips or thongs by which they were held until the proper moment. Cf. Coriolanus, i. 6. 37–39:

Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will;

and Henry V. iii. 1. 31, 32:

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start.

Turberville, in The Noble Art of Venerie or Hunting, 1575, p. 240, says: "We let *slippe* a greyhound, and we caste off a hounde."

90. Line 292: *Cousin, farewell*.—The word *cousin* is loosely used by Shakespeare for nephew, niece, uncle, brother-in-law, and grandchild; and also as a mere complimentary form of address between princes and persons of rank. See Richard II. note 161, and Richard III. note 242.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

91. Lines 9, 10: *as dank here as a dog*.—Some of the editors have proposed to change *dog* to *dog* and *dock*; but this is one of a class of colloquial similes that will hardly bear analysis. Dyce (note 34) says "as wet as a dog" is an expression still in use; and he compares Taylor the Water-Poet, A Dogge of Warre: "But many pretty ridiculous aspersions are cast upon Dogges, so that it would make a Dogge laugh to heare and vnderstand them. As I haue heard a Man say, I am as hot as a Dogge, or, as cold as a Dogge; I sweate like a Dogge, (when indeed a Dogge neuer sweates,) as drunke as a Dogge, hee swore like a Dogge, and one told a Man once, That his Wife was not to be beleeu'd, for she would lye like a Dogge" (Works, 1630, p. 232).

92. Line 15: *I think this* BE.—This is the reading of Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4; the others have "I think this to be." Ff. read "I thinke this *is*."

93. Lines 16, 17: *I am stung like a tench*.—According to Pliny (Natural History, bk. ix. ch. 47), "some fishes there be, which of themselves are given to breed fleas and lice, among which the Chalcis, a kind of Turbot, is one" (Holland's Translation, i. 264); but the simile may be as unmeaning as the one in line 9 above.

94. Line 18: *by the mass*.—The Ff. omit this, like *God's body* in line 29, and change *christen* to *in Christendom*.

95. Lines 26, 27: *two RAZES of ginger*.—The *raze* is commonly supposed to be the same as *race* or *root*; but here it would rather seem to be the name of some kind of package.

96. Lines 27, 28: *Charing-cross* stood at the angle of the road from Temple Bar where it turned southward towards the precincts of Whitehall and Westminster. It was the last of those crosses which Edward I. erected in memory of his queen, Eleanor, at the places where her funeral had halted on the way to the Abbey, and took its name from the hamlet of Charing which lay in the neighbourhood. In Shakespeare's time there were fields to the west and north-west, but divers fair houses and tenements were being built along the road towards both London and Westminster (see Stowe, Survey, pp. 493, 494), and the present passage shows that the name of Charing Cross had been acquired by some part of the surrounding locality. The Cross, which was twice rebuilt, was finally pulled down in 1643, but the name still remains.—F. A. M.

97. Lines 32, 33: *as good deed as drink*.—This was a cant phrase. It occurs again in the next scene, line 23; and also in Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 135.

98. Line 37: *two o'clock*.—As the carrier had said above that it was four o'clock, it is likely that he purposely misleads Gadshill here. He evidently has a distrust of the fellow. He will not lend him a lantern, and treats him with contempt throughout.

99. Line 43: *Ay, when? canst tell?*—A common piece of slang, expressing scorn at the demand of another. Compare Comedy of Errors iii. 1. 50-52:

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh!
Have at you with a proverb—Shall I set in my staff?
Lucie. Have at you with another; that's—When? can you tell!

100. Line 53: *At hand, quoth pick-purse*.—Another proverbial saying, of which many examples have been cited by the commentators. The chamberlains, or head attendants in the inns, were often in collusion with thieves and robbers in that day.

101. Lines 67, 68: *Saint Nicholas' clerks*.—A slang term which Warburton explains thus: "St. Nicholas was the patron saint of scholars; and Nicholas, or Old Nick, is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers, *St. Nicholas' clerks*." Steevens cites Daborne, A Christian Turn'd Turk, 1612: "*St. Nicholas's clerks* are stepp'd up before us;" and Glapthorne, The Hollander, 1635, iii. 1: "divers Rookes and *Saint Nicholas Clearkes*

shall . . . use no more slights to get more than they can clearly come off with" (Works, i. 112).

102. Line 77: *Trojans*.—This was a cant name for boon companions; but it came also to be applied to thieves and other bad characters.

103. Line 82: *long-staff sixpenny strikers*.—Johnson explains this as meaning "fellows that infested the roads with long-staffs, and knocked men down for sixpence." Steevens quotes The Second Maiden's Tragedy, 1611, ii. 1: "Twenty times worse than any highway *strikers*" (Dodsley, x. 418).

104. Line 85: *can hold in*.—"Can keep their fellows' counsel and their own" (Malone, Var. Ed. p. 241).

105. Line 94: *liquor'd*.—Compare Merry Wives, iv. 5. 99-101: "they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and *liquor* fishermen's boots with me." Malone quotes Peacham, Complete Gentleman, 1627, p. 199: "Item, a half-penny for *liquor* for his boots."

106. Line 96: *the receipt of FERN-SEED*.—It was popularly supposed that fern-seed was invisible, and that if gathered in a certain way it made the possessor invisible. Compare Ben Jonson, New Inn, i. 1:

I had
No medicine, sir, to go invisible,
No fern-seed in my pocket. —Works, v. 342.

107. Line 101: *a share in our PURCHASE*.—For *purchase*, which is often found in the sense of acquisition, especially by dishonest means, the Ff. have *purpose*. Compare Henry V. iii. 2. 44, 45: "They will steal anything, and call it *purchase*." Steevens quotes Chaucer: "And robbery is bolde *purchase*;" and Spenser, Faërie Queene, i. 3. 16:

For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stealths, and pillage severall,
Which he had got abroad by purchas criminall.

108. Lines 104, 105: *homo is a common name to all men*.—This is one of Shakespeare's quotations from his old Latin grammar.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

109. Line 2: *frets like a gum'm'd velvet*.—That is, wears rough, like inferior velvets that were stiffened with gum. Compare Marston, The Malcontent, 1604: "I'll come among ye, like *gum* into taffeta, to *fret*, *fret*" (Works, vol. ii. p. 206).

110. Lines 13-20: *If the rascal have not given me MEDICINES to make me love him*.—Alluding, as Johnson says, to "the vulgar notion of *love powder*" or love potions. Compare Othello, i. 3. 69, 61:

She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and *medicines* bought of mountebanks.

111. Lines 46, 47: *hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent GARTERS*.—Alluding to the order of the Garter, and to the cant phrase, "He may hang himself in his own garters."

112. Line 54: *What news?*—Q. 1 and Q. 2 have "Bardoll, what news?" as part of Poins's speech. The later Qq. put *Bardoll* in italics. In the Ff. "*Bardolfe*, what news?" is put into a separate line. Hence Johnson suspected

that *Bardolfe* is the prefix to the speech, and that the next speech belongs to Gadshill. The emendation has been generally adopted, though the Cambridge editors retain the Quarto reading. It is certainly more natural that Gadshill should give them the order to get ready than that Bardolph should do it; and it is not likely that Poins, after recognizing Gadshill's voice, would ask Bardolph for news rather than the "setter." On the other hand, Bardolph might put the question to the other party.

113. Lines 80, 81: *happy man be his dole!*—This was a common expression. Compare Winter's Tale, i. 2. 163: "*Happy man be's dole!*" and Merry Wives, iii. 4. 67, 68: "if it be my luck, so; if not, *happy man be his dole!*" See Taming of the Shrew, note 38.

114. Line 93: *gorbellied*.—Compare Mary Basset's translation from the Latin 'Exposition of the Passion' of her uncle, Sir Thomas More: "as a greate *gorbelyed* glotton, so corpulente and fatte that he canne scantelye goe" (Works of Sir Thomas More, 1557, p. 1402).

115. Line 94: *chuffs*.—The word was especially used of rich and niggardly churls. Compare Marlowe, Ovid's Elegies, iii. 7: "*Chuff*-like, had I not gold, and could not use it?" (Works, p. 342). Singer quotes from Cotgrave: "*Un gros marroufle* . . . an ouglie luske or clusterfist; also, a rich churl, or fat *chuffe*."

116. Lines 96, 97: *You are grand-jurors, are ye? we'll JURE ye*.—Falstaff coins the verb for the occasion. Grant White says: "Falstaff's exclamation, 'You are grand-jurors,' &c., seems to be based on an intended whimsical misunderstanding of 'we and ours' in the Traveller's outcry, *ours* having been probably pronounced *oors* in Shakespeare's day."

117. Line 115: *Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death*.—On the probable change in this line, see Introduction above, p. 331.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

118. Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.—According to "Mr. Edwards's MS. Notes" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 251), the letter was from George Dunbar, Earl of Dunbar and March, in Scotland. See above, note 9, and compare note 195, *infra*.

119. Line 22: *my lord of York*.—Richard Scroop, Archbishop of York. See note 10, *supra*.

120. Lines 34, 35: *I could divide myself, and go to bruffets*.—I could divide myself, and let each part beat the other.

121. Line 39: *Kate*.—As to the real name of the lady, see note 16 above.

122. Line 40: *O, my good lord, &c.*—With this dialogue between Hotspur and his wife, compare that between Brutus and Portia in Julius Cæsar, ii. 1.

123. Line 48: *my treasures and my rights of thee*.—My treasured or valued rights as your wife. *Thick-eyed* in the next line means "dim-eyed," or "blind to things outside of yourself."

124. Line 56: *basilisks*.—The cannon was probably named from the fabulous monster. Compare the play upon the two senses of the word in Henry V. v. 2. 17: "The fatal balls of murdering *basilisks*"—where in *balls* there is also a play upon eye-balls and cannon-balls.

125. Line 81: *A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen*.—Compare Cymbeline, iii. 4. 162: "As quarrelous as the weasel."

126. Line 85: *About his title*.—That is, his claim to the throne. See notes 9 and 66 above.

127. Line 86: *To line his enterprise*.—For *line* in this sense, compare Henry V. ii. 4. 7: "To *line* and new repair our towns of war."

128. Line 90: *I'll break thy little finger*.—"This token of amorous dalliance appeareth to be of a very ancient date; being mentioned in Fenton's Tragical Discourses, 1579: 'Whereupon, I think, no sort of kysse or follies in love were forgotten, no kynd of crampe, nor pinching by the *little finger*'" (Steevens, as "Amner;" Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 256).

129. Line 92: *Love! I love thee not*.—Clarke observes: "This is one of Hotspur's characteristic replies, which he is in the habit of making to words addressed to him long previously; a habit so well known that Prince Hal laughingly alludes to it when he mimics Percy's manner: 'and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after.' See the next scene, line 121.

130. Line 94: *mammets*.—Stubbes, in Anatomie of Abuses, speaks of the fashionable women of the time as "not naturall, but artificiall Women, not Women of flesh and blood, but rather puppets or *mawmets*, consisting of rags and clowtes compact together" (Reprint, New Shak. Soc. p. 75). See Romeo and Juliet, note 155.

131. Line 95: *crack'd crowns*.—"Signifies at once *cracked money* and a *broken head*. *Current* will apply to both: as it refers to money, its sense is well known; as it is applied to a *broken head*, it insinuates that a soldier's wounds entitle him to universal respect" (Johnson). Malone quotes Sir John Oldcastle, 1600, First Part, iv. 1.:

I'll none of your *crack'd French crowns*—
King. No *crack'd French crowns*! I hope to see more *crack'd French crowns* ere long.

—Supplement to Shakespeare (1780), vol. ii. p. 324.

Douce (p. 459) says: "There was a ring or circle on the coin within which the sovereign's head was placed; if the crack extended from the edge beyond this ring the coin was rendered unfit for currency."

132. Line 114: *Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know*.—Ray gives among his proverbs this: "A woman conceals what she knows not" (Bohn. Handbook of Proverbs, p. 304).

ACT II. SCENE 4.

133.—Eastcheap. A room in the Boar's-Head Tavern.—"That the *Boar's Head* was the name of a tenement in Eastcheap so early as the end of the fourteenth century is testified by historical record; and it is ascertained that the *Boar's Head Tavern* was the name of a place of en-

tainment very near to the Blackfriars Playhouse; so that Shakespeare has blended a verity of history and a daily visible actuality of his own London life into one piece of imperishable poetic enamel-painting, by making the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap the meeting-place of Prince Hal, Sir John Falstaff, Ned Poins, Bardolph, Pistol, and Hostess Quickly" (Clarke).

The Boar's Head was burned in the great fire of 1666, but was rebuilt on the same site, where it remained until it was demolished in 1831. Goldsmith describes a visit to the house, which he evidently supposed to be the original tavern. He comments upon it thus: "Such were the reflections that naturally arose while I sat at the Boar's Head Tavern, still kept at Eastcheap. Here, by a pleasant fire, in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immoral merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth; wished to be young again, but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted, and now and then compared past and present times together. I considered myself as the only living representative of the old knight, and transported my imagination back to the times when the prince and he gave life to the revel, and made even debauchery not disgusting. The room also conspired to throw my reflections back into antiquity: the oak floor, the Gothic windows, and the ponderous chimney-piece had long withstood the tooth of time."

The sign of the second Boar's Head Tavern, carved in stone, and bearing the date 1668, is preserved in the Guildhall, London.

134. Lines 1, 2: *fat-room*.—Vat-room. Compare Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 7. 123 (address to Bacchus): "In thy fats our cares be drown'd!" See also Joel, ii. 24: "the fats shall overflow with wine and oil," and Mark, xii. 1: "A certain man planted a vineyard . . . and digged a place for the vine-fat."

135. Line 7: *I am SWORN BROTHER to a LEASH of drawers*.—In *sworn brother* there is an allusion to the *fratres jurati* of the days of chivalry, or knights who swore to each other friendship and devotion like that of brothers in all adventures and perils. Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 606-608: "Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his *sworn brother*, a very simple gentleman!" and Coriolanus, ii. 3. 102: "I will, sir, flatter my *sworn brother*, the people." Compare Richard II. note 283.

A *leash* was the thong by which greyhounds were led; and as three of them were tied together, the name came to be applied to three greyhounds, or, figuratively, to any other group of three.

136. Line 8: *their CHRISTEN names*.—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 have *christen*, which Q. 5, Q. 6 changed to *Christian*, while the Ff. omit the word.

137. Lines 9, 10: *They TAKE IT already UPON their salvation*.—They swear by their hopes of salvation—a common expression of that time. Compare, "I'll take't upon my death," in v. 4. 153 of this play.

138. Line 13: *a Corinthian*.—Compare the similar use of *Ephesian* in II. Henry IV. ii. 2. 164.

139. Line 18: cry "*hem!*" and *bid you play it off*.—The *hem!* appears to have been an encouraging exclamation; and *play it off* means "down with it!" or "finish it at once!" Clarke says: "Several quotations have been cited to show that this was the phrase used among roysters for toying in this style, and that the feat was considered an accomplishment; the most apt of which quotations is one from Samuel Rowlands, Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-Vaine, 1600:

Heele look into your water well enough,
And hath an eye that no man leaves a snuff;
A pox of peecemeale drinking; (William sayes)
Play it away, wee! have no stoppes and staves;
Blowne drinke is odious; what man can disiest it?

—Hunter Soc. Reprint, 1880, Satire 6, p. 75.

140. Line 25: *pennyworth of sugar*.—Steevens observes that the drawers kept sugar folded up in papers, ready for those who called for sack; and he cites Look About You, 1600:

hear ye, boy!

Bring sugar in white paper, not in brown.

—Dodsley, vol. vii. p. 445.

141. Line 26: *an under skinker*.—Johnson remarks: "*Skink* is drink, and a *skinker* is one that serves drink at table." Compare Ben Jonson, Poetaster, iv. 3:

Alb. I'll ply the table with nectar, and make 'em friends.
Her. Heaven is like to have but a lame *skinker*.

—Works, vol. ii. p. 482.

142. Line 29: *Anon!*—Equivalent to the modern waiter's *Coming!*

143. Lines 29, 30: *a pint of BASTARD*.—There were two kinds of *bastard*, white and brown. The latter is mentioned in line 82 of this scene. Compare Measure for Measure, iii. 2. 3, 4: "we shall have all the world drink brown and white *bastard*."

144. Line 30: *in the Half-moon*.—So the *Pomgarnet* (Pomegranate) is the name of a room a few lines below. Compare Goldsmith, She Stoops to Conquer, act iii.: "Attend the *Lion* there; pipes and tobacco for the *Angel*; the *Lamb* has been outrageous this half-hour."

145. Lines 77, 78: *Wilt thou rob this LEATHERN JERKIN, CRYSTAL BUTTON*.—Will you run away and rob your master of the service due him by your bond of apprenticeship.

The *leathern jerkin with crystal buttons* was a common dress for vintners and other tradesfolk. Greene, in his Quip for an Upstart Courtier, 1620, describes the costume of a broker as "a black taffeta doublet, and a spruce leather jerkin with *Chrystal buttons*," &c.

146. Lines 78-80: *NOTT-PATED, agate-ring, PUKE-STOCKING, CADDIS-GARTER, smooth-tongue, SPANISH-POUGH*.—*Nott-pated* is explained by some as "with hair cropped close;" by others as "knotty-pated" (see line 251 of this scene) or "bull-headed." With the former interpretation compare Chaucer's description of the Yeoman (Canterbury Tales, Prologue, line 109):

A *not-hed* hadde he, with a broune visage.

Puke, which is probably the same as *puce* (flea-coloured), is defined by Baret, in his Alvarie, as "between russet and black." Drant, translating Horace, Satire viii., renders *nigra palla* by *pukishe frock*. According to Nares, *sub*

voce Puke, the wearing of dark stockings was regarded as a reproach, like the modern *blackleg*. *Caddis-garter* is equivalent to cheap-gartered. Malone says *caddis* was *worsted galloon*. The garters, being a conspicuous part of the dress of that day, were often costly and elegant; and the worsted *caddis* would be considered a poor material for them. Of *Spanish-pouch* no satisfactory explanation has been given, but it is clearly used in contempt, like the other compounds.

147. Line 82: *Why, then, your brown bastard, &c.*—The answer of the prince is nonsense, intended to bewilder the drawer, who does not know what to make of it.

148. Line 114: *I am not yet of Percy's mind, &c.*—"The drawer's answer had interrupted the prince's train of discourse. He was proceeding thus, as Johnson explains it, "'I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours; I am not yet of Percy's mind; that is, 'I am willing to indulge myself in gaiety and frolic, and try all the varieties of human life. I am not yet of Percy's mind, who thinks all the time lost that is not spent in bloodshed, forgets decency and civility, and has nothing but the barren talk of a brutal soldier.'" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. pp. 267, 268).

149. Line 123: *that damned BRAWN*.—Compare II. Henry IV. i. 1. 19: "Harry Monmouth's *brawn*, the hulk Sir John."

150. Line 130: *nether stocks* were short stockings. Compare Lear, ii. 4. 10, 11, where *Kent* in the stocks is described by the fool as wearing "wooden *nether-stocks*."

151. Line 134: *pitiful-hearted BUTTER*.—The Qq. and Ff. all have *Titan*. The slip was corrected by Theobald. For *Titan* (the sun) compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 3. 4: From forth day's path and *Titan's* fiery wheels.

152. Line 137: *here's lime in this sack*.—That lime was often put into sack is clear from many allusions in books of the time; but the purpose for which it was used is variously stated. Sir Richard Hawkins, in his *Voyages* (page 379), quoted by Warburton, says it was "for conservation;" but Rowlands, *Greenes Ghost Haunting Conie-catchers*, 1602, as quoted by Reed (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 272), "to make it mightie," or add to its strength. Rolfe cites Sir Hugh Plat's *Jewel House of Art and Nature*, 1653: "We are grown so nice in tast, that almost no wines unless they be more pleasant than they can be of the grape, will content us, nay no colour unless it be perfect fine and bright will satisfie our wanton eyes, whereupon as I have been credibly informed by some that have seen the practise in Spain, they are forced even there to interlace now and then a lay of *Lime* with the Sack grape in the expression [*i.e.* in pressing out the juice], thereby to bring their Sacks to be of a more white colour into England than is natural unto them, or than the Spaniards themselves will brook or indure, who will drink no other Sacks than such as be of an Amber colour."

153. Lines 146, 147: *I would I were a WEAVER*.—Weavers and tailors, perhaps from singing at their work, got the name of being good singers. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, ii. 3.

60, 61: "Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one *weaver*?"

154. Line 151: *with a DAGGER of LATH*.—This is plainly suggested by the wooden dagger borne by the Vice in the old moralities, with which he often belaboured the Devil, who was also a regular character therein. Compare *Twelfth Night*, iv. 2. 134-138:

Like to the old Vice,
Who, *with dagger of lath*,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil.

See also II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 343, where Falstaff calls Shallow "this Vice's *dagger*."

155. Line 198: *an EBREW Jew*.—The early Qq. and the Ff. have *Ebrev*; but the general form in other plays is *Hebrew*. See Two Gent. of Verona, note 55.

156. Lines 201, 202: *and then come in the other*.—Q. 8 and F. 3 and F. 4 change *come* to *came*.

157. Line 229: *by these HILTS*.—The plural *hilt*s is often used with reference to a single sword. Compare Henry V. ii. 1. 68: "I'll run him up to the *hilt*s."

158. Lines 238, 239:

Fal. *Their POINTS being broken*,—
Poins. *Down fell their HOSE*.

There is here a play on *points*, one meaning of which was the "tagged laces by which the hose were tied up to the doublet." Compare *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 24-27, where, in reply to the clown's remark that he is "resolved on two *points*," Maria says: "That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, *your gaskins fall*." The pun was a common one.

159. Line 242: *seven of the eleven I paid*.—Clarke remarks: "The way in which the beginning *hundred* gradually dwindle down to *two*, and then as gradually swell up to *eleven*, with even a supplementary *three* added, in *Kendal green*, is in the richest style of humorous exaggeration; and we feel it to be a pure invention of Falstaff's, for the sake of revelling in his own sense of fun, and ministering to that of the Prince, not for the sake of grave self-vindication, or with the slightest thought of being believed."

160. Line 246: *in Kendal green*.—This famous woollen cloth was made at Kendal in Westmoreland. Compare Drayton, *Polyolbion*, Song 30:

where Kendal town doth stand,
For making of our cloth scarce match'd in all the land.
—Southey's *British Poets*, p. 583, 2nd col.

Camden (quoted in Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 278) speaks of the town as "so highly renowned for her commodious cloathing and industrious trading, as her name is become famous in that kind."

161. Lines 252, 253: *tallow-catch*.—Some critics take the word to be for *tallow-keech*, a round lump of fat rolled up for the chandler.

162. Line 262: *the strappado*.—Randle Holme, *Academy of Arms and Blazon*, book iii. ch. 7, p. 310 (quoted by Steevens, Var. Ed. p. 280), says: "The *strappado* is when

the person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly to let him fall half-way with a jerk, which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but also shaketh all his joints out of joint; which punishment is better to be hanged, than for a man to undergo."

163. Lines 264, 265: *if REASONS were as plenty as blackberries*.—There is a play upon *reasons* and *raisins*, the words being pronounced alike. Compare Much Ado, v. 1. 210-212: "if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er choke more *reasons* in her balance;" though the pun there is not so clear as here.

164. Line 270: *you EEL-SKIN*.—The Qq. and Ff. have *elf-skin*, which some critics have maintained to be right. But compare II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 349-351, where Falstaff says of Shallow that "you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an *el-skin*." Johnson proposed *elfkin*. See King John, note 42.

165. Line 292: [Falstaff hides his face behind his shield. —This is the traditional business in this most admirable situation, and was probably handed down from different actors of Falstaff, at least from the time of Quin. We have slightly altered the stage-direction usually given in the acting editions of this play two lines below. The old business was for Falstaff to peep over the edge of his shield while saying the words, "By the Lord, I knew ye," &c. (see line 295); but the more earnestly this amusing protest of Falstaff is made, the better. The late Mr. Mark Lemon gave an admirable interpretation of Falstaff in costume some years ago, and his business was very effective. Before speaking the words of recognition addressed to Prince Hal, he looked round as if still puzzled for an answer; and then, with a sudden flash of intelligence, dashed his hand down on the table, exclaiming with the greatest emphasis and earnestness (ii. 4. 295, 296): "By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye."—F. A. M.

166. Line 300: *the lion will not touch the true prince*.—Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, The Mad Lover, iv. 5:

Fetch the Numidian lion I brought over;
If she be sprung from royal blood, the lion,
He'll do you reverence;

Works, vol. i. p. 306.

and Palmerin d'Olive, translated by Anthony Munday, 1588: "The Lyons coming about him, smelling on his clothes, would not touch him; but (as it were knowing the blood royal) lay downe at his feete and licked him, and afterwards went to their places againe."

167. Line 315: *my lady the hostess*.—Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 9. 85:

Serv. Where is my lady?
Por.

Here: what would my lord?

168. Lines 320, 321: *Give him as much as will make him a ROYAL man*.—See note 61 above.

169. Lines 346, 347: *taken with the manner*.—See Love's Labour's Lost, note 15.

170. Line 352: *exhalations*.—The word is equivalent to *meteors*, as often.

171. Line 355: *Hot livers and cold purses*.—"That is, 252

drunkenness and poverty. To *drink* was, in the language of those times, to *heat the liver*" (Johnson). Compare Antony and Cleopatra, i. 2. 23: "I had rather *heat my liver* with drinking."

172. Line 357: *No, if rightly taken, HALTER*.—This implies a play on the preceding *choler* (*collar*). Steevens quotes King John and Matilda, 1655:

O. Bru. Son, you're too full of *choler*.

Y. Bru. Choler! *halter*!

Fitz. By the mass, that's near the *collar*!

173. Line 358: [Exit Bardolph angrily.—In Q. and Ff. there is no exit for Bardolph marked, though in line 523 below both have *Enter Bardolph* (Q. *Bardoll*.) *running*. To get over the difficulty most editors make the Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph go out when the knocking is heard, and then Bardolph to re-enter immediately. The acting edition gets out of the difficulty by making the Hostess go off when the knocking is heard, and immediately re-enter. There seems to be no reason why the Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph all should go off directly the knocking is heard; while it is very natural that Bardolph should go off in a huff at the point where we have marked his exit. It is much better that Bardolph, Gadshill, and Peto should all go off together, with Falstaff, directly the sheriff is called in.—F. A. M.

174. Lines 364, 365: *any alderman's thumb-ring*.—According to Steevens, aldermen and other civil officers wore rings on their thumbs in the days of Shakespeare; and Halliwell-Phillips says that a character in the Lord Mayor's Show in 1664 is described as "habited like a grave citizen,—gold girdle and gloves hung thereon, rings on his fingers, and a seal-ring on his thumb."

175. Line 370: *Amamon*.—He was regarded as a powerful demon. Compare Merry Wives, ii. 2. 311-313: "Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbasen, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends." See I. Henry VI. note 234, where *A Maymon* is a misprint for *Amaymon*.

Shakespeare throughout this play represents Glendower as a thorough believer in his powers over evil spirits. The common belief that he was a great magician is noted by Holinshed, who says, *sub anno* 1402: "about mid of August, the king . . . went with a great power of men into Wales to pursue the captaine of the Welch rebell Owen Glendower, but in effect he lost his labor; for Owen conveyed himselfe out of the waie . . . and (as was thought) through art magike, he caused such foule weather . . . to be raised, that the like had not been heard of" (p. 20).

176. Lines 379, 380: *with his PISTOL*.—This is an anachronism, as the pistol was not then known in England.

177. Lines 413-432.—This portion of this scene is usually omitted by mistake; but, as the editor of Lacy's acting edition says in a note, "most injudiciously." In fact there is nothing more excellent in the whole of the Falstaff scenes than this bit, in which the jolly old knight displays his capacity for acting, first as the king, and then as the prince. He throws himself thoroughly into his part, and, in reading this scene aloud, or in representing it on the stage, it is evident that Falstaff's speeches,

in the character of the king, should be given with a thorough affectation of seriousness, and with dignity; for the fat knight can be dignified when he chooses. When the Prince in the character of his father begins to abuse Falstaff (406, 407), Falstaff's remonstrance must be given gravely, as if indeed it were a sincere defence by the Prince of his old boon companion.—F. A. M.

178. Lines 425, 426: *in King Cambyse's vein*.—A sarcastic reference to a ranting play called *A Lamentable Tragedie*, mixed full of Pleasant Mirth, containing the Life of *Cambyse*, King of Persia, 1570.

179. Line 434: *tristful*.—The Qq. and Ff. all have *trustful*. The correction is Rowe's. In *Hamlet*, iii. 4. 50, we find "with *tristful* visage."

180. Lines 438, 439: *tickle-brain*.—It is not known what this potent beverage was. Steevens quotes *A New Trick to Cheat the Devil*, 1636:

A cup of Nipsitate brisk and neat,
The drawers call it *tickle-brain*.

181. Line 441: *the camomile*.—Compare Lyly, *Euphues*: "Though the *camomill* the more it is troden and pressed downe, the more it spreadeth: yet the violet the oftner it is handleed and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth" (Arber's Reprint, p. 46). Reed quotes Greene, *Philomela*, 1595: "The *pæme* tree, the more it is prest downe, the more it sprowteth up: the *camomill*, the more it is troden, the sweeter smell it yeildeth" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 291).

182. Line 450: *a micher*.—Akerman, in his *Provincial Words and Phrases*, has "*Moocher*.—A truant; a black-berry moucher. A boy who plays truant to pick black-berries." It was also applied to petty thieves. Steevens compares Comment on the Ten Commandments, 1493: "many theyves, *michers*, and outpurse;" and Lyly, *Mother Bombe* (1594), i. 3: "How like a *micher* he standes, as though he had trewanted from honestie" (Works, vol. ii. p. 86). Reed cites Lambard, *Eirenarcha*, 1610: "drawlatches, wastors, or roberts-men, that is to say, either *miching* or mightie theeves."

183. Lines 455, 456: *this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile*.—The quotation is from *Ecclesiasticus*, xiii. 1: "He that toucheth *pitch* shall be defiled therewith."

184. Lines 480, 481: *a rabbit-sucker* or *a POULTER'S HARE*.—Johnson says: "The jest is in comparing himself to something thin and little. So a *poulterer's hare*; a hare hung up by the hind legs without a skin is long and slender" (Var. Ed. p. 294).

185. Line 495: *bolting-hutch*.—This is the tub into which meal is sifted. Compare Browne, *Britannia's Pastors*, ii. 2:

For as a miller in his *bolting-hutch*
Drives out the pure meale nearly as he can,
And in his sifter leaves the coarser bran,
So, &c.

186. Line 498: *that roasted Mannington ox*.—Malone shows that Mannington in Essex possessed the privilege of fairs, by the tenure of exhibiting yearly a certain num-

ber of stage-plays. He quotes Nashe, *The Choosing of Valentines*:

or see a play of strange moraltie,
Shown by bachelrie of *Mannington*,
Whereto the countrie franklins flock-meale swarme.

The festivities at the fairs appear to have been notable. On such occasions the roasting of an ox whole was a common custom. Essex oxen, as Nashe supposes, were famous for their size.

Iniquity, *Vanity*, and other *Vices* were personages in the old moralities. See Richard III. note 305.

187. Line 506: *take me with you*.—See *Romeo and Juliet*, note 151.

188. Lines 534, 535: *the devil rides upon a fiddlestick*.—This was a common expression, perhaps originating in the Puritan dislike for music and dancing. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 give the speech to the prince, the other Qq. and the Ff. to Falstaff. It is said in ridicule of the dame's excitement and alarm.

189. Lines 540, 541: *thou art essentially mad, without seeming so*.—The Qq. and F. 1, F. 2 have *made for mad*. The meaning is not clear. Malone says: "Perhaps Falstaff means to say: We must now look to ourselves; never call that which is real danger, fictitious or imaginary. If you do, you are a madman, though you are not reckoned one. Should you admit the sheriff to enter here, you will deserve that appellation" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 295). Vaughan explains it, perhaps rightly: "Do not pretend to pass yourself off as merely simulating the madcap when you are veritably and actually mad." This interpretation, he thinks, is confirmed by the prince's reply, "And thou a natural coward, without instinct," which means "As I need no simulation to make me a madman, so you need no instinct to make you a coward, for you are by nature a coward." Grant White says: "Falstaff, endeavouring to play out the play, in spite of the interruption, attributes the prince's undervaluation of himself (Falstaff) to madness."

190. Lines 544, 545: *I deny your MAJOR*. *If you will deny the sheriff, &c.*—Ritson remarks: "Falstaff clearly intends a quibble between the principal officer of a corporation, now called a *mayor*, to whom the *sheriff* is generally next in rank, and one of the parts of a logical proposition." According to Vaughan, *New Readings, &c.* of Shakespeare, *Hollinshed* uses *major* in this sense of *mayor*: "the *major* being present with the shiriffes, chamberlain, and sword-bearer." Richardson, *sub voce*, quotes Bacon, *History of Henry VII.* p. 7: "The *major* and companies of the citie receiued him at Shore-ditch."

191. Line 549: *hide thee behind the arras*.—"When arras was first brought into England, it was suspended on small hooks driven into the bare walls of houses and castles. But this practice was soon discontinued; for after the damp of the stone or brickwork had been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed on frames of wood at such a distance from the wall as prevented the latter from being injurious to the former. In old houses, therefore, long before the time of Shakespeare, there were large spaces left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to

contain even one of Falstaff's bulk" (Steevens, in Var. Ed. xvi. 299).

192. Line 573: *I think it is GOOD MORROW.*—That is, I think it is past midnight, and therefore *good-morrow* (which was equivalent to *good morning*) is the proper salutation.

193. Lines 575, 576: *known as well as PAUL'S.*—Referring to St. Paul's; as in II. Henry IV. i. 2. 58: "I bought him in Paul's." The nave of the cathedral was a place of general resort.

194. Line 577: *Falstaff!*—*fast asleep behind the arras, &c.*—Dr. Johnson suggested that this speech and the others should be transferred to *Poins*; a suggestion which Malone adopts; and there can be little doubt that he is perfectly right in doing so. Certainly, from a dramatic point of view, such a transference is absolutely necessary; for it is absurd that *Peto*, who is never found on any other occasion as Prince Henry's special companion, should all of a sudden desert his mate Bardolph and remain with the Prince. Again, why should *Poins*, who had nothing to do with the robbery, except in helping the Prince to rob the robbers, take flight with the rest? [Malone uses this same argument too; but this was written before I had read his note.] As for the attempt of the Cambridge edd. to defend the reading of the old copies on the ground that "the formal 'Good morrow, good my lord' is characteristic of *Peto* and not of *Poins*, I would point out that in i. 2. 218 *Poins* says to the Prince, "Farewell, my lord;" and also that in the presence of the sheriff it is not unnatural that the Prince should drop his familiar mode of addressing *Poins*, and that *Poins*, on his part, should address the Prince according to his rank. But in any case this objection is a very trivial one. It is true that this alteration involves also the substitution of *Poins* for *Peto* in the latter part of act iii. scene 3; but it will be noted that the old copies omit, in both instances, the name of *Peto*, and it certainly seems more probable that *Poins* should have occupied a responsible position in the army under the Prince than *Peto*, who, in the matter of the Gadshill robbery, behaved, equally with Bardolph, as an arrant coward. In the Second Part of Henry IV. we find *Poins* as a constant companion of the Prince, while *Peto* only enters *once* (at the end of act ii. scene 4), when he brings the news that inquiries have been made "for Sir John Falstaff." It may be noticed that in the Second Part, ii. 4. 390, the Prince addresses *Poins* as *Poins* simply, nor is there any allusion in either Part of Henry IV. to the fact that *Peto* held any military rank.—F. A. M.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

195.—Holinshed says that the Percies, having set Edmund Mortimer earl of March at liberty (see note 66, latter part), "entered in league with . . . Owen Glendower. Heerewith, they by their deputies in the house of the archdeacon of Bangor, diuided the realme amongst them, causing a tripartite indenture to be made and sealed with their seales, by the conenants whereof, all England from Seuerne and Trent, south and eastward, was assigned to the earle of March: all Wales, and the lands beyond Se-

uerne westward, were appointed to Owen Glendower: and all the remnant from Trent northward, to the lord Persie.

Douglas and the Scots were easily won to the Percies' side (compare note 66, last paragraph), and articles were devised, which "being shewed to diuerse noblemen, and other states of the realme, moued them to fauour their purpose, in so much that manie of them did not onlie promise to the Percies aid and succour by words, but also by their writings and seales confirmed the same. Howbeit when the matter came to triall, the most part of the confederates abandoned them, and at the daie of the conflict left them alone. Thus after that the conspirators had discouered themselves, the lord Henrie Persie desirous to proceed in the enterprise, vpon trust to be assisted by Owen Glendower, the earle of March, and other, assembled an armie of men of armes and archers forth of Cheshire and Wales. Incontinentlie his vncke Thomas Persie earle of Worcester that had the gouernement of the prince of Wales, who as then laie at London in secret manner, conueied himselfe out of the princes house" [compare act ii. sc. 4, lines 392, 393 *supra*] "and coming to Stafford (where he met his nephew) they increased their power by all waies and meanes they could deuise" (Holinshed, p. 23).

Of the portents at Glendower's birth Holinshed's account is as follows: "Strange wonders happened (as men reported) at the natiuitie of this man, for the same night he was borne, all his fathers horses in the stable were found to stand in bloud up to the bellies" (p. 21). The repeated failures of the English to gain a footing in Wales were attributed to Glendower's magical powers. See note 175 *supra*.

196. Line 27: *Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth, &c.*—"The poet has here taken, from the perverseness and contrarioussness of Hotspur's temper, an opportunity of raising his character, by a very rational and philosophical confutation of superstitious error" (Johnson, Var. Ed. xvi. 304).

197. Line 45: *That CHIDES the banks.*—Shakespeare often uses *chide* for loud and continuous noises. Compare Henry VIII. iii. 2. 197: "As doth a rock against the chiding flood;" and As You Like It, ii. 1. 7: "And churlish chiding of the winter's wind." The barking of dogs is called "gallant chiding" in A Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1. 120.

198. Line 68: *Home without BOOTS.*—For the play on *boots*, compare ii. 1. 91 above.

199. Line 100: *a monstrous CATTLE.*—The Qq. have *scantle*. Steevens quotes Drayton, Polyolbion, i. 80, 81:

at Mount Michael's bay

Rude Neptune cutting in a *cattle* forth doth take;

and A New Trick to Cheat the Devil, 1639 (fol. E 4, back): "Not so much as a *cantell* of cheese or crust of bread" (Var. Ed. p. 300).

200. Line 114: *And then he runs straight and even.*—This line has been thought to be metrically imperfect, but there is a similar instance of the slurred and unaccented *he* in line 108 *supra*:

but mark how *he* bears his course, and runs me up;

and in many other places we find examples of short lines ending speeches, just as in the present instance.

201. Line 131: *I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd*.—Referring to the manufacture of the candlestick. The Ff. have *candlestick* here. *Canstick* is found in prose as well as in verse; Steevens cites “Kit with the *canstick*,” from Scot’s Discoverie of Witchcraft, 1584. He quotes also A New Trick to Cheat the Devil, 1639:

He make . . . your bed
As if you were to lodge in Lothbury,
Where they turn *brazen candlesticks*.

Fol. C, back.

and Ben Jonson, *Masque of the Gipsies Metamorphosed*:

From the *candlesticks* of Lothbury,
And the loud pure wives of Banbury.

Bless [i.e. preserve] the sovereign and his *hearing*.

Works, vii, p. 419.

202. Line 149: *telling me of the MOLDWARP*.—See note 12 *supra*. In the *Mirroure for Magistrates*, 1559, Glendower is represented as saying of himself:

And for to set vs hereon more agog,
A prophet came (a vengeance take them all!)
Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,
Whom Merline doth a mouldwarp euer call,
Accurst of God, that must be brought in thrall
By a wolfe, a dragon, and a lion strong,
Which should deuide his kingdome them among.

—Legend of Glendour, stanza 23 (vol. ii. p. 71).

203. Line 154: *And such a deal of* SKIMBLE-SKAMBLE stuff.—Steevens quotes Taylor, the Water-Poet, A Whore very Honest: "Here's a sweet deale of *scimble-scamble stuffe*" (Works, 1630, p. 111).

204. Line 157: *the several devils' names*.—Compare ii. 4. 370 *supra*, and note thereon.

205. Lines 160, 161:

*As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house.*

Compare Chaucer, Canterbury Tales, 5860, 5862:

Thou saist, that dropping houses, and eek *smoke*,
And *chiding wives* maken men to flee
Out of hir owen hous.

Vaughan remarks: "It is singular that Shakespeare should have combined two annoyances commemorated together by an old Welsh proverb, which I would thus translate:

Three things will drive a man from home:

A roof which leaks,
A house which reeks,
A wife who scolds whene'er she speaks."

206. Line 177: *you are TOO WILFUL-BLAME.*—The meaning is, “you are too wilfully blameworthy;” but as *blame* is not an adjective, several emendations have been proposed. It seems likely, however, that the expression *to blame*, which is really the gerundive form of the verb, was sometimes misunderstood. It is often printed *too blame*. See, for example, Holinshed, iii. 325: “Forsooth you *to be too blame*,” and Nares quotes Sir John Harrington, Epigrams, i. 84: “Blush and confess that you *be too too blame*.” From these instances we may conclude that *to* was regarded as an adverb, and *blame* as an adjective. This being so, it was quite natural for Shakespeare to

compound *blame* with the additional adjective *wilful*, in accordance with a well-known practice.

207. Line 199: *a peevish self-willed harlotry*.—Old Capulet uses the very same words with reference to Juliet (Romeo and Juliet, iv. 2. 14).

208. Line 202: *these swelling heavens*.—Curiously misinterpreted by Steevens as her “prominent lips,” instead of her eyes that were swelling with tears. The Collier MS. changes *swelling* to *welling*.

209. Lines 214, 215:

*She bids you on the wanton RUSHES lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap.*

In Elizabeth's time carpets were seldom used for floor-coverings in English houses. Dr. Levinus Lemnius, writing in 1560, tells us how on his travels in England, the "chambers and parlours *strawed over with sweete herbes refreshed*" him (Touchstone of Complexions, fo. 47, quoted Harrison's England, New Shak. Soc. Reprint, App'ndix li. p. lxxv); and Hentzner, in 1598, says the floor of the Presence-chamber at Greenwich Palace was *strewn with hay* (*foeno*: he probably means rushes) after the English fashion. (See his Itinerarium, ed. 1757, p. 47.) The practice is several times mentioned in Shakespeare. Thus, in the Taming of the Shrew, iv. 1. 47, 48: "Is supper ready, the house trimm'd, *rushes strew'd?*" Also, Lucrece, 316-318:

he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks :
He takes it from *the rushes* where it lies.

Rushes were strewed also before processions, and at weddings, as nowadays we use flowers. At the coming of a stranger fresh rushes were strewn; thus John Heywood, Dialogue conteynyng the effectuall prouerbes in the English tongue. part ii. chap. 3:

She bad vs welcome, and merily toward me
Greene rushes for this straunger strawe here, quoth she.
 —Works, edn. 1566. F4. back

Lyly writes, in *Euphues and his England*: "I am sorry Euphues that we have no *greene rushes*, considering you have beene so great a straunger" (Arber's Reprint, p. 399); compare Beaumont and Fletcher, *Valentinian*, ii. 4:

Rushes, ladies, rushes;
Rushes as green as summer for this stranger.

What with the decayed remnants of meals and other scraps that seem to have been flung on the rushes, frequent renewal must have been very needful. One of the mishaps to which they were liable is described in the passage from Mucedorus, quoted in Two Gentlemen of Verona, note 103.

210. Line 217: *And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep*.—This beautiful figure has perplexed some of the prosaic commentators. They cannot understand *crown*, which Schmidt aptly defines as “inslate as master.” The idea is that of giving full sway or dominion to the drowsy god. Steevens compares Beaumont and Fletcher, *Philaster*. ii. 2:

who shall take up his lute,
And touch it till he crown a silent sleep
Upon my eyelid: —Works, vol. i. p. 39.

and Chapman, *Odyssey*, ix. 510:

*Sleep, with all crowns crown'd,
Subdued the savage.* —Vol. i. p. 214.

211. Line 219–222:

*Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.*

"She will lull you by her song into soft tranquillity, in which you shall be so near to sleep as to be free from perturbation, and so much awake as to be sensible of pleasure; a state partaking of sleep and wakefulness, as the twilight of night and day" (Johnson, in Var. Ed. p. 318).

212. Line 241: *Lady, my BRACH*.—The word *brach* was commonly applied to a female hound. Furnivall quotes J. Cay's *English Dogs*, in *Topsell's Four-footed Beasts*, 1607: "And albeit some of this sort [bloodhounds] in English be called *Brache*, in Scottish, *Rache*, the cause thereof resteth in the she-sex, and not in the general kinde. For we Englishmen call Bitches belonging to the hunting kind of Dogs, by the terms above mentioned."

213. Lines 256, 257:

*And giv'st such SARCENET surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'st further than FINSBURY.*

Sarcenet was a thin silk stuff, and the word here expresses delicate affectation. In 1498, Stowe says (p. 475), the gardens "without Moorgate, to wit, about and beyond the Lordship of *Finsbury*, were destroyed; and of them was made a plaine field for archers to shoote in." This field appears to have been the part afterwards known as Bunhill Fields. It was a favourite resort for city folk, whose manners Hotspur is disparaging.

214. Line 258: *Swear me, Kate, like a lady*.—"Very characteristic of Harry Percy in his wishing his wife to abjure mincing oaths, and to come out with good round sonorous ones. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth's wonted imprecations were of this kind; and some of them, recorded as being familiar in her mouth, were of a character sufficiently potential to become the lips of the daughter of Henry VIII., and warrant the dramatist in making Hotspur say 'Like a lady as thou art' to his wife (Clarke).

215. Line 261: *velvet-guards*.—This is also equivalent to ordinary city women. *Guards* were trimmings or facings on dress, so called, perhaps, because they protected the edges from wear. Compare *Much Ado*, i. 1. 287–290: "The body of your discourse is sometime *guarded* with fragments, and the *guards* are but slightly basted on neither." In Henry VIII. prologue 16, we read of a "motley coat *guarded* with yellow;" and in the *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 2. 164, Launcelot, when he enters the service of Bassanio, is to have a livery "more *guarded* than his fellows." Here Steevens quotes Stubbes, *Anatomic of Abuses* (2nd edition, 1583): "Then are thei [*i.e.* the cloaks] garded with velvette gardes, or els laced with costly lace . . . doune the back, about the skirtes, and enery where els" (New Shakspeare Soc. Reprint, pp. 60, 61, note). Women's gowns, he says "must be garded with great

gardes of velvet, every guard foure or six fingers broad at the least" (*ubi supra*, p. 74). Malone adds from *The London Prodigal*, 1605, iii. 1: "I'll have thee go like a citizen, in a *garded* gown, and a French hood" (Supplement to Shakespeare, 1780, ii. p. 484); and from Fynes Morison, *Itin.* (pt. iii. p. 179): "At public meetings the aldermen of London were skarlet gowned, and their wives a close gown of skarlet, with *gardes* of black velvet."

216. Lines 264, 265: *to turn TAILOR, or be RED-BREAST TEACHER*.—Tailors, like weavers (see note 153) were popularly noted as singers. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, ii. v.: "Never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work; his mind is on nothing but flogging" (Works, ii. 88). A *red-breast teacher* is one who trains birds to sing. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 1. 20, 21, Speed tells Valentine, "You . . . relish a love-song like a *robin-redbreast*." Bullfinches are commonly taught to pipe, redbreasts rarely. We might have supposed the bullfinch to be the bird here meant, but *robin-redbreast* is not, so far as I know, a name given to that bird.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

217. Line 5: *some displeasing service*.—Some failure in my duty as His servant.

218. Lines 22–28:

*Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
I may, for some things true, . . .
Find pardon on my true submission.*

"The construction is somewhat obscure. Let me beg so much extenuation, that upon confutation of many false charges, I may be pardoned some that are true" (Johnson, Var. Ed. p. 325).

219. Line 25: *pick-thanks*.—Shakespeare takes the word from *Holinshed* (iii. 54): "Thus were the father and the sonne reconciled, betwixt whom the said *pick-thanks* had sowne division."

220. Line 32: *Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost*.—*Rudely*=by thy rude behaviour. The statement is, however, an anachronism here, as it was not before 1411, eight years after the battle of Shrewsbury, that the prince was succeeded in his place of President of the Council by his brother, Thomas, duke of Clarence.

221. Lines 37, 38:

*and the soul of EVERY MAN
Prophetically DO forethink thy fall.*

The *do* is to be attributed to the plural implied in *every man*; but some editors follow Rowe in changing it to *does*.

222. Line 50: *And then I stole all courtesy from heaven*.—This may be only an emphatic way of saying that he became most benignantly courteous or condescending. Various interpretations have been given by the editors. Warburton says: "This is an allusion to the story of Pro-

methews's theft, who stole *fire* from thence; and as with *this* he made a man, so with *that* Bolingbroke made a king." Malone explains thus: "I was so affable and popular that I engrossed the devotion and reverence of all men to myself, and *thus defrauded Heaven of its worshippers*." He thinks "this interpretation is strengthened by the two subsequent lines" (Var. Ed. pp. 325, 326). Clarke gives this exegesis: "'I rendered my courtesy more gracious by imbuing it with perpetual references to heaven.' This is fully illustrated by the style in which Shakespeare makes Bolingbroke speak at the outset of his career, as we see him in the poet's page."

223. Line 62: *CARDED his state*.—Some explain *carded* as "mixed, or debased by mixing." Richardson, Dictionary, *sub voce*, quotes Bacon, Natural History, § 46: "It is an excellent drink for a consumption, to be drunk either alone, or *carded* with some other beer." So in Greene, Quip for an Upstart Courtier (quoted by Stevens): "You *card* your beer (if you see your guests begin to get drunk), half small, half strong." This sense is supported in a way by the *mingled* that follows. Ritson sees in the word a reference to gambling away his dignity, as if at a game of cards. Warburton conjectured "*scarded*," a harsh contraction; and the Collier MS. reads "discarded state."

224. Line 66, 67: *stand the push of*.—Compare Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 137:

To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite.

225. Line 103: *no more in debt to years than thou*.—In fact, Hotspur was about twenty years older than the prince. See note 8.

226. Line 105: *bruising arms*.—"Where the defensive armour was such as to defy penetration in most parts by sharp weapons, but not so capable of protecting its wearer from the effects of blows and falls, contusion was probably the most common form of suffering in battle, on the part of the highest class of combatants" (Vaughan).

227. Line 138: *my FAVOUR*.—The Qq. and Ff. have *favours*, which some retain in the sense of "features." The plural is thus used in Lear, iii. 7. 40: "my hospitable favours." The singular is, however, the usual form, and Hamner, who substituted it here, has been generally followed by the modern editors.

228. Line 154: *if he be pleas'd I shall perform*.—This is the reading of the Qq., for which the Ff. have "if I per-forme, and doe survive." The change may have been made for the same reason which caused the substitution of *Heaven* in Ff. for *God*, the reading of Qq.

229. Line 164: *Lord MORTIMER of Scotland*.—As Stevens has pointed out, there was no such person. (Compare note 9 *supra*.) It is George Dunbar, Earl of March in the Scotch peerage, who is really meant. He was Earl of Dunbar as well as Earl of March, or, as Hall says (p. 23), of "the Marches" of the Scotch realm. His antagonism to the Earl of Douglas, whose daughter had been preferred before him as a wife for Prince David of Scotland, led him to transfer his allegiance to the English king. The title of March is given by Holinshed indiscriminately to him and to Mortimer, Earl of March, the only person

who could properly bear that title in England. Shakespeare erroneously gave the Scotchman the same family *name*, instead of the same *title*, as the Englishman.

Holinshed (p. 24) says that Hotspur and Worcester, dis-regarding the king's offers to them of safe-conduct if they would come before him and justify themselves, "resolved to go forwards with their enterprise, they marched towards Shrewsburie, vpon hope to be aided (as men thought) by Owen Glendouer, and his Welshmen. . . . King Henrie advertised of the proceedings of the Persies, foorthwith gathered about him such power as he might make, and being earnestlie called vpon by the Scot, the earle of March, to make hast and giue battell to his enemies, before their power by delaing of time should too much increase, he passed forward" with great speed.

ACT III. SCENE 3.

230. Lines 4, 5: *an old APPLE-JOHN*.—Compare II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 5: "a dish of apple-johns," which, in the same sentence, are compared to "six dry, round, old, withered knights." Ellacombe, Plant Lore of Shakespeare, p. 17, quotes from Parkinson: "the *Deusan* [*deux ans*] or *apple-john*, is a delicate fine fruit, well relished when it beginneth to be fit to be eaten, and *endureth good longer* than any other apple." He identifies it with the Easter Pippin.

231. Line 10: *a brewer's horse*.—According to Boswell, the explanation of the allusion may be found in an old conundrum: "What is the difference between a drunkard and a brewer's horse? Because the one carries all his liquor on his back and the other in his belly" (Var. Ed. p. 337). But the meaning of *brewer's horse* can hardly differ from that of *malt-horse*, which occurs in the Comedy of Errors, iii. 1. 32, and elsewhere, and plainly signifies a lean and overworked hack.

232. Line 29: *the lantern in the poop*.—The admiral's ship carried a lantern in the stern to distinguish it from the rest of the fleet. Stevens (Var. Ed. p. 338) cites Dekker, Wonderful Yeare, 1608: "An antiquary might have pickt rare matter out of his nose. The Hamburgers offered I know not how many dollars for his companie in an East-Indian voyage, to have stooede a nights in the Poope of their Admirall, onely to save the charges of candles." Malone (*ubi supra*) remarks that the joke is an old one, and quotes A Dialogue, by William Bulleyn, 1564: "Marie, this friar, though he did rise to the quere by darcke night, he needed no candell, his nose was so redd and brighte; and although he had but little money in store in his purse, yet his nose and cheeks were well set with curral and rubies."

233. Lines 39, 40: "*By this fire THAT'S GOD'S ANGEL*."—The Ff. omit *that's God's angel*, which alludes to Exodus iii. 2. "The angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire." Utter in the same sentence has its original sense of *outer*. Compare Ezekiel xlii. 1: "the utter court." So an *utter* barrister is the name of one who pleads *without* the bar of the court, in distinction from queen's counsel and serjeants-at-law, who plead *within* the bar.

234. Line 48: *links and torches*.—At that time, as in

Shakespeare's, the streets were not lighted, and persons had to be hired to bear torches before travellers at night if they could afford the expense. Heywood, describing the cries of London, includes:

Lantern and candlelight here,
Maid ha' light here,
Thus go the cries, &c.

235. Line 51: *as good CHEAP*.—Literally, at as good a market, *cheap* being originally a noun meaning "market," as in *Eastcheap, Cheapside*, &c.

236. Line 60: *Dame Partlet*.—The name of the hen in Reynard the Fox. Shakespeare uses it again in *Winter's Tale*, ii. 3. 75: "thy Dame Partlet here."

237. Lines 82, 83: *holland of eight shillings an ell*.—Malone says: "Falstaff's shirts, according to this calculation, would ~~cost~~ to about 22s. apiece; and we learn from Stubbes's *Anatomic* of abuses that the shirt of the meanest man cost at least five shillings. He thus concludes his invective upon this subject: 'In so much as I have heard of shirtes that have cost some ten shillings, some twentie, some fortie, some five pound, some twentie nobles, and (whiche is horrible to heare) some ten pounce a peece'" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. pp. 341, 342).

238. Lines 92, 93: *take mine ease in mine inn*.—A proverbial expression, often occurring in writers of the time; as in John Heywood's *Three Hundred Epigrammes* upon Proverbs, No. 26:

*Thou takest thine ease in thine inn, but I see
Thine inne taketh neither ease nor profit by thee.*
—Works, edn. 1596. M. a.

239. Line 104: *two and two, Newgate fashion*.—As criminals were conveyed to prison, two being fastened together.

240. Lines 129, 130: *Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee*.—Maid Marian, Robin Hood's mistress, was a character in the morris-dances. The wife of the deputy of the ward, or local police-officer, on the other hand, might be supposed to be a reputable woman. To here means "in comparison to."

241. Line 152: *ought him a thousand pound*.—This use of *ought* was archaic in Shakespeare's day, and is probably intended as a vulgarism here. Compare Wiclif's Bible, Luke vii. 41: "oon *oughte* fyve hundrid pens;" and the *ought* is retained in the Bible of 1551.

242. Line 171: *I pray God my girdle break*.—A common expression of the time. There was a proverb, "Ungirt, unblest." Malone says: "The wish had more force formerly than at present, it being once the custom to wear the purse hanging by the girdle; so that its breaking, if not observed by the wearer, was a serious matter" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. 349).

243. Lines 181, 182: *if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these*.—The expression, which has puzzled some of the critics, was of course suggested by the phrase, *pocketing of injuries*. The meaning seems to be: "if your pocket had anything else in it which it was any injury to you to take away," &c.

244. Line 206: *do it with unwashed hands*.—"Without

waiting to wash your hands," "without delay." This explanation, suggested by Steevens, is as good as has been offered. Compare King John, iii. 1. 234:

No longer than we well could *wash our hands*.

The only other plausible exegesis is Mason's, "without retracting or repenting of it," as when one says, "I *wash my hands* of it."

245. Line 230: *I could wish this tavern were my DRUM*.—The only possible meaning of *drum* here is "rallying-point" or "head-quarters;" but this sense is not recognized in the dictionaries, and none of the editors comment upon the passage.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

246. Line 3: *the Douglas*.—"This expression is frequent in Holinshed, and is always applied by way of pre-eminence to the head of the Douglas family" (Steevens).

247. Lines 10-12:

*Thou art the king of honour;
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.*

"So is not used to institute comparison with Percy as the *king of honour*; but so is used in the sense of *howsoever*: there is no man howsoever potent, living upon the earth, but I will dare or confront him. This is said in continuation of a conversation that is going on when the scene opens; where Hotspur replies *Well said, my noble Scot*, in answer to some promise from Douglas of seconding him in his opposition to the king" (Clarke).

248. Line 31: *He writes me here that inward sickness*.—The Qq. (except Q. 6) and the Ff. have a comma after *sickness*; Q. 6 has a period. Rowe saw that the sentence was broken off, probably because Hotspur turns suddenly from that part of the letter which is no news to him (the messenger having told him of his father's sickness) to see what is written further on. Capell added *holds him*, which is plausible enough, as the line is metrically deficient. But, as we have seen, such imperfect lines are not infrequent in this play, and it is best to let them alone if they give a reasonable sense as they stand.

According to Holinshed's account, when Worcester joined Hotspur at Stafford (see note 195 *supra*) "the earle of Northumberland himselfe was not with them, but being sicke, had promised vpon his amendement to repaire vnto them (as some write) with all conuenient speed" (p. 23). He tells us (p. 26) that, at the time of the battle of Shrewsbury, Northumberland was marching forward with great power, to the help of his son and brother. Compare v. 5. 36-38 *infra*.

249. Line 49: *therein should we READ, &c.*—*Read* is easily explained as a metaphor for "perceive," or "discover;" but the commentators have persisted in attempts to improve upon it. *Risk, rend, reap, reach, tread*, &c., are samples of these enunciations. If a change were called for, *reach* is perhaps the best that has been proposed.

250. Line 53: *Where now remains a sweet reversion*.—Where now have we something hopeful in reserve, something sweet or pleasant to look forward to.

251. Line 53: *look big*.—A common phrase. Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 3. 113, 114: "if you had but *looked big* and spit at him, he'd have run."

252. Line 61: *The quality and HAIR of our attempt*.—For the use of *hair* in the sense of "character," compare The True Valour, act i., where La Nove, the courtier, speaking in the character of a woman, says:

A lady of my *hair* cannot want pitying.

—Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, vol. ii. p. 456.

Dyce, in his note on the present passage, compares the anonymous play of Sir Thomas More [printed for the Shakespeare Society from MS. Harleian, No. 7368], in which a fellow named Faulkner is brought before Sir Thomas; this Faulkner wears his hair very long, and on his saying that he is servant to a secretary, Sir Thomas answers (p. 43):

A fellow of your *haire* is very fit
To be a secretaries follower:

the word being used quibblingly with the sense of "sort," "character." This meaning is perhaps derived from the use of the word *hair* in the phrase *against the hair*, signifying "against the grain," "contrary to nature," for an instance of which see Trolius and Cressida, i. 2. 28, and note thereon.

253. Lines 69, 70:

*For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement.*

"For you are well aware that, as we are in fact aggressors and rebels, we should be shy of all minute scrutiny into the nature and merits of our cause" (Vaughan).

254. Line 85: *this TERM of fear*.—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 have *tearme*, Q. 5 *deame*, and the Ff. *dreame*, which appears to be a conjectural correction of a misprint. Some editors, however, read *dream*.

255. Line 95: *The NIMBLE-FOOTED madcap Prince of Wales*.—Stowe, referring to the prince, says he was "passing swift in running, insomuch that hee with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wilde bucke or doe in a large parke" (Annals, p. 342).

256. Lines 98, 99:

*All plum'd like ESTRIDGES that WING the wind;
BATED like eagles having lately BATED.*

Estridge is equivalent to *ostrich*, but Douce explains it as "goshawk." F. 1 reads here:

All plum'd like Estridges, that *with* the Winde
Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd.

"*Wing* is Rowe's emendation. It has been objected to it that ostriches do not fly, but only run along the ground, spreading their wings to the wind like sails. In reply, Dyce quotes Claudian, In Eutrop. ii. 310:

Vasta velut Libyae venantum vocibus ales
Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,
Inque modum veli sinuatis flamina pennis,
Puluerulenta volat.

The Cambridge editors having objected that this quotation is not to the purpose, as "it means that the bird spread its wings like a sail bellying with the wind—a

different thing from *winging the wind*," Dyce rejoins: "But the Cambridge editors take no notice of the important word *volat*, by which Claudian means, of course, that the ostrich, *when once her wings are filled with the wind, FLIES along the ground* (though she does not mount into the air); and I still continue to think that the whole description answers very sufficiently to that of her *winging the wind*." He adds the following from Rogers:

Such to their grateful ear the gush of springs,
Who course the ostrich, as away she WINGS.

—Columbus, canto viii.

Some retain *with* and point thus:

All plum'd like estridges that *with* the wind
Bated, &c.

But, as Dyce remarks, if that had been the poet's meaning, he would have written 'Bate.' That *estridentes* are ostriches, and not falcons, is evident from Drayton's Polyolbion, Song 22 (quoted by Steevens):

Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been;
The Mountfords all in plumes, like estridges, were seen.

The *ostrich-plumes* are doubtless introduced as being the cognizance of the Prince of Wales" (Rolfe).

On *bath'd* Steevens remarks: "Writers on falconry often mention the *bathing* of hawks and eagles as highly necessary for their health and spirits. All birds after *bathing* (which almost all birds are fond of) spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them in order to dry themselves." *Bate* was a term in falconry for this beating or fluttering with the wings, as the hawk did when ready to fly. Compare Romeo and Juliet, iii. 2. 14, and Taming of the Shrew, iv. 1. 199.

257. Line 109: *To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus*.—For the use of *wind* in reference to the horse, compare Julius Cæsar, iv. 1. 31-33:

It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To *wind*, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.

258. Line 112: *This pratee doth nourish agues*.—Compare Richard II. iii. 2. 190: "This *ague fit* of fear is over-blown."

259. Line 114: *the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war*.—Bellona, the Roman goddess of war. Macbeth (i. 2. 54) is called "*Bellona's* bridegroom."

260. Line 133: *let us TAKE A MUSTER*.—Compare *take a census*. Peele, in the Battle of Alcazar, ii. 4, has

Take the muster of the Portugals.

—Works, p. 429.

Reed changed *take to make*, which alters the meaning for the worse.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

261. Line 3: *Sutton Co'hill*.—This is Sutton Coldfield, in Warwickshire, about twenty-five miles north-west from Coventry. Qq. Ff. have *Sutton-cophill* or *Sutton-cop-hill*. The correction was made by the Cambridge editors.

262. Line 8: *if it MAKE twenty*.—Falstaff plays upon the different senses of *make*.

263. Line 13: *a sous'd gurnet*.—This expression was often used contemptuously. Compare the Prologue to

Wily Beguiled (1606), where Prologue, addressing Juggler, says, "Out you *soused gurnet*, you wooflist" (Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 222). It seems to have had much the same meaning as a gudgeon, i.e. "a silly gull," as in Taylor The Water-Poet's A Bawd very Modest (1622): "A rich Citizens sonne is her *sous'd Gurnet*, or her *Gudgeon*." [Works, 1630, pt. ii. p. 97; Reprint (1860), p. 259].

264. Lines 13, 14: *I have misus'd the king's press dam-nably*.—This was a common practice in that day. Steevens quotes The Voyage to Cadiz, 1597: "About the 28 of the said moneth, a certaine Lieutenant was degraded and cashier'd, &c., for the taking of money by the way of corruption of certain *prest souldiers in the countrey*, and for placing of others in their roomes, more unfit for service, and of less sufficiency and abilitie" (Hakluyt, vol. i. p. 607).

265. Lines 22, 23: *toasts-and-butter*.—Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, Wit without Money, v. 2: "They love young *toasts-and-butter*, Bowbell suckers" (Works, vol. II. p. 205).

266. Lines 27, 28: *Lazarus in the painted cloth*.—Scriptural subjects were common in these painted hangings. Compare Randolph, Muses' Looking-Glass, iii. 1:

I have seen in Mother Redcap's hall, in *painted cloth*
The story of the Prodigal. —Works, vol. i. p. 218.

Taylor the Water-Poet writes in A Thiefe very True, 1622, of—

Diues and Lazarus on the *painted cloth*.
—Works, 1630, pt. ii. p. 119.

See the long extract in Dyce's Glossary, *sub voce* "painted cloth."

267. Lines 30, 31: *younger sons to younger brothers*.—"Raleigh, in his Discourse on War, uses this very expression for men of desperate fortune and wild adventure. Which borrowed it from the other I know not, but I think the play was printed before the Discourse" (Johnson, Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 363).

268. Line 46: *There's BUT a shirt and a half*.—The Qq. and Ff. all have "There's not a shirt," &c. Rowe made the correction, which the context vindicates.

269. Line 63: *we must away all to-night*.—The reading of the Ff. The Qq. have *all night*.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

270. Line 12: *As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives*.—The line is too long, like not a few in the plays that may be reduced to the normal length by omitting *my lord* or similar forms of address. We may suspect that these were inserted in the theatre from a notion that conventional usage called for them. Some omit *this day*.

271. Line 27: *full of rest*.—Compare Julius Cæsar, iv. 3. 200-202:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are *full of rest*, defence, and nimbleness.

272. Line 62: *To sue his livery*.—For an explanation of this phrase see Richard II. note 132.

273. Line 68: *The MORE and LESS came in with CAP AND*
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KNEE—All classes became subservient to him. Compare II. Henry IV. i. 1. 209:

And more and less do flock to follow him;

and Timon of Athens, iii. 6. 107: "*Cap and knee slaves*."

274. Line 72: *Gave him their heirs AS PAGES, follow'd him*.—Some join *as pages* to the words that follow, instead of those that precede.

275. Line 92: *in the neck of that*.—On the heels of that, as we should say. Henderson compares Painter, Palace of Pleasure, 1566: "Great mischiefs succeeding one in another's neck" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 377). Compare, too, Holinshed, quoted in note 314, *infra*: "one in the necke of an other." See also Sonnet cxxi. 11: "One on another's neck."

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

276. Line 15: *Whose power was in the first proportion*.—"Whose quota was larger than that of any other man in the confederacy" (Johnson, Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 379).

277. Line 31: *MOE corivalls*.—*Moe*, which Shakespeare uses thirty times or more, is generally changed to *more*, but it differs from the latter as *enow* from *enough*, being regularly used with a plural noun. The only apparent exception in Shakespeare is Tempest, v. 1. 234: "*moe* diversity of sounds," which is a virtual plural.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

278. Enter KING HENRY, &c.—According to the Qq. and Ff. the Earl of Westmoreland is one of the characters who enter; but we learn from the next scene, lines 30, 31, that he had been left as a hostage in the rebel camp (see v. 3. 103 *supra*) till Worcester should return from the interview with the king.

Holinshed says (pp. 24, 25): "When the two armies were incamped, the one against the other, the earle of Worcester and the lord Persie with their complices sent the articles (whereof I spake before)¹ by Thomas Caiton, and Thomas Saluain esquiers to king Henrie, vnder their handes and seales, which articles in effect charged him with manifest periurie, in that (contrarie to his oth receiued vpon the euangelists at Doncaster, when he first entred the realme after his exile) he had taken vpon him the crowne and roiall dignitie, imprisoned king Richard, caused him to resign his title, and finally to be murdered. Diverse other matters they laid to his charge, as leuieng of taxes and tallages, contrarie to his promise, infringing of lawes and customes of the realme, and suffering the earle of March to remaine in prison, without traueilling to haue him deliuered. . . .

"King Henrie after he had read their articles, with the defiance which they annexed to the same, answered the esquiers, that he was readie with dint of sword and fierce battell to proue their quarrell false . . . not doubting, but that God would aid and assist him in his righteous cause, against the disloyall and false forsworne traitors. The next daie in the morning earlie, being the euen of Marie Magdalene [Saturday, July 21] they set their battells

¹ See notes to and 195 *supra*.

in order on both sides, and now whilst the warriors looked when the token of battell should be given, the abbat of Shrewesburie, and one of the clearkes of the priuie seale, were sent from the king vnto the Persies, to offer them pardon, if they would come to any reasonable agreement. By their persuasions, the lord Henrie Persie began to giue eare vnto the kings offers, & so sent with them his vncl the earle of Worcester, to declare vnto the king the causes of those troubles, and to require some effectuell reformation in the same."

279. Line 2: *Above you, BOSKY hill.*—Qq. Ff. have *busky*; but in the only other passage in Shakespeare in which this word occurs, in *The Tempest*, iv. i. 81:

My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down;

the word is spelt *boskie* in F. 1. It is evident that *busky* is the same word as *bosky*, and means "covered with trees or shrubs." The word is said to be derived from the French *bosquet*. Blakeway has a note (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 380) in which he identifies the *bosky hill* with Haughmond Hill, which is to the east of Battlefield, where the battle of Shrewsbury is supposed to have taken place. Blakeway talks about Shakespeare having described the spot as accurately as if he had been there; but surely there are many other spots where the sun may be seen to rise "bloodily" as to colour, over a wooded hill.

280. Lines 3, 4:

The southern wind

Doth play the trumpet to his purposes.

Johnson makes his refer to the *sun*, but, probably, it refers to the *wind*. Vaughan says: "The sun certainly is described as *sick*, but has no *purposes*. It is the wind that must produce the *blustering day*, and therefore may purpose to produce it. The poet's meaning, I think, is: Rising with a hollow singing sound, it acts as its own trumpeter, proclaiming that it intends to produce a storm." Rolfe, however, makes a plausible defence for Johnson's interpretation: "The poet seems to regard the sun throughout as the cause of the elemental disturbance. His appearance *portends* a storm, and thus indicates his *purposes*, to which the wind plays the trumpeter, declaring them more plainly."

281. Line 13: *To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel.*—Henry was, in reality, only thirty-seven years old at this time; but Shakespeare may think it necessary to contrast his age with that of the prince.

282. Line 29: *chewet.*—Cotgrave in his dictionary gives under the French *Gobelet* "as *Gobelet*; also, a kind of little round pie resembling our *Chut*;" and Florio has under "*Fritlingotti*, a kind of dainty *chewets*, pastlets or minced pies." It is quite clear from these quotations what the recognized meaning of the word was. Nares's suggestion that in this passage, the only one in which it is found in Shakespeare, it is the equivalent for the French *chouette*, which meant not only "a little owl," but also "a cough," or "a jackdaw," is plausible enough; but there is no authority for such use of the word. The only other passage that Nares quotes is from John Heywood's "Dialogue, wherein are pleasantlie contrined the

number of all the effectuell Prouerbs in our English tongue," &c.

If he chyde, kepe you bill vnder wing muet.

Chatting to chydying is not worth a *chinet*.

—Works, edn. 1598, G. 3. back;

where, as Nares observes, the word "may either mean the bird so called, or a minced pie;" but the latter makes good sense enough.

283. Line 34: *For you my staff of office did I break.*—See Richard II. ii. 3. 26–28.

284. Line 50: *the injuries of a wanton time.*—The *injuries* done by King Richard in the *wantonness* of prosperity.

285. Line 60: *that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird.*—For the use of *gull* compare Timon of Athens, ii. 1. 31: "a naked *gull*;" and for the bad habit of the *cuckoo*, see Lucrece, 849:

Or hateful *cuckoos* hatch in sparrows' nests.

Bird means "fledgling," as in III. Henry VI. v. c. 15. Knight has a long and interesting note on the present passage. He says: "Shakespeare was a naturalist, in the very best sense of the word. He watched the great phenomena of nature, the economy of the animal creation, and the peculiarities of inanimate existence; and he set them down with almost undeviating exactness, in the language of the highest poetry. Before White, and Jenner, and Montagu had described the remarkable proceedings of the cuckoo, Shakespeare here described them, as we believe, from what he himself saw. But let us analyse this description:

being fed by us, you us'd us so

As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,

Useth the sparrow.

Pliny was the only scientific writer upon natural history that was open to Shakespeare. . . . Now, the description of the cuckoo in Pliny is, in many respects, different from the description before us in Shakespeare. "They always (says the Roman naturalist) lay in other birds' nests, and most of all in the *stock-dove's*." In a subsequent part of the same passage, Pliny mentions the *titling's* nest, but not a word of the *sparrow's*. It was reserved for very modern naturalists to find that the hedge-sparrow's nest was a favourite choice of the old cuckoo. Dr. Jenner (in 1787) says, "I examined the nest of a hedge-sparrow, which then contained a cuckoo and three hedge-sparrow's eggs." Colonel Montagu also found a cuckoo, "when a few days old, in a hedge-sparrow's nest, in a garden close to a cottage." Had Shakespeare not observed for himself, or, at any rate, not noted the original observations of others, and had taken his description from Pliny, he would, in all probability, have mentioned the *stock-dove*, or the *titling*. In Lear [i. 4. 235] we have the 'hedge-sparrow.' But let us see further:

did oppress our nest.

The word *oppress* is singularly descriptive of the operations of the 'ungentle gull.' The great bulk of the cuckoo, in the small nest of the hedge-sparrow, first crushes the proper nestlings; and the instinct of the intruder renders it necessary that they should be got rid of. The common belief, derived from the extreme voracity of the cuckoo

(to which we think Shakespeare alludes when he calls it a gull—*gulo*), has led to an opinion that it eats the young nestlings. Pliny says expressly that it devours them. How remarkable is it, then, that Shakespeare does not allude to this belief! He makes Worcester simply accuse Henry that he 'did oppress our nest.' Had Shakespeare's natural history not been more accurate than the popular belief, he would have made Worcester reproach the king with actually destroying the proper tenants of the nest. The Percies were then ready to accuse him of the murder of Richard. We, of course, do not attempt to assert that Shakespeare knew the precise mode in which the cuckoo gets rid of its cohabitants. This was first made known by Dr. Jenner. But, although Shakespeare might not have known this most curious fact, the words 'did oppress our nest' are not inconsistent with the knowledge. The very generality of the words is some proof that he did not receive the vulgar story of the cuckoo eating his fellow-nestlings. The term 'oppress our nest' is also singularly borne out by the observations of modern naturalists; for nests in which a cuckoo has been hatched have been found so crushed and flattened that it has been almost impossible to determine the species to which they belonged.

Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing,
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight.

—Lines 62-66.

We have here an *approach* to the inaccuracy of the old naturalists. Pliny, having made the cuckoo devour the other nestlings, says that the mother at last shares the same fate, for 'the young cuckoo, being once fledged and ready to fly abroad, is so bold as to seize on the old titling, and to eat her up that hatched her.' Even Linnæus has the same story. But Shakespeare, in so beautifully carrying on the parallel between the cuckoo and the king, does not imply that the grown cuckoo swallowed the sparrow, but that the sparrow, timorous of 'so great a bulk,' kept aloof from her nest, 'durst not come near for fear of swallowing.' The extreme avidity of the bird for food is here only indicated; and Shakespeare might himself have seen the large fledged 'gull' eagerly thrusting forward its open mouth, while the sparrow fluttered about the nest, where even its 'love durst not come near.' This extraordinary voracity of the young cuckoo has been ascertained beyond a doubt; but that it should be carnivorous is perfectly impossible, for its bill is only adapted for feeding on caterpillars and other soft substances. But that its insatiable appetite makes it apparently violent, and, of course, an object of terror to a small bird, we have the evidence of that accurate observer, Mr. White of Selborne. He saw 'a young cuckoo hatched in the nest of a titlark; it was become vastly too big for its nest, appearing

To have stretched its wings beyond its little nest,

and was very fierce and pugnacious, pursuing my finger, as I teased it, for many feet from the nest, sparring and buffeting with its wings like a game-cock. The dupe of a dam appeared at a distance, hovering about with meat in her mouth, and expressing the greatest solicitude.' In the passage before us, Shakespeare, it appears to us,

speaks from his knowledge. But he has also expressed the popular belief by the mouth of the Fool, in Lear:

For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it's had it head bit off by it young."

—Lear, i. 4. 234-236.

286. Line 74: *To FACE the garment of rebellion, &c.*—Alluding, as Steevens notes, to the practice of *facing* or trimming garments with a cloth of a different colour from that of which they were made.

According to Holinshed, the insurgent party, "to make their conspiracy to seem excusable, besides the articles above mentioned, sent letters abroad, wherein was contained, that their gathering of an armie tended to none other end, but onlie for the safeguard of their owne persons, and to put some better government in the common-wealth" (p. 23).

287. Line 77: *rub the elbow.*—An expression of "mirthful relish." Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 109, 110:

One *rub'd his elbow*—thus, and fear'd and swore
A better speech was never spoke before.

288. Line 103: *No, good Worcester, NO.*—The negative is in reply to the evident feeling of Worcester that the king does not love his people. But Mason wished to read "*know, good Worcester, know,*" &c.

289. Line 122: *bestride me.*—Compare Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 192, 193:

When I *bestrid* thee in the wars, and took
Deep gars to save thy life.

290. Line 137: *What is that word honour? air.*—This is the reading of the Ff. Q. 1 has "What is *in* that word honour? *what is that honour?* air"—apparently the compositor's accidental repetition.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

291.—Holinshed says (p. 25): "It was reported for a truth, that now when the king had condescended vnto all that was resonable at his hands to be required, and seemed to humble himselfe more than was meet for his estate, the earle of Worcester (vpon his returne to his nephue) made relation cleane contrarie to that the king had said, in such sort that he set his nephues hart more in displeasure towards the king, than euer it was before, driving him by that meanes to fight whether he would or not: then suddenlie blew the trumpets, the kings part crieng 'S. George vpon them,' the aduersaries crieng 'Esperance Persie,' and so the two armies furiouslye joined."

292. Line 8: *Suspicion.*—The Qq. and Ff. all have *supposition*. The happy emendation is due to Rowe. Johnson says: "The same image of *Suspicion* is exhibited in a Latin tragedy, called *Roxana*, written about the same time by Dr. William Alabaster" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 387).

293. Line 18: *an adopted NAME of privilege.*—That is, the name of *Hotspur*, which, as suggesting his temperament, may be his excuse.

294. Line 33: *Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.*—*Douglas* is here a trisyllable. Compare the use of *fiddler* as a trisyllable (Taming of Shrew ii. 1. 158); *assembly* as

a quadrisyllable (Much Ado, v. 4. 34, and Coriolanus, i. 1. 159).

295. Line 30: *By now forswearing that he is forsworn.*—"By now with a false oath disavowing and denying that he has taken an oath which he has not kept" (Vaughan).

296. Lines 52-69: *No, by my soul, &c.*—Clarke aptly remarks: "This magnificent speech puts the culminating point to the beautiful character of Sir Richard Vernon as depicted by Shakespeare. It is but a subordinate part; yet how finished is the diction allotted, how nobly is the man's moral nature developed! Vernon it is who makes that finely poetical speech describing the appearance and bearing of the Prince of Wales and his youthful military companions; Vernon it is who gives prudent council amidst the rashly impetuous resolves of Hotspur and Douglas; Vernon, still, who utters those few simple, truthful words, 'T were best he did' when Worcester, in his selfish duplicity, resolves that his nephew shall not know 'the liberal offer of the king'; and Vernon, still, who, having consented to leave to Worcester the delivery of what representation he will, with manly respect for uprightness stands silent by until now, when the mention of the prince gives him the opportunity to make this noble speech in his favour."

297. Line 60: *By still disparaging praise valu'd with you.*—That is, in substance, "Declaring that his praises were poor compared with the subject of them." But the line has troubled some of the critics and led to much foolish commenting on their part, for which the curious reader may refer to the Variorum Edition of 1821.

298. Line 62: *cital.*—The word may mean simply "mention," as explained under the text; or, possibly, it may be used in the legal sense of "arraignment." It only occurs in this one passage in Shakespeare, nor is there any instance quoted (in any dictionary hitherto published) of its occurrence elsewhere. Some authorities give the meaning of "impeachment" to it in this passage; and Johnson gives "citation" in a legal sense, and "quotation," as two of its meanings, but does not quote any authority.

299. Line 72: *so wild a LIBERTINE.*—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 have a *libertie*, the other Qq. and the Ff. at *libertie*. The correction is Capell's. Hamner reads *in liberty*. Other variations in the modern editions are hardly worthy of notice.

300. Line 100: *heaven to earth.*—"One might wager heaven to earth" (Warburton). Compare Romeo's "all the world to nothing" (iii. 5. 215). Singer changes the text to "*For here on earth.*"

ACT V. SCENE 3.

301.—Holinshed relates that the Scots, who were in the van of the rebel army, "set so fiercely on the king's forward, led by the earl of Stafford, that they made the same draw backe." They were reinforced by the Welsh, but "the king suddenlie with his fresh battell . . . approached and relieved his men; so that the battell began more fierce than before. Here the lord Henrie Persie, and

the earle Dowglas, a right stout and hardie capteine, . . . pressing forward together bent their whole forces towards the king's person . . . so fiercely that the earle of March the Scot, perceiving their purpose, withdrew the king from that side of the field (as some write) for his great benefit and safeguard (as it appeared) for they gave such a violent onset upon them that stood about the king's standard, that slaiengh his standard-bearers Sir Walter Blunt, and overthrowing the standard, they made slaughter of all those that stood about it, as the earle of Stafford, that daie made by the king constable of the realme, and diverse other" (pp. 25, 26).

302. Line 1: *that in THE battle thus.*—The Qq. and Ff. omit *the*, which was inserted by Hamner.

303. Line 11: *I was not born a YIELDER, thou PROUD Scot.*—This is the reading of the Qq. The Ff. have: "I was not born to *yield*, thou *haughty Scot.*"

304. Line 15: *I never had TRIUMPH'D upon a Scot.*—Here, as in v. 4. 14 of this play, and sundry passages elsewhere, *triumph'd* is accented on the second syllable. The Ff. have here *triumphed o're*.

305. Line 21: *Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.*—Compare Drayton's Polyolbion, in the 22nd song:

The next, Sir Walker Blunt, he with three others slew,
All armed like the king, which he dead sure accounted;
But after when he saw the king himself remounted:
'This hand of mine,' quoth he, 'four kings this day hath slain,'
And swore out of the earth he thought they sprung again.
Or fate did him defend, at whom he only aim'd.

—Southey's British Poets, p. 655.

See note 314 *infra*.

306. Line 22: *A FOOL go with thy soul.*—The Qq. and Ff. have *Ah foole*, &c. Capell made the correction, which is based on a familiar expression of the time. It was equivalent to "Go thy way, fool that you are!"

307. Line 25: *The king hath many MARCHING in his coats.*—The Collier MS. has *masking*, which Dyce puts in the text.

308. Line 30: *I could scape SHOT-free at London.*—There is an obvious play on *shot* as applied to the bill at a tavern. Compare Randolph's Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher, 1630: "the best shot to be discharged is the tavern bill; the best alarm is the sounding of healths, and the most absolute mirth is reeling" (Works (Reprint, 1878), vol. i. p. 17).

309. Lines 37, 38: *there's but three.*—The reading of Qq. and Ff. is *there's not three*, which some modern editors retain; but Capell's emendation of *but* is accepted by the majority.

310. Lines 46, 47: *Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms.*—The reference is to Pope Gregory VII. or Hildebrand. Warburton says: "Fox, in his History, hath made Gregory so odious, that I don't doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 396).

311. Lines 55, 56: *there's that will SACK a city.*—For the

pun, compare Randolph's Aristippus, 1630: "it may justly seem to have taken the name of *sack* from *sacking* of cities" (Works, vol. i. p. 17). This jocular derivation has been gravely adopted by a modern writer in a privately printed book on sherry.

312. Line 59: *if PERCY be alive, I'll pierce him*.—This pun, and the one on *pierce* and *person* in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2. 86, indicate that *pierce* was pronounced *perse*. In Richard III. v. 3. 128 it rhymes with *rehearse*.

313. Line 61: *carbonado*.—Compare Coriolanus, iv. 5. 199, 200: "he scotched him and notched him like a *carbonado*." Furnivall quotes Florio, Worlde of Wordes, 1598: "*Incarbonare*, to broile vpon the coales, to make a carbonado. *Incarbonata*, a carbonado of broyled meate, a rasher on the coales."

ACT V. SCENE 4.

314.—Of Prince Henry, Holinshed writes: "The prince that daie holpe his father like a lustie yong gentleman: for although he was hurt in the face with an arrow, so that diuerse noble men that were about him, would haue conueied him forth of the field, yet he would not suffer them so to doo: . . . without regard of his hurt, he continued with his men, and neuer ceased, either to fight where the battell was most hot, or to encourage his men where it seemed most need" (p. 26). He continues: "This battell lasted three long houres, with indifferent fortune on both parts, till at length, the king crieng 'saint George victorie,' brake the arrae of his enimies, and aduentured so farre, that (as some write) the earle Dowglas strake him downe, & at that instant slue sir Walter Blunt, and three other, appparelled in the kings sute and clothing, saieing: 'I maruell to see so many kings thus sud'enlie arise one in the necke of an other.' The king in deed was raised, & did that daie manie a noble feat of armes . . . The other on his part¹ encouraged by his doings, fought valiantlie, and slue the lord Persie, called sir Henrie Hotspurre. To conclude, the kings enimies were vanquished, and put to flight, in which flight, the earle of Dowglas, for hast, falling from the crag of an hie mounteine, brake one of his cullions, and was taken, and for his valiauntesse, of the king frankelie and freelie deliuered.

"There was also taken the earle of Worcester, the procuror and setter forth of all this mischeefe, sir Richard Vernon, . . . with diuerse other. There were slaine vpon the kings part, beside the earle of Stafford, to the number of ten knights, sir Hugh Shorlie, sir Iohn Clifton, sir Iohn Cokaine, sir Nicholas Gausell, sir Walter Blunt," &c. (p. 26).

315. Line 21: *I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point*, &c.—Holinshed, in his description of the battle of Bosworth, says: "the earle of Richmond withstood his [i.e. Richard's] violence, and kept him at the *swords point* without advantage, longer than his companions either thought or iudged" (vol. iii. p. 444).

¹ i.e. 'the others of his party:' but perhaps Shakespeare thought this meant Prince Henry, who has been mentioned just before.

316. Lines 78-83:

*I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh;
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop.*

Johnson remarks: "Hotspur in his last moments endeavours to console himself. The glory of the prince *wounds his thoughts*; but *thought*, being dependent on *life*, must cease with it, and will soon be at an end. *Life*, on which *thought* depends, is of itself of no great value, being the *fool* and sport of *time*; of *time*, which, with all its dominion over sublunary things, *must* at last be stopped" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 402).

For lines 81-83 Q. 1 (followed by Dyce) reads thus:

But thoughts the slaue of life, and life times fool,
And time that takes survey of all the world
Must haue a stop.

Lettsom remarks: "The readings of the 2d Quarto [as in the text] are sophistications by one who did not see that *thoughts* as well as *time* were nominative cases before *must*, and consequently supposed that the syntax was defective for want of a verb." Vaughan, who also favours the reading of Q. 1, says: "The last lines thus form a sentence, each one of whose clauses, as it is thought and pronounced, seems to be produced by its predecessor: 'Thoughts, which are the slaves of life, aye, and life itself, which is but the fool of Time, aye, and Time itself, which measures the existence of the whole world, must all come to an end.'"

317. Line 83: *O, I could prophesy*.—"An allusion to the beautiful and very ancient fancy that dying persons are gifted with a power of prevision and prediction" (Clarke).

318. Line 100: *ignomy*.—This is the reading of F. 1, F. 2: Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 have *ignominy*. The former is found in other passages of the Fl., and Malone quotes Lord Cromwell, 1602:

With scandalous *ignomy* and slanderous speeches.

—Supplement to Shakspeare (1780), vol. ii. p. 447.

Other examples of the word might be added from old writers.

319. Line 154: *I'll take't upon my death*.—See note 137 above.

320. Lines 167, 168: *If I do grow great*.—The Fl. add *again*. Grant White thinks they may be right. He says: "Such a word could not have come into the text by accident; and it has value as one of several indications that Falstaff is a decayed man of family, one whose follies and vices, aided by his humour, have dragged him from the position to which he was born and bred."

ACT V. SCENE 5.

321. Lines 14, 15:

*Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too;
Other offenders we will pause upon.*

Holinshed states that "This battell was fought on Marie Magdalene enen, being saturdaye. Vpon the mondaye

following, the earle of Worcester, the baron of Kinderton, and sir Richard Vernon knights, were condemned and beheaded" (p. 26).

322. Line 21: *falling from a hill*, &c.—See Holinshed, as quoted in note 314 above.

323. Lines 32, 33: *I thank your grace for this high courtesy*, &c.—This speech is found only in Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4. Dyce and Grant White reject it from the text; but it would be remarkable if Prince John had made no reply to his brother's speech.

324. Lines 35-38.—"The earle of Northumberland," says Holinshed (p. 26, following the quotation just given),

"was now marching forward, with great power which he had got thither, either to aid his sonne and brother (as was thought) or at least towards the king, to procure a peace: but the earle of Westmerland, and sir Robert Waterton knight, had got an armie on foot and meant to meet him."

325. Line 41: *Rebellion in this land shall lose his SWAY*.—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 have *sway*; the other Qq. and the FF. have *way*.

326. Line 43: *And since this BUSINESS so fair is done*.—Here *business* is a trisyllable, as not unfrequently in Elizabethan verse.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line	
*Active-valiant	v. 1 90	By-room.....	ii. 4 32	Community ¹⁶ ..	iii. 2 77	Eight-penny (adj.)	iii. 3 119
Advertisement ¹	iii. 2 172	Camomile.....	ii. 4 441	Comparative ¹⁷ (sub.)	iii. 2 67	Enteoffed.....	iii. 2 69
A-front.....	ii. 4 222	Candy (adj.)...	i. 3 251	Concealments ¹⁸	iii. 1 167	Ever-valiant..	i. 1 54
*Agate-ring...	ii. 4 78	Canvas (sub.)..	ii. 4 84	Corpulent.....	ii. 4 465	Extenuation...	iii. 2 22
All-aborred...	v. 1 16	Carded (verb)..	iii. 2 62	Corrival ¹⁹	i. 3 207	Faced ²⁵	iv. 2 32
All-hallown...	i. 2 178	Carrier ⁹	ii. 1 36, 46	Cradle-clothes.	i. 1 88	Falsify.....	i. 2 235
All-praised...	iii. 2 140	Cess ¹⁰	ii. 1 8	Cranking ²⁰ (verb)	iii. 1 98	*Fat-guts.....	ii. 2 32
Anchovies...	ii. 4 588	Chamber-lie...	ii. 1 23	Cressets.....	iii. 1 15	*Fathom-line..	i. 3 204
Ancient ²	iv. 2 32	Chandler.....	iii. 3 53	*Crop-ear.....	ii. 3 72	Fat-kidneyed..	ii. 2 5
Answerable ³ ...	ii. 4 571	Channel (verb)	i. 1 7	Crossings (sub.)	iii. 1 36	Fat-witted....	i. 2 2
Archdeacon...	iii. 1 72	Chewet ¹¹	v. 1 29	Cuisses.....	iv. 1 105	Fern-seed.....	ii. 1 96, 98
Arrival ⁴ (of)...	v. 2 85	Chuffs.....	ii. 2 94	Culverin.....	ii. 3 56	Finless.....	iii. 1 151
Attribution...	iv. 1 3	Cital.....	v. 2 62	Damnably.....	iv. 2 14	Flocks ²⁶	ii. 1 7
Bacon-fed.....	ii. 2 89	Clay-brained..	ii. 4 251	Dare ²¹ (sub.)..	iv. 1 78	Foot ²⁷	ii. 4 130
Balk ⁵	i. 1 69	Cleanly ¹² (adv.)	v. 4 169	Dice (verb)....	iii. 3 18	Forwarding...	i. 1 33
Ballad-mongers	iii. 1 130	Clip-winged...	iii. 1 152	Disdained ²² (adj.)	i. 3 183	Frosty-spirited	ii. 3 22
Bare-bone ⁶ (subj.)	ii. 4 353	Close ¹³ (sub.)..	i. 1 13	Dishonourable (adv.)	iv. 2 31	Gallons.....	ii. 4 587
*Base-string...	ii. 4 6	Cocksure.....	ii. 1 95	Dowlas.....	iii. 3 79	Gammon ²⁸	ii. 1 26
Basilisks ⁷ ...	ii. 3 56	Coinage ¹⁴	iv. 2 9	Down-trod....	i. 3 135	General (adv.)..	iv. 1 5
Bavin (adj.)...	iii. 2 61	Colt ¹⁵ (verb)...	ii. 2 40	Drone ²³	i. 2 86	Gib-cat.....	i. 2 83
Beans.....	ii. 1 9	Comfit-maker..	iii. 1 253	Eel-skin ²⁴	ii. 4 270	Glutted ²⁹	iii. 2 84
Beastliness...	ii. 4 496	*Common-hack-neyed.....	iii. 2 40			Gorbellied.....	ii. 2 93
Bed-presser...	ii. 4 268					*Grand-jurors..	ii. 2 96
Beslubber.....	ii. 4 342					Gravely.....	ii. 4 479
Blue-caps ⁸ ...	ii. 4 392					Ground ³⁰	i. 2 236
Bolters.....	iii. 3 81					Gummed.....	ii. 2 2
Bolting-hutch..	ii. 4 496					Gurnet.....	iv. 2 13
Bonfire-light..	iii. 3 48						
By-drinkings..	iii. 3 84						

1 = information.

2 = a banner or standard.

3 = responsible. 4 = attaining.

5 = to heap. See note 30.

6 *Bare-boned* occurs in Lucerne, 1761.

7 = a kind of ordinance.

8 i.e. Scotchmen.

9 i.e. one of the trade of carrier; used of one who carries letters or messages, in *Merry Wives*, ii. 2. 141; and *Titus Andronicus*, iv. 3. 86.

10 In the expression "out of all cess" = excessively.

11 = pudding.

12 = without stain. In sense of quite, entirely, in *Tit. And.* ii. 1. 94; and *Venus and Adonis*, 694.

13 = hand-to-hand fight.

14 In figurative sense in *Hamlet*, iii. 4. 137.

15 = to deceive; used in another sense in *Cymbeline*, ii. 4. 133

16 = excessive familiarity; in the sense of an organized society, in *Troilus*, i. 3. 103.

17 i.e. a dealer in comparisons; used as adj. in a similar sense in this play, i. 2. 90; and (in a different sense) in *Cymbeline*, ii. 3. 134.

18 = secrets.

19 = rival, competitor. Used again in *iv.* 4. 31 = a companion, a friendly competitor.

20 *Venus and Adonis*, 682.

21 = boldness. Used in the sense of "defiance" in *Ant. and Cleo.* i. 2. 191.

22 = disdainful.

23 The sound of a bagpipe.

24 *Eel-skins* occurs in *King John*, i. 1. 141.

25 = patched.

26 = locks of wool.

27 In the sense of to repair stockings.

28 i.e. of bacon.

29 i.e. "cloysed;" "to glut," in the sense of "to swallow," in *Tempest*, i. 1. 63.

30 = background. *Lucerne*, 1074.

WORDS PECULIAR TO KING HENRY IV.—PART I.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Half-pennyworth ii. 4 591	Majestically... ii. 4 479	Point ¹⁶ ii. 1 7	Sugar-candy... iii. 3 180
*Half-sword... ii. 4 182	Major (sub.)... ii. 4 544	Pomgarnet... ii. 4 42	Sully (verb intrans.) ii. 4 84
Harvest-home. i. 3 35	Majority..... iii. 2 109	Pontifical... iii. 2 56	Sun-like..... iii. 2 79
Haughtiness.. iii. 1 185	Malevolent... i. 1 97	Popinjay..... i. 3 40	Swarm (sub.).. v. 1 55
*Heavenly-har- } iii. 1 221	*Market-crosses v. 1 73	Poulter..... ii. 4 481	Swine-keeping. iv. 2 36
nessed..... } iii. 1 221	Memorandums iii. 3 178	Pouncet-box... i. 3 38	*Sword-and- } i. 3 230
Heinously..... iii. 3 213	Mew..... iii. 1 129	Press ¹⁷ iv. 2 14	buckler (adj.) }
Hitherto ¹ iii. 1 74	Micher..... ii. 4 448	Proficient..... ii. 4 20	
Hitherwards ² . iv. 1 89, 92	Midriff..... iii. 3 174	Proviso..... i. 3 78	Tacked..... iv. 2 46
Horseback-breaker ii. 4 269	Misquote..... v. 2 13	*Puke-stocking ii. 4 78	*Tallow-catch. ii. 4 253
*Hurly-burly (adj.) v. 1 78	Miss ¹⁰ v. 4 105	Purple (sub.).. iii. 3 37	Tasking ²⁰ v. 2 51
	Mistreadings.. iii. 2 11	Purse-taking.. i. 2 116	*Tavern-reckonings iii. 3 178
	Misuse ¹¹ (sub.) i. 1 43	Pursuers ¹⁸ v. 5 22	Tench..... ii. 1 17, 13
Ill-sheathed... i. 1 17	Moldwarp..... iii. 1 149		Thick-eyed..... ii. 3 49
Ill-spirited.... v. 5 2	Moss-grown... iii. 1 33	*Quick-conceiving i. 3 189	Thumb-ring... ii. 4 365
Ill-weaved.... v. 4 88	Moulten..... iii. 1 152	Quick-raised... iv. 4 12	Tickle-brain... ii. 4 438
Immask..... i. 2 201	Mouthed ¹² i. 3 97	Quilt..... iv. 2 54	Topples (verb trans.) iii. 1 32
Impaint..... v. 1 80	Mouth-filling.. iii. 1 259	Rabbit-sucker.. ii. 4 480	Topsy-turvy... iv. 1 82
Incomprehensible i. 2 210	Mustachio-pur- } ii. 1 82	Ragamuffins.. v. 3 36	Trade-fallen... iv. 2 29
Indent ³ i. 3 37	ple-hued..... }	Razes (sub.).. i. 1 27	Tranquillity... ii. 1 84
Indent (sub.).. iii. 1 104		Reasonably.... i. 3 74	Trickling..... ii. 4 431
Ignities ⁴ iii. 2 146	Nag ¹³ iii. 1 135	Red-nose (adj.) iv. 2 50	Trifler..... ii. 3 98
Innkeeper..... iv. 2 50	Nailed..... i. 1 26	Réprisal..... iv. 1 118	Trimly..... i. 3 38
	Neglectingly.. i. 3 51	Reputeless.... iii. 2 44	Tripartite..... iii. 1 80
*Journey-bated iv. 3 26	News-mongers. iii. 2 25	Revengeant... iii. 2 7	Tristful..... ii. 4 434
Jure..... ii. 2 97	Night-tripping. i. 1 87	Rivo..... ii. 4 124	Turned ²¹ iii. 1 131
Kitten (sub.).. iii. 1 129	Nott-pated.... ii. 4 78		Two-legged.... ii. 4 208
Kittened..... iii. 1 19		Salamander.... iii. 3 54	
Knotty-pated.. ii. 4 252	Oath-breaking. v. 2 38	Salt-petre..... i. 3 60	*Uncoltd..... ii. 2 42
	Ob ¹⁴ ii. 4 590	Sandy-bottomed iii. 1 66	*Under-skinker ii. 4 28
Lackbrain..... ii. 3 17	O'erwalk..... i. 3 192	Seal-ring..... iii. 3 94, 117	Ungrown ²² v. 4 23
Land-rakers... ii. 1 81	Onyers..... ii. 1 84	Sedgy..... i. 3 98	Unhanged.... ii. 4 142
Late-disturbed. ii. 3 62	Otter..... iii. 3 142	Seldom ¹⁹ (adj.) iii. 2 58	Unjointed.... i. 3 65
Leading ⁵ iv. 3 17	Outlaw (sub.).. iv. 3 58	Semblably.... v. 3 21	Unminded.... iv. 3 58
Leaping-houses i. 2 10		Setter..... ii. 2 53	Unsorted..... ii. 3 13
Level ⁶ (sub.)... iii. 2 17	Palisadoes.... ii. 3 55	Shelter (verb intrans.) ii. 2 1	Unsteadfast... i. 3 193
Lovers..... ii. 2 36	Pannier..... ii. 1 30	Shot-free..... v. 3 30	Unthankful... i. 3 136
License (verb). i. 3 123	Parapets..... ii. 3 55	Shotten..... ii. 4 141	Unyoked ²³ i. 2 220
Line ⁷ { i. 3 168	Paraguito..... ii. 3 88	Sight-holes.... iv. 1 71	
	Parmaceti..... i. 3 58	Sixpenny (adj.) ii. 1 81	*Valiant-young v. 1 90
Loach..... ii. 1 23	Pell-mell (adj.) v. 1 82	Skimble-skam- } iii. 1 154	
Long-grown.... iii. 2 156	Peppercorn... iii. 3 10	ble (adj.)..... }	Wain..... ii. 1 2
*Long-staff (adj.) ii. 1 81	Pepper-gingerbread iii. 1 260	Slovenly..... i. 3 44	Wasp-stung... i. 3 236
Long-winded... iii. 3 180	Peremptorily.. ii. 4 472	Sneak-cup..... iii. 3 99	Water ²⁴ (verb) ii. 4 18
Luckily..... v. 4 33	Pick-thanks... ii. 2 25	Soothers..... iv. 1 7	Water-colours. v. 1 80
	Pint-pot..... ii. 4 438	Soused..... iv. 2 13	Weather-beaten iii. 1 67
Mackerel..... ii. 4 395	Pismires..... i. 3 240	Spear-grass.... ii. 4 341	Well-respected iv. 3 10
Mad-headed... ii. 3 80	*Pitiful-hearted ii. 4 134	Standing-tuck. ii. 4 274	Welshwomen.. i. 1 45
Main ⁸ iv. 1 47	Pizzle..... ii. 4 271	Starling..... i. 3 224	Whew..... ii. 2 29
Maintenance ⁹ . v. 4 22	Plump ¹⁵ ii. 4 527	*Starting-hole. ii. 4 290	Wild-duck.... { ii. 2 108
		Starveling..... { ii. 1 76	
			Wildfire ²⁵ iii. 3 46
			*Wilful-blame. iii. 1 177
			Wool-sack ii. 4 149

1 = to this place.

2 *Hitherward*, in the same sense, used frequently.

3 = to covenant.

4 = unworthiness, disgrace.

5 = generalship.

6 In ordinary sense—"on a line with;" used frequently in Shak. = "aim;" and in Tempest, iv. 1. 239, 243 = "the instrument so called."

7 = rank or row.

8 = a stake at gaming.

9 In sense of "deportment;"

= sustenance in Two Gent. i. 3.

68; Taming of Shrew, v. 2. 148.

10 = loss; = misbehaviour in

Venus and Adonis, 53.

11 = ill-treatment. *Misuse* =

offence, 12 Sonn. lxxvii. 6.

13 Used in a figurative sense in

II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 205; Ant. and

Cleo. iii. 10. 10. 14 = obolus.

15 Venus and Adonis, 142.

Plumpy is used, in same sense,

in Ant. and Cleo. ii. 7. 121.

16 = the pommel of a saddle.

17 Commission to press soldiers.

This noun is used in various

senses in Shakespeare.

18 Venus and Adonis, 638.

19 In Sonn. lii. 4.

20 = challenge.

21 In the sense of made on a

lathe.

22 Venus and Adonis, 526.

23 = licentious.

24 = to make water.

25 Lucrece, 1523.

KING HENRY IV—PART II

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.		TRAVERS and MORTON, retainers of Northumber-
HENRY, Prince of Wales, afterwards		land.
King Henry V.,	} his sons.	SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
THOMAS, Duke of Clarence,		Page to Sir John Falstaff.
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster.		BARDOLPH.
PRINCE HUMPHREY of Gloucester.		PISTOL.
EARL OF WARWICK.		POINS.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.		PETO.
EARL OF SURREY.		SHALLOW, } country justices.
GOWER.		SILENCE, }
HARCOURT.		DAVY, servant to Shallow.
BLUNT.		MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCalf,
Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.		recruits.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.		FANG and SNARE, sheriff's officers.
SCROOP, Archbishop of York.		
LORD MOWBRAY.		LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.
LORD HASTINGS.		LADY PERCY.
LORD BARDOLPH.		MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.
SIR JOHN COLEVILE.		DOLL TEARSHEET.

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, Pages, Citizens, Porter, Messenger, two Apparitors,
Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, and other Attendants.

RUMOUR, the Presenter.

A Dancer, speaker of the Epilogue.

SCENE—ENGLAND.

HISTORIC PERIOD: 21st July, 1403, to 9th April, 1413.

TIME OF ACTION.

The time of this play, according to Daniel, occupies nine days, as represented on the stage, with three extra Falstaffian days, comprising altogether a period of about two months.

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1.—Interval.	Day 5: Act IV. Scenes 1–3.—Interval.
Day 2: Act I. Scene 3; Act II. Scene 3.—Interval, within which fall	Day 6: Act IV. Scenes 4, 5.
Day 1a: Act I. Scene 2, and	Day 7: Act V. Scene 2.—Interval, including
Day 2a: Act II. Scenes 1, 2, 4.	Day 3a: Act V. Scenes 1, 3.
Day 3 (the morrow of Day 2a): Act III. Scene 1.—Interval.	Day 8: Act V. Scene 4.
Day 4: Act III. Scene 2.—Interval.	Day 9: Act V. Scene 5.

KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

The earliest edition of this play of which we have any knowledge was a quarto, published in 1600, with the following title-page:—

"THE | Second part of Henrie | the fourth, continuing to his death, | and coronation of Henrie | the fift. | With the humours of sir Iohn Fal- | staffe, and swaggering | Pistoll. ♀ As it hath been sundrie times publiکely | acted by the right honourable, the Lord | Chamberlaine his seruants, | Written by William Shakespeare. | LONDON | Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and | William Aspley. | 1600." The publishers had entered it upon the Stationers' Registers on the 23d of August, 1600, in connection with *Much Ado About Nothing*.

In some copies of the 1600 quarto the 1st scene of act iii. was accidentally omitted. The error was rectified while the book was on the press by the insertion of two new leaves. In these the type of some of the preceding and following pages was used, so that the difference between the two impressions extends from the latter part of act ii. into the 2d scene of act iii. A copy of the 1605 quarto of this play was sold at Sotheby's for £500 in 1905. It bears the autograph of Sir William Penn, father of the founder of Pennsylvania. (See *Richard III.*)

In the folio of 1623 the play was apparently printed from a transcript of the original manuscript, or perhaps from a copy of the quarto that had been collated with such a transcript. The Cambridge editors say of it: "It contains passages of considerable length which are not found in the quarto. Some of these are among the finest in the play, and are too closely connected with the context to allow of the supposition that they were later additions inserted by the author after the

publication of the quarto. In the manuscript from which that edition was printed, these passages had been most likely omitted, or erased, in order to shorten the play for the stage." It is a curious fact that, on the other hand, there are certain passages in the quarto which do not appear in the folio.

There is some reason to believe that the play was written before the Stationers' entry of I. Henry IV. in 1598. In that record Falstaff is mentioned, while in one passage of the quarto of Part II. the prefix *Old* is retained before one of Falstaff's speeches. On the other hand, Falstaff is referred to as "the fat knight, hight Oldcastle" by N. Field in 1618, and there are two similar allusions in 1604. These indicate, as Halliwell-Phillips has suggested, that some of the theatres continued to use the name *Oldcastle* after the author had given it up. This was natural enough, as the old manuscripts containing the name would be kept in use by the actors; and, having once become accustomed to *Oldcastle*, they would be slow to adopt *Falstaff* in its stead. It is also to be noted that the entry of I. Henry IV. on the Stationers' Registers does not call that play *Part I.*, as we might have expected it would if Part II. was then in existence. Meres, writing in 1598, mentions "Henry the 4." as he does "Richard the 2." and "Richard the 3." If he had known of two plays with that title he would probably have made the fact manifest. The play was, however, written before Ben Jonson's *Every Man Out of His Humour*, which was acted in 1599, for in that play Justice Silence is mentioned by name. We may safely put the date as late in 1598 or early in 1599.

The materials for the plot, as in the case of I. Henry IV., were mainly taken from

Holinshed's History and from the old play of The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth. The extracts from Holinshed in the notes will show to what extent the dramatist was indebted to the chronicler.

The time covered by the play is almost exactly ten years; or from the battle of Shrewsbury, July 21, 1403, to the accession of Henry V. in March, 1413.

STAGE HISTORY.

There is no record of the performance of this play either in Henslowe, in Pepys, or in Downes; though we should have expected to find some mention of it in the latter, as, according to the first account given by Genest of its performance, namely, at Drury Lane in 1720, to be presently referred to, it must have been acted in 1703-1704.¹

I am indebted to Mr. William Archer for a piece of information which places it beyond all doubt that this play was acted (as altered by Betterton) at the end of the seventeenth or at the very beginning of the eighteenth century. Mr. Archer says that in the Prologue to "The Sequel of Henry the Fourth . . . altered by Mr. Betterton" (n. d., but dated 1719 in the catalogue of the British Museum), occurs this couplet:

Oh! let our Entertainment find the Praise
It always met with in *your Father's Days*.

These lines certainly seem to prove that this version had been played some years before.

Genest has no record of the play before 17th December, 1720, under which date he has: "Not acted for 17 years, Henry 4th, pt. 2d, written by Shakspeare and revised by Betterton—with a new Prologue and Epilogue" (vol. iii. p. 46). Of this revival he gives the following account:—

"Act 1. Betterton omits the whole scene at

¹ Under date 1700, at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, Genest says: "The great success, with which Betterton had revived the 1st part of Henry the 4th, induced him to revive the 2d part—it was not however printed till after his death—but it is pretty clear that it was revived not long after the 1st part, and that Betterton acted Falstaff" (vol. ii. p. 220). On November 25, 1704, I find an entry "not acted 5 years, Henry IV. Falstaff=Estcourt" (vol. ii. p. 317); but it does not say whether it was the First Part or the Second Part.

Warkworth, and begins with Falstaff and his boy—then follows the scene at the Archbishop of York's, and that of the arrest from Shakspeare's 2d act.

"Act 2 consists of the remainder of the original 2d act, but with the omission of the other scene at Warkworth—Northumberland is struck out of the D.P. (Dramatis Personæ).

"Act 3. Shakspeare's first scene is omitted; the act begins at Shallow's house—then follows the scene in which the Archbishop of York and his party are made prisoners.

"Act 4 begins with the King's Soliloquy from the original 3d act—then comes the grand scene—in the King's fine address to his son, Betterton has in judiciously omitted two lines—

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head.

After that we have the scene in which Silence sings, and the act concludes with the interview between Henry the 5th and the Chief Justice.

"Act 5. Two comic scenes of the original 5th act (the 1st and the 4th) are very improperly omitted—the act begins with the King's procession to Westminster Abbey—Falstaff is rebuked by him, but not sent to prison by the Chief Justice—(see Dr. Johnson's note)—the play concludes with the first act of Henry the 5th abridged; and with the scene at Southampton from the same play—this explains how the Archbishop of Canterbury becomes one of the D.P. (Dramatis Personæ), which must appear very strange to any person who sees the bill without having read the play—Betterton was unjustifiable in patching up his play from Henry the 5th, and his alteration on the whole is a bad one, but he has not taken any flagrant liberties with Shakspeare's text, except in one instance, when Falstaff is said to have been Page to Thomas Mowbray Duke of Suffolk, instead of Duke of Norfolk; an alteration which must have proceeded from great ignorance, or from shameful carelessness" (Genest, vol. iii. pp. 47, 48). On this occasion Booth played the King, Wilks the Prince of Wales, Roman² the Lord Chief Justice, Theophilus

² His name appears sometimes to have been written Bowman.

INTRODUCTION.

Cibber the Duke of Clarence, Colley Cibber Shallow, and Mills Falstaff. Of these characters Davies says: "Booth, who played the king, and Wilkes (*sic*), who acted the prince, were highly accomplished, and understood dignity and grace of action and deportment, with all the tender passions of the heart, in a superior degree. The elder Mills, in the king, and his son, an imitator of Wilks's manner, in the prince, followed almost immediately these consummate actors; and though they were by no means equal to them, were above mediocrity, especially the father in Henry, which happened to be the last part this worthy man appeared in" (*Dramatic Miscellanies*, vol. i. p. 319). Of Shallow Kemp appears to have been the original representative, and Doggett was the first actor who distinguished himself in this part after the Restoration; but this must have been in a performance of which the record is lost: probably it took place about the latter end of Queen Anne's reign; for when Rich opened the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1715, Ben Jonson, the actor (already mentioned in the *Stage History of I. Henry IV.*), was engaged to play Doggett's parts, and among them that of Shallow. Colley Cibber took such a fancy to the part that he succeeded in ousting Jonson from it. To Cibber's performance Davies gives very high praise: "Whether he was a copy or an original in Shallow, it is certain that no audience was ever more fixed in deep attention, at his first appearance, or more shaken with laughter in the progress of the scene, than at Colley Cibber's exhibition of this ridiculous justice of peace." . . . "The want of ideas occasions Shallow to repeat almost everything he says. Cibber's transition from asking the price of bullocks, to trite, but grave, reflections on mortality, was so natural, and attended with such an unmeaning roll of his small pig's-eyes, accompanied with an important utterance of tick tick! tick! tick! not much louder than the balance of a watch's pendulum, that I question if any actor was ever superior in the conception or expression of such solemn insignificance" (*ut supra*, vol. i. pp. 306, 307). Davies gives very high praise to Boman in the character of the Chief Justice. He says that he

"maintained the serious deportment of the judge with the graceful ease of the gentleman" (vol. i. p. 286).

The next performance of this play seems to have taken place at Drury Lane May 19, 1731, when Mills played the King and his son the Prince of Wales, the Falstaff being Harper; Theophilus Cibber for the first time appeared as Pistol, a character in which this mannikin of an actor seems to have made some considerable impression. Davies says of him: "He assumed a peculiar kind of false spirit, and uncommon blustering, with such turgid action, and long unmeasurable strides, that it was impossible not to laugh at so extravagant a figure, with such loud and grotesque vociferation. He became so famous for his action in this part, that he acquired the name of Pistol, at first as a mark rather of merit, but finally as a term of ridicule. He was drawn in that character by Hogarth, with several other comedians who revolted from the patentees of Drury Lane in 1733, and was brought on the Covent-garden stage" (*ut supra*, p. 294). In fact the ridiculous mannerisms of the younger Cibber seem to have been less out of place in this character than any which he represented. This play was again performed on October 19th, 1732, at Drury Lane, the First Part having been performed on the 17th, and again on the 7th May, 1733, with pretty much the same cast as in 1731.

In September, 1733, most of the principal actors at Drury Lane deserted the patentees, and set up for themselves at the little theatre in the Haymarket, calling themselves the Comedians of His Majesty's Revels. There, on October 12th, this play was acted, the First Part having been played on the 10th. Millward played the Archbishop of York, and Johnson took the part of Shallow. On November 21st, at the same theatre, a performance took place of Henry IV. (Genest does not say whether it was the First or the Second Part), in which Harper appeared as Falstaff. This was his first appearance after his release from Bridewell, whither he had been committed on November 12th, under the Vagrant Act, at the instigation of the Patentees of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres. His case

came on, on November 20th, before the Chief-justice of the King's Bench, and he was discharged upon his own recognizances. This decision was regarded as a very important one, as it put an end to the monstrous attempt of the lessees of the Patent Theatres to prevent any members of their respective companies acting at the Haymarket or Goodman's Fields theatres.

The Second Part of Henry IV. was selected to be performed for the benefit of Theobald, the editor of Shakespeare, at Drury Lane, May 4th, 1734; and again, April 11th, 1735, it was acted for Harper's benefit at the same theatre, when the beneficiare played Falstaff, a character which he had been obliged to resign to Quin in the First Part of Henry IV., and in *The Merry Wives*.¹ The latter actor chose this play for his benefit on March 11th, 1736, appearing of course as Falstaff. Genest, quoting from the bill in the British Museum, says "a Prologue, written by Betterton and spoken by him 40 years ago at the revival of this play, representing the ghost of Shakspeare, to be spoken by Quin—all the scenes of the original part of Falstaff will be added" (vol. iii. p. 476). These added scenes appear to have been the 1st and 4th scenes of act v. omitted in Betterton's version. (See the account of that production given above, December 17, 1720). Falstaff is concerned in only the former of these two scenes. As to the Prologue, Genest says "it was perhaps that originally spoken by Betterton to Dryden's *Troilus and Cressida* with some alteration" (*ut supra*, p. 476). If the statement made in the playbill quoted from be true, and this play had been acted 40 years before, that must have been about 1695 or 1696; but Genest thinks that Quin should have said 36 and not 40 years, which would only take us as far back as 1700. This point has been sufficiently discussed above.

At Drury Lane during the season 1736, 1737, this play was performed twice, on October 9th, 1836, and again on the 4th December, when Mills played the King, that being pro-

bably his last appearance on the stage. He was announced for Macbeth on the 23rd of the same month, but was taken ill on his way to the theatre, and died soon afterwards. On January 21st, 1737, this play was again given, the First Part having been played on the 17th. It seems to have been the custom to give the Two Parts of Henry IV. either on consecutive days or as close together as possible, and sometimes we find both Parts and *The Merry Wives* given on three consecutive days.

On all the occasions above recorded it was Betterton's version of this play which was given; but at Covent Garden, on 16th February, 1738, Shakespeare's play was presented at the desire of the "several Ladies of Quality," already mentioned in the Introduction to *I. Henry VI.* (vol. ii. p. 85), when Bridgewater played Falstaff, Delane the King, Ryan the Prince of Wales, and Hippisley Shallow. The play was acted twice in this season. On September 16th, 1738—it is not stated whether it was Betterton's version or not—this play was again revived at Drury Lane, when Harper played the part of Silence, and Milward succeeded Mills in the part of the King. Davies says he was "in pathos greatly his (Mills') superior. His countenance was finely expressive of grief" (*Dramatic Miscellanies*, vol. i. p. 320). The play was again presented on October 13th, when old Colley Cibber played Justice Shallow. Quin, who had migrated to Covent Garden, appeared as Falstaff again, in this play, on January 11th, 1744; and five years afterwards this play was revived at the same theatre on March 2, 1749; Quin again played Falstaff, Delane the King, Ryan the Prince of Wales, Theophilus Cibber Pistol, and John Arthur was Shallow. This actor seems to have left the London Stage in 1758, and to have been subsequently the manager of the Bath Theatre in 1760 and of the Portsmouth Theatre in 1761; he died in April 1772. He was chiefly remarkable as an excellent clown in Rich's pantomimes.

The next performance of this play worth noting was at Drury Lane, for Woodward's benefit, March 13, 1758, when Garrick played the King for the first time. Singular to say, it was announced in the bill as "not

¹ Many of these performances will not be found in the Index to Genest's Work, on which little reliance can be placed, it being very defective and not a little inaccurate.

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acted for 30 years." Woodward himself played Falstaff, Palmer the Prince of Wales, and Yates Shallow. Garrick made only a moderate success in the King; his figure being against him. On December 11, 1761, this piece was represented at Covent Garden with Shuter as Falstaff, Sparks as the King, Ross as the Prince of Wales. It was one of the plays chosen to precede the spectacular piece called "the Coronation," which was very successful; Genest says the Second Part of Henry IV. was acted in this conjunction 22 times. Garrick resumed the part of the King, December 3, 1762, when Love was Falstaff and King played Pistol. On January 18, 1764, at Drury Lane, Powell played the King for the first time in this play, Holland being the representative of the Prince of Wales. On April 27, 1773, at Covent Garden, this play was again revived, "acted but once these five years, for the benefit of Mrs. Lessingham" (Genest, vol. v. p. 396). Woodward played Shallow for that night only; Shuter being the Falstaff. The King was played "by a gentleman, his first appearance on any stage." "Who he was we are not told. The next notable performance seems to have been on 24th November, 1777, at Drury Lane, when Henderson played Falstaff, Bensley the King, Palmer the Prince of Wales, Parsons Silence, and Baddeley Pistol. This play appears to have been placed on the shelf until 1784, when it was revived at Covent Garden; Henderson again playing Falstaff. The other members of the cast were all different; Wroughton playing the Prince of Wales, Farren Prince John, and Quick Silence. Davies says: "In the last lingering stage of life, when worn by complicated distemper, and tormented with afflicting pains of the gout, the sick and emaciated Barry undertook to represent the dying scenes of Henry. In person, if we consult history, he was better adapted to the part than any of his predecessors. . . . The fatherly reproofs and earnest admonitions, from the consequence imparted by Barry's pleasing manner, as well as noble figure, acquired authority and importance" (Dramatic Miscellanies, vol. i. p. 321). There is no mention of this performance in Genest, nor is the part of King Henry IV.

given among the list of Barry's characters. Genest suggests that Davies had confounded the part of Henry IV. with Lusignan in Zara, an adaptation of Voltaire's play by Aaron Hill.

Coming to the nineteenth century, we find this play revived on January 17, 1804, at Covent Garden, when John Kemble played the King, Charles Kemble the Prince of Wales, and Cooke Falstaff. The play was to have been acted eight days before, on the Saturday, but Cooke was taken ill. Genest says that it was "particularly well acted on this occasion." On June 25, 1821, a remarkable performance of II. Henry IV. took place at Covent Garden, Macready playing the King, Charles Kemble the Prince of Wales, Fawcett Falstaff, William Farren Shallow, Emery Silence, and Blanchard Pistol. On this occasion the coronation scene was represented with great magnificence, with a view, of course, to the grand ceremony then imminent. Owing to this adventitious attraction, the play appears to have been acted twenty-seven times; on July 19th, the day of the coronation, the theatre was opened gratuitously to the public; and on the last performance, August 7th, the free list was entirely suspended and an additional pit door was opened (Genest, vol. ix. p. 144).

It appears that this play was selected by Queen Victoria for performance at Windsor Castle in 1853. Subsequently, on March 17, 1853, Phelps produced it for his benefit at Sadler's Wells, playing the King and Justice Shallow. In Messrs. W. May Phelps and Forbes Robertson's *Life of Phelps* the authors say that it was "played more or less until the end of the season, which closed on 13th April (1852-1853)" (p. 128). It does not seem to have been so successful as the First Part, in spite of the very admirable way in which Mr. Phelps played these two characters. The then critic of *The Times*, the late Mr. John Oxenford, after praising his King, thus speaks of his impersonation of Shallow: "The loquacity and the effect of age on a not overwise head are exhibited with singular accuracy. The old man laughs at the jest of Falstaff and the song of Silence, . . . but leaves you much in doubt whether he sees the point of the one or the sentiment of the

other. His tongue is too glib for his mind, and he repeats his words twice, that he may have time fully to grasp their meaning. . . . Mr Phelps also hits on that want of sensibility which belongs to doting old age. The news that Old Double is dead, leads him into a garrulous description of the great qualities of the deceased, but there is no approach to grief" (p. 226). Mr. Phelps produced the play again in his last season of the management of Sadler's Wells, September 14, 1861, for the purpose of introducing his son, Edmund, in the part of Prince of Wales. The play was repeated on November 6th, which must have been the last time it was played at his own theatre. More recently, on October 1st, 1864, it was revived at Drury Lane, Phelps playing the same parts. The late Mr. Calvert produced this play in 1874, at Manchester, when Phelps again doubled the parts of the King and Shallow. In the version of Henry V. arranged by Mr. John Coleman, produced at the Queen's Theatre in 1876, the scene between the King and Prince Henry, when the latter seizes the crown, was embodied. Mr. Phelps played the King in that scene, and a remarkable performance it was in spite of the very advanced age of the actor. Since 1864 the play has, as far as I know, never been performed, in London at any rate, and its reproduction would seem to be a very remote contingency —F. A. M.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

The play is so closely connected with its predecessor, the two forming to all intents and purposes one continuous drama, that some of the remarks made upon I. Henry IV. are equally applicable to II. Henry IV. The second play is, however, distinctly inferior to the first as a work of dramatic art. "It is not as perfect as the other as an historical tragi-comedy, as on its tragic side it has a less vivid and sustained interest, and approaches in those scenes more to the dramatized chronicle; in fact, adhering much more rigidly to historical authority, and deviating from it very little except in compressing into connected continuous actions events really separated by years. Its nobler characters have much less of chivalric and romantic

splendour, and its action less of stage interest and effect, and its poetry far less of kindling and exciting fervour. On this account it has long disappeared as a whole from the stage; but portions of it are familiar even to those whose knowledge of Shakespeare is acquired only from the stage, having been interwoven by Cibber, or some other manufacturer of the 'acted drama,' into the action of Richard III. Other portions, like the king's invocation to sleep, the archbishop's meditation on the instability of popular favour, Lady Percy's lament for Hotspur, and the last scene between the Prince and his father, have sunk deep into thousands of hearts, and live in the general memory. Nor is the entire graver dialogue unworthy of these gems with which it is studded; for it is throughout rich in thought, noble and impressive in style, and the characters it presents are drawn, if not with the same bold freedom and pointed invention as in the first part, yet with undiminished truth and discrimination."

On the comic side there is perhaps no real falling-off, but our fat old friend Falstaff is rapidly going down hill; and though we cannot cease to enjoy his wit, we begin to tire of his depravity. And yet when the retribution comes in the end, we feel that it is almost too severe. The rebuff the corpulent reprobate receives from his "royal Hal" is one of the sternest and most impressive moral lessons that Shakespeare anywhere reads us. He would appear to have foreseen what a hold Jack would get upon our hearts, and to have determined that we should be in no danger of missing the ethical lesson of his career. For dramatic effect nothing could surpass the crushing dismissal the king gives the knight at the moment when the latter flatters himself that "the laws of England are at his commandment," and he is "Fortune's steward," while at the same time it has the solemnity and dignity of a sermon:

"I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dreamed of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;

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Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape;
 For thee thrice wider than for other men:—
 Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;
 Presume not that I am the thing I was:
 For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
 That I have turned away my former self;
 So will I those that have kept me company.
 When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
 Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,
 The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
 Till then I banish thee, on pain of death,—
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
 Not to come near our person by ten mile.
 For competence of life I will allow you,
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
 And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
 We will,—according to your strength, and qualities,—
 Give you advancement.”

The rebuke was no doubt made the more striking because Falstaff's occupation is gone, and he must be finally dismissed from the stage. That he should reform is inconceivable, and to represent him as leaving sack and living cleanly, as a nobleman should do—as Falstaff himself, in a momentary spasm of virtuous resolve, had fancied possible—would have only weakened the moral Shakespeare desired to enforce. Fat Jack reformed would have been a duller type of Puritan than his profane burlesque of the character when he stood for the prince's father in the earlier play. The epilogue of the play intimates, indeed, that Shakespeare thought of “continuing the story with Sir John in it;” but that suggestion is perhaps the strongest evidence that the epilogue was not his composition, but a mere manager's attempt to propitiate the audience with the prospect of a favourite's reappearance in a new play. If for the moment the dramatist did think of bringing Sir John again upon the stage, he saw the mistake before the new play was finished, and simply added a new impressiveness to the lesson of Falstaff's by the grotesque pathos of Dame Quickly's account of his death.

“After Falstaff,” as Cowden-Clarke has said, “the most perfect characters in the play are Shallow and Silence, the Gloucestershire justices. Here again we have Shakespeare's astonishing power in individuality-portraiture.—It is impossible to conceive a stronger

contrast, a more direct antipodes in mental structure than he has achieved between Falstaff and Shallow; the one all intellect, all acuteness of perception and fancy, and the other, the justice, a mere compound of fatuity, a *caput mortuum* of understanding. . . . As if it were not sufficient triumph for the poet to have achieved such a contrast as the two intellects of Falstaff and Shallow—in the consciousness and the opulence of unlimited genius, he stretches the line of his invention, and produces a foil even to Shallow—a climax to nothing—in the person of his cousin, Silence. The latter is an embryo of a man—a molecule—a graduation from nonentity towards intellectual being—a man dwelling in the suburbs of sense, groping about in the twilight of apprehension and understanding. He has just emerged from the tadpole state. Here again a distinction is preserved between these two characters. Shallow gabbles on from mere emptiness; while Silence, from the same incompetence, rarely gets beyond the shortest replies. The firmament of his wonder and adoration are the sayings and doings of his cousin and brother-justice at Clement's Inn, which he has been in the constant habit of hearing, without satiety and nausea, for half a century.” The scenes in which these provincial gentlemen figure are withal interesting as a picture of the life and habits of their class in the days of Shakespeare; for these minor characters are men of his own time, not of King Henry's—just as the clowns in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* are Warwickshire peasants of the Elizabethan age transferred bodily to ancient Athens.

Johnson has noted the comparatively tame ending of this play, but is clearly right in ascribing it to the fact that it is only one chapter in a continued history, in cutting which up into separate plays the poet had sometimes to sacrifice dramatic effect to the exigencies of formal division into convenient parts. He remarks: “I fancy every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with Desdemona, ‘O most lame and impotent conclusion!’ As this play was not, to our knowledge, divided into acts by the author,

KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

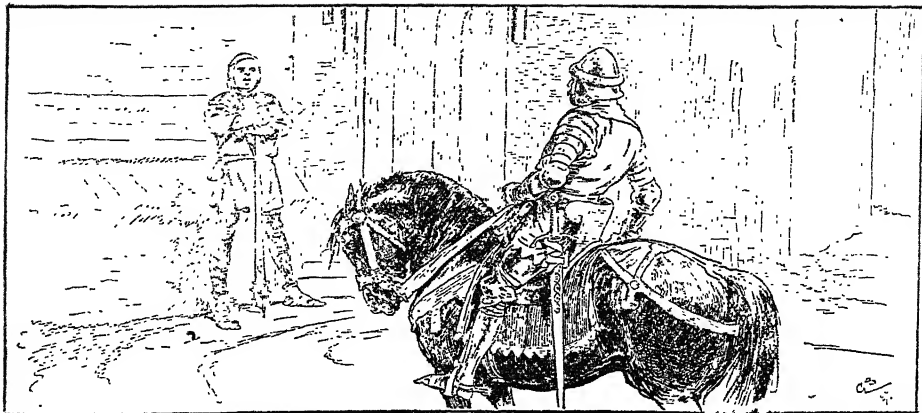
I could be content to conclude it with the death of Henry the Fourth—

‘In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.’

These scenes, which now make the fifth act of Henry IV., might then be the first of Henry V.; but the truth is, that they do not unite very commodiously to either play.

10

When these plays were represented, I believe they ended as they are now ended in the books; but Shakespeare seems to have designed that the whole series of action, from the beginning of Richard II. to the end of Henry V., should be considered by the reader as one work, upon one plan, only broken into parts by the necessity of exhibition.”



L. Bard. Tell thou the earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.—(Act i. 1. 2, 3.)

KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

INDUCTION.

[*Warkworth. Before the Castle.*

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you
will stop

The vent of hearing when loud Rumour
speaks?

I, from the orient to the drooping¹ west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth,
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity²
Under the smile of safety wounds the world;
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful² musters and prepar'd defence,
Whiles the big³ year, swoln with some other
grief,

Is thought with child by the stern tyrant War,
And no such matter?⁴ Rumour is a pipe

Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt⁵ monster with uncounted
heads,

The still-discordant⁶ wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.—But what⁷ need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize²¹
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his
troops,

Quenching the flame of bold rebellion⁸
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is²³
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant
towns

Between that royal field of Shrewsbury

¹ *Drooping*, declining.

² *Fearful*, full of fear or terror. ³ *Big*, pregnant.

⁴ *No such matter*, there is nothing of the kind.

⁵ *Blunt*, dull, stupid.

⁶ *Still-discordant*, ever-discordant. ⁷ *What*, why

⁸ *Rebellion*, metrically a quadrisyllable.

And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick;¹ the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news

Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's
tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than
true wrongs. [*Exit.*]

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter LORD BARDOLPH.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—

The Porter opens the gate.

Where is the earl?

Port. What² shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend³ him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the
orchard;

Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

L. Bard. Here comes the earl.

[*Exit Porter.*]

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every
minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem. 8

The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will!

L. Bard. As good as heart can wish.
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the
Blunts

Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince
John,

And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir
John,

Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day, 20

So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times, 22
Since Caesar's fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?⁴
Saw you the field? came you from Shrews-
bury?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that
came from thence,
A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely render'd⁵ me these news for true.

[*North.* Here comes my servant Travers,
whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Enter TRAVERS.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode⁶ him on the
way; 30

And he is furnish'd with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings
comes with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd
me back

With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent⁷ with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodi'd
horse.

He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me that rebellion had bad luck, 41
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And bending forward struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head, and starting so
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

¹ *Crafty-sick*, feigning sickness.

² *What*, who.

³ *Attend*, await

⁴ *Deriv'd*, obtained, learned.

⁵ *Render'd*, gave, delivered.

⁶ *Over-rode*, out-rode.

⁷ *Forspent*, exhausted.

North. Ha!—Again.
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, Coldspur? that rebellion¹ 50
Had met ill luck?

L. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point²
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why should that gentleman that
rode by Travers
Give then such instances of loss?

L. Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding³ fellow that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture.] Look, here comes more
news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a titlè-
leaf, 60
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume;
[So looks the strand whereon the imperious
flood

Hath left a witness'd usurpation.⁴—]
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless, 70
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew⁵ Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was
burnt;

But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
[This thou wouldst say, "Your son did thus
and thus;

Your brother thus; so fought the noble
Douglas;"

Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed, 79
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with "Brother, son, and all are dead."]

¹ *Rebellion*, a quadrisyllable here.

² *Point*, tagged lacing for fastening dress.

³ *Hilding*, base, low.

⁴ *Usurpation*, metrically five syllables.

⁵ *Drew*, drew aside.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chanc'd.—Yet speak,

Morton;
Tell thou an earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gain-
said; 91

Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, it's not that Percy's
dead.—

I see a strange confession in thine eye;
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear,
or sin,

To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
[And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.]

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news 100
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling⁶ a departing friend.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son
is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance,⁷ wearied and out-
breath'd,

To Harry Monmouth, whose swift wrath beat
down

The never-daunted Percy to the earth, 110
From whence with life he never more sprung
up.

In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited⁸ once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;
[For from his metal was his party steel'd,
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead:
And as the thing that's heavy in itself, 119

⁶ *Knolling*, knelling, tolling for.

⁷ *Rendering faint quittance*, making feeble requital or
resistance.

⁸ *Bruited*, noised abroad.

Upon enforcement¹ flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their
fear 122
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field.] Then was that noble
Worcester

Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring
sword

Had three times slain the appearance of the
king,

Gave vail² his stomach,³ and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs, and, in his
flight, 130

Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is that the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to
mourn.

In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me
sick,

Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
[And as the wretch, whose fever-weakened
joints, 140

Like strengthless hinges, buckle⁴ under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire

Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
Weakened with grief, being now enrag'd with
grief,

Are thrice themselves.] Hence, therefore,
thou nice⁵ crutch!

A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand; and hence, thou sickly
quoif!⁶ 149

Thou art a guard too wanton⁷ for the head
Which princes, flesh'd⁸ with conquest, aim to
hit. 149

Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged⁹st hour that time and spite dare
bring

To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's
hand 153

Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage

To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain

Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead! 160

Tra. This strained¹⁰ passion doth you wrong,
my lord.

L. Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom
from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices¹¹
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.

You cast¹² the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before
you said

"Let us make head." It was your presumise
That, in the dole¹³ of blows, your son might
drop.

You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er; 171

[You were advis'd¹⁴ his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward
spirit

Would lift him where most trade¹⁵ of danger
rang'd:]

Yet did you say "Go forth;" [and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne¹⁶ action.] What hath then
befallen,

Or what hath this bold enterprise brought
forth,

More than that being which was like to be?
L. Bard. We all that are engaged to this
loss 180

Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous
seas

That if we wrought out¹⁷ life't was ten to one;
[And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd,
Chok'd the respect¹⁸ of likely peril fear'd;]

¹⁰ Strained, overwrought.

¹¹ Complices, confederates. ¹² Cast, calculated.

¹³ Dole, dealing. ¹⁴ Advis'd, aware.

¹⁵ Trade, activity, interchange.

¹⁶ Stiff-borne, obstinate.

¹⁷ Wrought out, saved, gained.

¹⁸ Respect, regard, consideration.

¹ Enforcement, use of force.

² Vail, lower.

³ Stomach, pride, courage.

⁴ Buckle, bend, give way.

⁵ Nice, effeminate.

⁶ Quoif, cap, head-dress.

⁷ Wanton, luxurious.

⁸ Flesh'd, excited, made fierce.

⁹ Ragged'st, wildest, roughest.

And since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mor. 'T is more than time; and, my most noble lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
The gentle Archbishop of York is up 189
With well-appointed powers: he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers.

[My lord your-son had only but the corpse,
But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls,
And they did fight with queasiness,¹ con-
strain'd,

As men drink potions, that² their weapons only
Seem'd on our side; but, for their spirits and
souls,

This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:³ 201

Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,]
He's follow'd both with body and with mind,
And doth enlarge⁴ his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret
stones;

Derives from heaven his quarrel and his
cause,

Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less⁵ do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak
truth, 210

This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me, and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge.
Get posts and letters, and make friends with
speed;

Never so few, and never yet more need.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *London. A Street.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, followed by his Page bearing
his sword and buckler.*

[*Fal.* Sirrah, you giant, what says the
doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a
good healthy water; but, for the party that
ow'd it, he might have more diseases than he
knew for.] 62

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird⁶
at me; the brain of this foolish-compounded
clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that
tends to laughter, more than I invent or is
invented on me: I am not only witty in my-
self, but the cause that wit is in other men.
[I do here walk before thee like a sow that
hath o'erwhelm'd all her litter but one.] If
the prince put thee into my service for any
other reason than to set me off, why then I
have no judgment. [Thou whoreson man-
drake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap
than to wait at my heels.] I was never main'd
with an agate till now; but I will inset
you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile
apparel, and send you back again to your
master, for a jewel,—the juvenal,⁷ the prince
your master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd.
I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm
of my hand than he shall get one on his
cheek; [and yet he will not stick to say his
face is a face-royal. God may finish it when
he will; 't is not a hair amiss yet: he may
keep it still at a face-royal, for a barber shall
never earn sixpence out of it;] and yet he'll
be crowing as if he had writ⁸ man ever since
his father was a bachelor. He may keep his
own grace, but he's almost out of mine, I can
assure him. What said Master Dombledon
about the satin for my short cloak and my
slops?⁹ 34

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him
better assurance¹⁰ than Bardolph: he would
not take his band¹¹ and yours; he lik'd not
the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd, like the glutton!
[pray God his-tongue be hotter! A whoreson
Achitophel!] a rascally yea-forsoc'h knave! to
bear a gentleman in hand,¹² and then stand
upon security! [The whoreson smooth-pates
do now wear nothing but high shoes, and
bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man

¹ *Queasiness*, distaste, lack of spirit. ² *That*, so that.

³ *Religion*, metrically four syllables.

⁴ *Enlarge*, enhance the merit of.

⁵ *More and less*, high and low.

⁶ *Gird*, thrust, jeer.

⁷ *Juvenal*, youth.

⁸ *Writ*, called himself.

⁹ *Slops*, loose breeches.

¹⁰ *Assurance*, surety.

¹¹ *Band*, bond.

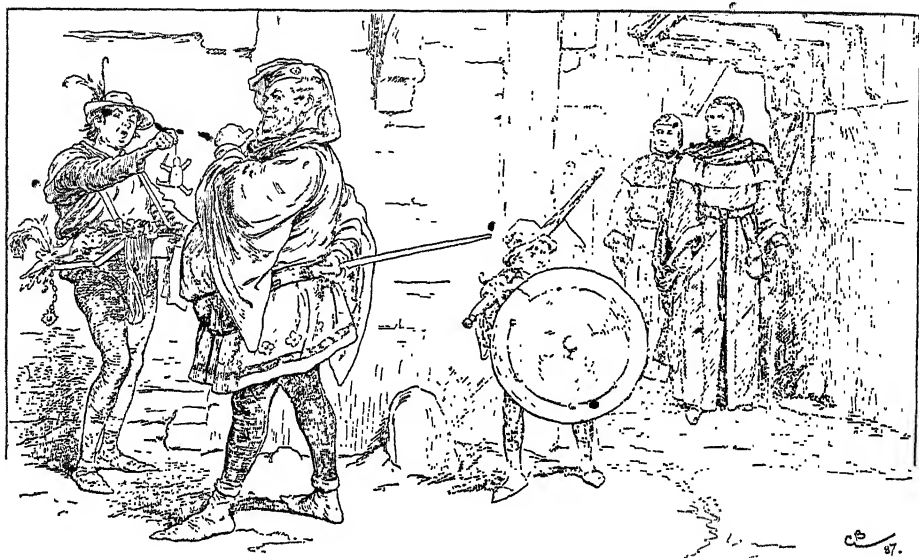
¹² *Bear* . . . *in hand*, keep in expectation.

{is through with them in honest taking up,¹
{then they must stand upon security.} I had
as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth
as offer to stop it with security. I look'd a'
should have sent me two and twenty yards
of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends
me security. Well, he may sleep in security;
for he hath the horn of abundance, and the

lightness of his wife shines through it: [and
yet cannot he see, though he have his own
lanthorn to light him.] Where's Bar-
dolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy
your worship a horse. 57

Fal. I bought him in Paul's,² and he'll buy
me a horse in Smithfield; an I could get me



Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.—(Act i. 2. 62–65.)

but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd,
hors'd, and wiv'd.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that
committed the prince for striking him about
Bardolph. 64

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

[Goes to back of scene, after taking sword
and buckler from the Page.]

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and two
Apparitors.

Ch. Just. What's³ he that goes there?

First Appar. Falstaff, an't please your lord-
ship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question⁴ for the
robbery?

First Appar. He, my lord; but he hath since
done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I
hear, is now going with some charge to the
Lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

First Appar. Sir John Falstaff! 76

[Following Falstaff, who is going away.]

Fal. [Aside to Page] Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. [To the Apparitor] You must speak
louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of
any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow;
he must speak with him.

¹ Taking up, borrowing, obtaining on credit.

² Paul's, St. Paul's Church.

³ What's, who is.

⁴ In question, on trial or examination.

First Appar. [*Pulling Falstaff by the sleeve*] Sir John!

Fal. [*To Apparitor*] What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it. 90

First Appar. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiery aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

First Appar. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiery aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt counter;¹ hence! avaunt! 103

First Appar. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad; I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health. 114

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty; you would not come when I sent for you. 121

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fall'n into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What² tell you me of it? be it as it is. 130

Fal. It hath its original³ from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his⁴ effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well; rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal. 140

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself. 149

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advis'd by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great. 160

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me; I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-heal'd wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's

¹ Hunt counter, are at fault.

² What, why.

³ Original, origin.

⁴ It is, its.

exploit on Gadshill; you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting¹ that action. 171

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so; wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

[*Ch. Just.* What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail² candle, my lord, all tallow; if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth. 181

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.]

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel³ is light; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell. [Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger⁴ times that true valour is turn'd bear-herd⁵; pregnancy⁶ is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings; all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry.] (You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vaward⁷ of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.) 200

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? And every part about you blasted with antiquity⁸? and will you yet call yourself young! Fie, fie, fie, Sir John! 209

¹ O'er-posting, getting over. ² Wassail, festal, large.

³ Angel, the coin (with a pun).

⁴ Costermonger, trading, commercial.

⁵ Bear-herd, leader of a tame bear.

⁶ Pregnancy, ready wit. ⁷ Vaward, van, early part.

⁸ Antiquity, old age.

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hallooing and singing of anthems. To approve⁹ my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him! For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd¹⁰ him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack. 222

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath sever'd you and Prince Harry; I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland. 230

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. [But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but a bottle, I would I might never spit white again.] There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever; but it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. [If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is; I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.] 247

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses.¹¹ Fare you

⁹ Approve, prove, attest.

¹⁰ Check'd, chided, rebuked.

¹¹ Crosses, coin (with a pun)

well; commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. [*Exeunt Chief Justice and Apparitors.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip¹ me with a three-man beetle.² [*A man can no more separate age and covetousness than a' can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.*—Boy! 260

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse; borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceiv'd the first white hair on my chin. About it, you know where to find me.—
[*Exit Page.*] [*A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe.*] 'Tis no matter if I do halt;³ I have the wars for my colour;⁴ and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity.⁵ [*Exit.*]

[SCENE III. York. The Archbishop's Palace.

The ARCHBISHOP, the LORDS HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH discovered seated.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all, Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:

And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms, But gladly would be better satisfied How in⁶ in our means we should advance ourselves

To look with forehead bold and big enough Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file 10

To five and twenty thousand men of choice; And our supplies live largely in the hope 12 Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus,—

Whether our present five and twenty thousand May hold up head⁷ without Northumberland?

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Yea, marry, there's the point: But if without him we be thought too feeble, My judgment is, we should not step too far Till we had his assistance by the hand; 21 For in a theme⁸ so bloody-fac'd as this, Conjecture, expectation, and surmise Of aids incertain should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for indeed

It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd⁹ himself with hope,

Eating the air on promise of supply, Flattering himself in project¹⁰ of a power Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts; And so, with great imagination¹¹ 31 Proper¹² to madmen, led his powers to death, And winking¹³ leap'd into destruction.¹⁴

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt

To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

L. Bard. Yes, in this present quality¹⁵ of war:

Indeed the instant¹⁶ action—a cause on foot—Lives so in hope as in an early spring

We see the appearing buds; which to prove fruit, 39

Hope gives not so much warrant as despair That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,

We first survey the plot, then draw the model;¹⁷

And when we see the figure of the house,

⁷ Hold up head, make a stand.

⁸ Theme, business.

⁹ Lin'd, sustained, supported.

¹⁰ In project, with expectation.

¹¹ Imagination, metrically six syllables.

¹² Proper, appropriate.

¹³ Winking, shutting his eyes, blindly.

¹⁴ Destruction, metrically four syllables.

¹⁵ Quality, kind.

¹⁶ Instant, present.

¹⁷ Model, plan.

¹ Fillip, throw into the air.

² Beetle, rammer, pile-driver.

³ Halt, walk lame. ⁴ Colour, pretext.

⁵ Commodity, gain, advantage.

⁶ In, with.

Then must we rate¹ the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,⁴⁵
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices,² or at least desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up, should we survey⁵⁰
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent³ upon a sure foundation,⁴
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half
through,
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds⁶¹
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of
fair birth,
Should bestill-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation,⁵
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal⁶ with the king.

L. Bard. What, is the king but five and
twenty thousand?

Hast. To us no more; nay, not so much,
Lord Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,⁷⁷⁰
A in three heads: one power against the
French,
And one against Glendower; perforce⁸ a third
Must take up us. So is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several
strengths⁹ together

And come against us in full puissance,¹⁰
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,

He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and
Welsh

Baying¹¹ him at the heels; never fear that.

L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his
forces hither?⁸¹

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and West-
moreland;

Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Mon-
mouth:

But who is substituted against the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on,

And publish the occasion of our arms.

The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;¹²

Their over-greedy love hath surfeited.

An habitation giddy and unsure⁸⁹

Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.—

O thou fond many,¹³ with what loud applause

Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Boling-
broke,

Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!

And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,

Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,

That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.

So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge

Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;

And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,

And howl'st to find it. What trust is in
these times?¹⁰⁰

They that, when Richard liv'd, would have
him die,

Are now become enamour'd on¹⁴ his grave;

Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head

When through proud London he came sigh-
ing on

After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,

Cri'st now "O earth, yield us that king again,

And take thou this!" O thoughts of men
accurs'd!

Past and to come seems best; things present
worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers¹⁵ and
set on?¹⁶¹⁰⁹

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time
bids begone. [Exeunt.]

¹ Rate, estimate.

² In fewer offices, with fewer rooms, on a smaller scale.

³ Consent, agree.

⁴ Foundation, metrically four syllables.

⁵ Expectation, metrically five syllables.

⁶ Equal, cope.

⁷ As the times do brawl, in these brawling times.

⁸ Perforce, of necessity. ⁹ Strengths, forces, armies.

¹⁰ Puissance, pronounced as a trisyllable.

¹¹ Baying, chasing.

¹² Their own choice, of King Henry.

¹³ Many, multitude.

¹⁴ On, of.

¹⁵ Draw our numbers, muster our forces.

¹⁶ Set on, march.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *London. A Street.**Enter Hostess, FANG and SNARE following.**Host.* Master Fang, have you enter'd the action?*Fang.* It is enter'd.*[Host.* Where's your yeoman?¹ Is it a lusty yeoman? will he stand to it?*Fang.* Sirrah, where's Snare?*Host.* O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.*Snare.* Here, here.*Fang.* Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.*Host.* Yea, good Master Snare; I have enter'd him and all. 19*Snare.* It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.*Host.* Alas the day! take heed of him; [he stabb'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly. In good faith, he cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out:] he will foil² like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.*Fang.* If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust. 21*Host.* No, nor I neither; I'll beat your elbow.*Fang.* An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice,³*Host.* I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive⁴ thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure; good Master Snare, let him not scape. He comes continually to Pie-corner—saving your man-hoods—to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head⁵ in Lombard Street, to Master Smooth's the silkman. I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fubb'd off,⁶ and fubb'd

off, and fubb'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. [There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.] Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices; Master Fang and Master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

*Enter FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and the Page.**Fal.* How now! whose mare's dead?—What's the matter? 49*Fang.* [Tapping Falstaff on shoulder] Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.*Fal.* Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph! [Puts Bardolph between himself and Fang] cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.*Host.* Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardy rogue! Murther, murther! Ah, thou honey-suckle⁸ villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? Ah, thou honey-seed⁹ rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller,¹⁰ and a woman-queller.*Fal.* Keep them off, Bardolph. 60*Fang.* A rescue! a rescue!*Host.* Good people, bring a rescue or two. [Thou woo't,¹¹ woo't thou?—Thou woo't, woo't thou?—Do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!*Fal.* Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.*Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and two Apparitors.**Ch. Just.* What is the matter?—keep the peace here, ho!*[Bardolph and Page retire to back of scene. Fang and Snare seize Falstaff.]*¹ Yeoman, sheriff's officer.² Foin, thrust.³ Vice, hold, grasp.⁴ Infinitive, infinite.⁵ Lubber's-head, Libbard's (i.e. Leopard's) Head.⁶ Fubb'd off, put off with false excuses.⁷ Channel, kennel, gutter.⁸ Honey-suckle, homicidal.⁹ Honey-seed, homicide.¹⁰ Man-queller, man-killer.¹¹ Woo't, wouldst.

Host. Good, my lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me. 70

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John!—What! are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.—

[*To Fang*] Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'st upon him?

[*Fang and Snare leave their hold of Falstaff.*]

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum? 78



Host. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastards! rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honey-suckle villain!—(Act ii. 1. 53-56.)

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home, he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his; [but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.]

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation?¹ Are you not

asham'd to enforce a poor widow to searough a course to come by her own? 90

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt² goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson³ week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me

¹ Exclamation, outcry.

² Parcel-gilt, part-gilt.

³ Wheeson, Whitsun.

my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst. 112

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level¹ consideration; you have, as it appears to me, practis'd upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person. 127

Host. Yea, in truth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pray thee, peace.—Pay her the debt you owe her, and repay the villainy you have done her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap² without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness; if a man will make courtesy and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs. 140

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong; but answer in the effect of your reputation,³ and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

[*He takes her aside.*]

Enter GOWER with letters.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower, what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales

Are near at hand; the rest the paper tells.

Fal. [*Aside to Hostess*] As I am a gentleman.

Host. Faith, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman—come, no more words of it. 151

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking; and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten⁴ tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an't were not for thy humours,⁵ there's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw⁶ the action. [*Coaxing her*] Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles;⁷ i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la!

Fal. Let it alone; [*Going away from her*] I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still. 170

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—[*To Bardolph*] Go, with her, with her; [*Aside*] hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Fang, Snare, and Page.*]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. [*Going up to him*] What's the news, my lord? 180

Ch. Just. [*Taking no notice of Falstaff*] Where lay⁸ the king last night?

¹ Level, fair, impartial.

² Sneap, snub, rebuke.

³ In the effect of your reputation, as becomes your character.

⁴ Fly-bitten, moth-eaten.

⁵ Humours, caprices.

⁶ Draw, withdraw.

⁷ Noble, a coin worth 8s. 6d.

⁸ Lay, encamped.

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord. 182

Fal. I hope, my lord, all 's well; what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently; 190

Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

[*Going.*]

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. [*Turning round*] What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go. 200

Fal. [*Pretending not to hear him*] Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—[*To Chief Justice; laughing*] This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap,¹ and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten² thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. London. Another Street.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attach'd³ one of so high blood.

Prince. Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer? 8

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so

loosely studied⁴ as to remember so weak a composition. 10

Prince. Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. [What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and another for use! But that the tennis-court keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland;⁵ and God knows whether those that bawl out⁶ the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom; but the midwives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthen'd.] 30

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell. 41

Prince. Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

Prince. By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency; let the end try the man. [But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping

¹ Tap for tap, tit for tat.

² Lighten, enlighten.

³ Attach'd, attacked.

⁴ Studied, inclined.

⁵ Holland, Holland linen (with a pun).

⁶ Out, out from.

{such vile company as thou art hath in reason
taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me, if
I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely
hypocrite. 59

Prince. It would be every man's thought;
and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every
man thinks: never a man's thought in the
world keeps the road-way better than thine;
every man would think me an hypocrite in-
deed. And what accites¹ your most worship-
ful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd,
and so much engraff'd to² Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.] 68

Poins. [By this light, I am well spoke of;³
I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst
that they can say of me is that I am a second
brother, and that I am a proper⁴ fellow of my
hands;⁵ and those two things, I confess, I can-
not help.] By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff:
he had him from me Christian; and look, if
the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Bard. God save your grace! 78

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph.

{*[Bard.* Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful
fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush
you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are
you become! Is 't such a matter to get a
pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through
a red lattice,⁶ and I could discern no part of his
face from the window; at last I spied his eyes,
and methought he had made two holes in the
ale-wife's new petticoat and peep'd through.

Prince. Has not the boy profited? 90

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit,
away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream,
away!

Prince. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althæa dream'd she
was deliver'd of a fire-brand; and therefore I
call him her dream.

Prince. A crown's worth of good interpre-
tation—There't is, boy. 100

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be
kept from cankers!⁷—Well, there is sixpence
to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him hang'd
among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Prince.] And how doth thy master, Bar-
dolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your
grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

Poins. Deliver'd with good respect.—And
how doth the martlemas,⁸ your master? 110

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a
physician; but that moves not him; though
that be sick, it dies not.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar
with me as my dog: and he holds his place;
for look you how he writes.

Poins. [Reads] "John Falstaff, knight,"—every
man must know that, as oft as he has occa-
sion to name himself: even like those that
are kin to the king; for they never prick their
finger but they say, "There's some of the
king's blood spilt." "How comes that?" says
he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The
answer is as ready as a borrower's ~~ear~~,⁴ I am
the king's poor cousin, sir." 126

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they
will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter.

Poins. [Reads] "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to
the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince
of Wales, greeting."—Why, this is a certificate.

Prince. Peace!

Poins. [Reads] "I will imitate the honourable
Romans in brevity;" he sure means brevity in
breath, short-winded. "I commend me to thee, I
commend thee, and I leave thee. Be n't too familiar
with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much that
he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent
at idle times as thou may'st; and so, farewell. 141

"Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as
to say, as thou usest him, JACK FALSTAFF
with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers
and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe."

¹ Accites, incites.

² Engraff'd to, attached to.

³ Spoke on, spoken of.

⁴ Proper, comely.

⁵ Of my hands, of my size.

⁶ Red lattice, ale-house window.

⁷ Cankers, canker-worms.

⁸ i.e. Martinmas (Nov. 11.); used figuratively = an old man.

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.

Prince. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister? 151

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yea, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank? 160

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

Prince. What company?

Page. Ephesians,² my lord, of the old church.

Prince. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

[*Prince.* What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.] 170

Prince. [Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—] Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet come to town. There's for your silence.

[*Giving him money.*

Bard. I have no tongue, sir. 179

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

Prince. Fare you well; go.—[*Eweunt Bardolph and Page.*—] [This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between St. Alban's and London.

Prince.] How might we see Falstaff bestow³ himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers. 191

Prince. From a God to a bull? a heavy de-

clension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice! a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in everything the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Eweunt.*

SCENE III. *Warkworth. Before the Castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, and LADY PERCY.

North. I prithee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs;
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Lady North. I have given over, I will speak no more.

Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;

And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady Per. O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word, 10

When you were more endear'd⁴ to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,

Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?

There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.

For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!

For his, it stuck upon him as the sun

In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move 20

To do brave acts; [he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

He had no legs that practis'd not his gait;
And speaking thick,⁵ which nature made his blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant;⁶

For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him:] so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,

¹ Frank, sty.

² Ephesians, boon companions.

³ Bestow, bear, behave.

⁴ Endear'd, bound, pledged.

⁵ Thick, fast.

⁶ Valiant, metrically three syllables.

In military rules, humours of blood,¹ 30
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous
him!

O miracle of men! him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war

In disadvantage; to abide² a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's
name

Did seem defensible:³ so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong 39
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him! [let them alone.



Lady Per. So came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes.—(Act ii. 3. 57-59.)

The marshal and the archbishop are strong;
Had my sweet Harry had but half their
numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.]

North. Besrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from
me

With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place 49
And find me worse provided.

Lady North. O, fly to Scotland,

Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady Per. If they get ground and vantage
of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our
loves,

First let them try themselves. [So did your
son;

He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to⁴ my noble husband.] 61

¹ *Humours of blood*, caprices of temperament.

² *Abide*, endure the risks of.

³ *Defensible*, defensive, furnishing means of defence.

⁴ *Recordation to*, memory of.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind

As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.

Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.—
I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *London. The Boar's-head
Tavern in Eastcheap.*

[*Enter two Drawers.*]

First Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns?¹ thou know'st Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

Sec. Draw. Mass, thou say'st true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns, and, putting off his hat, said "I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights." It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

First Draw. Why, then, cover,² and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise;³ Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music.

Sec. Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Poinan; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

First Draw. By the mass, here will be old utis;⁴ it will be an excellent stratagem.

Sec. Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEARSHEET.

Host. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality; your pulsidg⁵ beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries;⁶ and that's a marvellous searching

wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say "What's this?"—How do you now?

Doll. Better than I was; hem!

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. [*Singing*] "When Arthur first in court—
[Empty the jordan. [*Singing*]] And was a worthy king."—[*Exit First Drawer.*]
—How now, Mistress Doll!

Host. Sick of a calm;⁷ yea, good faith.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick,

Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Doll. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

[*Fal.* If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll; we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you: grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Doll. Ay, marry; our chains and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and owches:—for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely—

Doll. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself.

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord; you are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic⁷ as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good year! one must bear, and that must be you; [*To Doll*] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Doll. [Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hog'shead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff'd in the hold.—] Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack; thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares. [*Embraces him.*]

¹ Apple-johns, a kind of apple.

² Cover, lay the table.

³ Noise, band of musicians.

⁴ Old utis, rare sport.

⁵ Canaries, Canary wine.

⁶ Calm, qualm.

⁷ Rheumatic, a blunder for *splenetic* (probably).

[*Re-Enter* [*First*] *Drawer*.

[*First*] *Draw*. Sir, Ancient¹ Pistol's below, and would speak with you. 75

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither; it is the foul-mouthed'st rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live among my neighbours; I'll ilo swaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the very best.—Shut the door;—these comes no swaggerers here. I have not liv'd all this while, to have swaggering now.—Shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John; there comes no swaggerers here. 88

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t' other day; and, as he said to me—'t was no longer ago than Wednesday last—"I' good faith, neighbour Quickly," says he—Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then—"neighbour Quickly," says he, "receive those that are civil; for," said he, "you are in an ill name." Now a' said so, I can tell where-upon; "for," says he, "you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive," says he, "no swaggering companions." There comes none here;—you would bless you to hear what he said.—No, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater,² i' faith; you may stroke him as gently* as a puppy greyhound: he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer. [*Exit* [*First*] *Drawer*.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: but I do not love swaggering, by my troth; I am the worse, when one says swagger.—Ffal, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Doll. So you do, hostess. [*Giving her drink*.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 't were an aspen leaf. I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter *Pistol*, *Bardolph*, and *Page*.

Pist. God save you, Sir John! 119

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack; [*Pistol drinks*] [do you discharge upon mine hostess.



Pist. God save you, Sir John!—(Act ii. 4. 119.)

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets; I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.]

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you. 131

Doll. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally,

¹ *Ancient*, ensign.

² *Tame cheater*, petty rogue.

cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy. 136

Doll. Away, you cut-purse rascal! [you filthy bung,¹ away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle² with me.] Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? [God's light, with two points on your shoulder? much!]

Pist. [God let me not live, but] I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain. 150

Doll. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. [You a captain! you slave, for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?] He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes and dried cakes. [A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word *occupy*, which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted; therefore captains had need look to 't.] 163

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her; I'll be reveng'd of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first; to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, fainers! Have we not Hiren here? [*Half draws his sword.*]

Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 't is very late, i' faith: I beseech³ you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses

And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia, 178
Which cannot go but thirty miles a-day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,⁴
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them
with

King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

[*Bard.* Be gone, good ancient; this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here? 189

Host. O' my word, captain, there 's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her?] For God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.

Come, give 's some sack.

Se fortuna mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta.
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire.
Give me some sack; afd, sweetheart, lie thou there. [*Laying down his sword.*]

Come we to full points here, and are etceteras nothing?

Fal. [*Seated*] Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif.⁵ What! we have seen the seven stars. 201

Doll. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling; nay, an a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs. 209

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?— [*Snatching up his sword.*]
Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos,

• I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!⁶

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw. 217

¹ Bung, sharper. ² Cuttle, cutpurse. ³ Beseech, beseech.

⁴ Cannibals, Hannibals. ⁵ Neif, fist. ⁶ Toward, at hand.

Fal. [Drawing his sword] Get you down stairs. [*Bardolph and Page drive Pistol out.*]

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tiritts² and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—
[Alas, alas! [put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.]

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's

gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you! 226

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.]

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out o' doors?



Fal. Get you down stairs.—(Act ii. 4. 218.)

Bard. Yea, sir. The rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder. 231

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Doll. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! [Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreson chops.—Ah, rogue!] i' faith, I love thee; thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies. Ah, villain! 241

Fal. A rascally slave! [I will toss the rogue in a blanket. 241

Doll. Do, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if

thou dost, I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.] 244

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play.—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Doll. [I' faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,] when wilt thou leave fighting o' days [and foining² o' nights,] and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven? 253

¹ *Tiritts*, terrors (probably).

² *Foining*, thrusting.

Enter, behind, PRINCE HENRY and POINS, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour's the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow; a' would have made a good pantler,¹ a' would ha' chipp'd bread well.

Doll. They say Poins has a good wit. 260

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Doll. Why does the prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness, and a' plays at quoits well, and eats conger² and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild-mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint-stools, and swears with a good grace, [and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate³ with telling of discreet stories;] and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

Prince. [*Aside to Poins*] Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off? 279

Poins. [*Aside to Prince*] Let's beat him before his whore.

Prince. [*Aside to Poins*] Look, whether the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

[*Poins.* [*Aside*] Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?]

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

[*Prince.* [*Aside*] Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

Poins. [*Aside*] And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisp'ing to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.]

Doll. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. [A merry song, come! it grows late. We'll to bed.] Thou 'lt forget me when I am gone. 300

Doll. By my troth, thou 'lt set me a-weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. — Well, hearken⁴ the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

Prince. }
Poins. } Anon, anon, sir. [*Coming forward.*

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou Poins his brother?

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead! 310

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

[*They throw off their disguises—Falstaff rises.*

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. 321

[*Leaning his hand upon Doll.*

Doll. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whoreson candle-mine,⁵ you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth. 330

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill; you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

¹ *Pantler*, pantry-keeper.

² *Conger*, a kind of eel.

³ *Breeds no bate*, causes no trouble.

⁴ *Hearken*, await.

⁵ *Candle-mine*, tallow magazine.

Fal. No, no, no, not so; I did not think¹ thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no abuse. 340

Prince. Not to dispraise me, and call me—pantler and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none:—no, faith, boys, none. 351

Prince. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with¹ us? is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is thy boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd² down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms.³ For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

Prince. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor soul. For the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you. 369

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there⁴ is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so; what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, gentlewoman,—

Doll. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [Loud knocking without.]

Host. Who knocks so loud at door?—Look to the door there, Francis. 382

Enter PETO.

Prince. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;

And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the north: and, as I came along, I met and overtook a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,

And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame, 390

So idly to profane the precious time, When tempest of commotion, like the south⁴ Borne⁵ with black vapour, doth begin to melt And drop upon our bare unarmed heads. Give me my sword and cloak.—Falstaff, good night. [Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins, Peto, and Bardolph.]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence and leave it unpick'd.—[Knocking without] More knocking at the door!—

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now! what's the matter? 400

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. [To the Page] Pay the musicians, sirrah. —Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after; the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewell, good wenches; if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Doll. I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself. [Hugging him.] 410

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.]

Host. Well, fare thee well. I have known

¹ To close with, i.e. to pacify.

² Prick'd, marked.

³ Malt-worms, ale-tippers.

⁴ South, south wind.

⁵ Borne, laden.

thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester and truer-hearted man, —well, fare thee well.

Bard. [Without] Mistress Tearsheet!

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [Without] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master. 419

Host. O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll: come. [She comes blubbered.] Yea, will you come, Doll? [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Westminster. The Palace.

Enter the KING in his nightgown, with a Page.

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,

And well consider of them. Make good speed. [Exit Page.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

Why rather, sleep, li'st thou in smoky cribs, Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, 10 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,

Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great, Under the canopies of costly state, And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody? O thou dull god, why li'st thou with the vile In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch

A watch-case¹ or a common larum-bell? Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains In cradle of the rude imperious surge 20 And in the visitation of the winds, Who take the ruffian billows by the top, Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them

With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds, That, with the hurly,² death itself awakes? Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude, *

And in the calmest and most stillest night, With all appliances and means to boot, Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down! Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. 31

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

King. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'T is one o'clock, and past.

King. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you? *War.* We have, my liege.

King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom 38

How foul it is; what rank diseases grow, And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd, Which to his former strength may be restor'd With good advice and little medicine. My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

King. O God! that one might read the book of fate,

And see the revolution of the times Make mountains level, [and the continent, } Weary of solid firmness, melt itself } Into the sea! and, other times, to see } The beachy girdle of the ocean³ } 50 } Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances } mock,

And changes fill the cup of alteration With divers liquors!] O, if this were seen, } The happiest youth, viewing his progress } through,

What perils past, what crosses to ensue, Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

'T is not ten years gone

¹ Watch-case, sentry-box.

² Hurly, tumult.

³ Ocean, metrically a trisyllable.

Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
 Did feast together, and in two years after
 Were they at wars; it is but eight years since
 This Percy was the man nearest my soul, ⁶¹
 { Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs
 And laid his love and life under my foot, }
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard

Gave him defiance. But which of you was by—
 [You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember—
 { To Warwick. }]

When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
 Then check'd¹ and rated by Northumberland,
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
 "Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
 My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;"—



King. O sleep, O gentle sleep
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?—(Act iii. 1. 5-8.)

Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
 { But that necessity so bow'd the state ⁷³
 { That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss. }
 "The time shall come," thus did he follow it,
 "The time will come, that foul sin, gathering
 head,
 Shall break into corruption;"—so went on,
 Foretelling this same time's condition²
 And the division of our amity. ⁷⁹

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
 { The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
 { With a near aim, of the main chance of things

As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
 And weak beginnings lie intresured.³
 Such things become the hatch and brood of
 time;]

And by the necessary form of this
 King Richard might create a perfect guess
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,
 Would of that seed grow to a greater false-
 ness, ⁹⁰
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,
 Unless on you.

King. Are these things then necessities?
 Then let us meet them like necessities;
 And that same word even now cries out on us.

¹ Check'd, reproved.

² Condition, metrically four syllables.

³ Intresured, treasured up.

They say the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd.—Please it your
grace

To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily. 101
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance¹ that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd² hours perforce must
ade³

Unto your sickness:

King. I will take your counsel;
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Gloucestershire. Before Justice
Shallow's House.

Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULLCALT, discovered at back of scene.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood!³ And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen? 8

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel,⁴ cousin Shallow!

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar; he is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shal. He must, then, to the inns o' court shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd lusty Shallow then, cousin. 18

Shal. By the mass, I was call'd any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little

John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers⁵ in all the inns o' court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas⁶ were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. 29

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when a' was a crack⁷ not thus high; and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin. 39

Shal. Certain, 't is certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How⁸ a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. By my troth, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir. 47

Shal. Jesu, Jesu, dead! a' drew a good bow; and dead! a' shot a fine shoot: John o' Gaunt lov'd him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a' would have clapp'd i' the clout⁹ at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft at fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How⁸ a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be; a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think. 60

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen. I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor

¹ Instance, proof.

² Unseason'd, unseasonable

³ Rood, cross.

⁴ Ouzel, blackbird.

⁵ Swinge-bucklers, roisterers.

⁶ Bona-robas, handsome wenches.

⁷ Crack, urchin.

⁸ How, i. e. what price.

⁹ Clapp'd i' the clout, hit the mark.

esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall¹ gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth? 71

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase. 79

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing. 89

Shal. It is very just.—

Enter FALSTAFF.

Look, here comes good Sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you look well and bear your years very well; welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow.—Master Surecard, as I think?

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Shl. Your good worship is welcome. 100

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen.—Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

[*They sit.*]

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so; yea, marry, sir.—Ralph Mouldy!—Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; where is Mouldy? 111

Moul. [*Coming forward*] Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good-limb'd fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy? 120

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use; very singular good!—In faith, well said, Sir John, very well said.

Fal. Prick² him. 121

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone; my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery. You need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy! you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent! 129

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace! stand aside; know you where you are? [*Bardolph puts him on one side*]—For the other, Sir John; let me see.—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under; he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. [*Coming forward*] Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir. 138

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy father's shadow; so the son of the female is the shadow of the male. It is often so, indeed; but much of the father's substance!

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer; prick him, [*Bardolph puts him with Mouldy*], for we

¹ Tall, stout, valiant.

² Prick, mark.

have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. [*Calling*] Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. [*Coming forward*] Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart? 150

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

[*Bardolph puts him on one side with the others.*]

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir, you can do it; I commend you well. [*Calling*]

—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble? 160

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he'd ha' prick'd you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle¹ as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more. 168

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go.—I cannot put him to a private soldier that is the leader of so many thousands; let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir. 180

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—[*Bardolph puts him on one side with the others.*] Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

Bull. [*Coming forward*] Here, sir.

Fal. Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd? 190

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseas'd man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. [*Bardolph puts him with the others*]—Is here all? 199

Shal. Here is two more call'd than your number; you must have but four here, sir: and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

[*They rise.*]

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! 't was a merry night. [And is Jane Nightwork alive? 211]

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with² me.

Fal. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow. 219

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

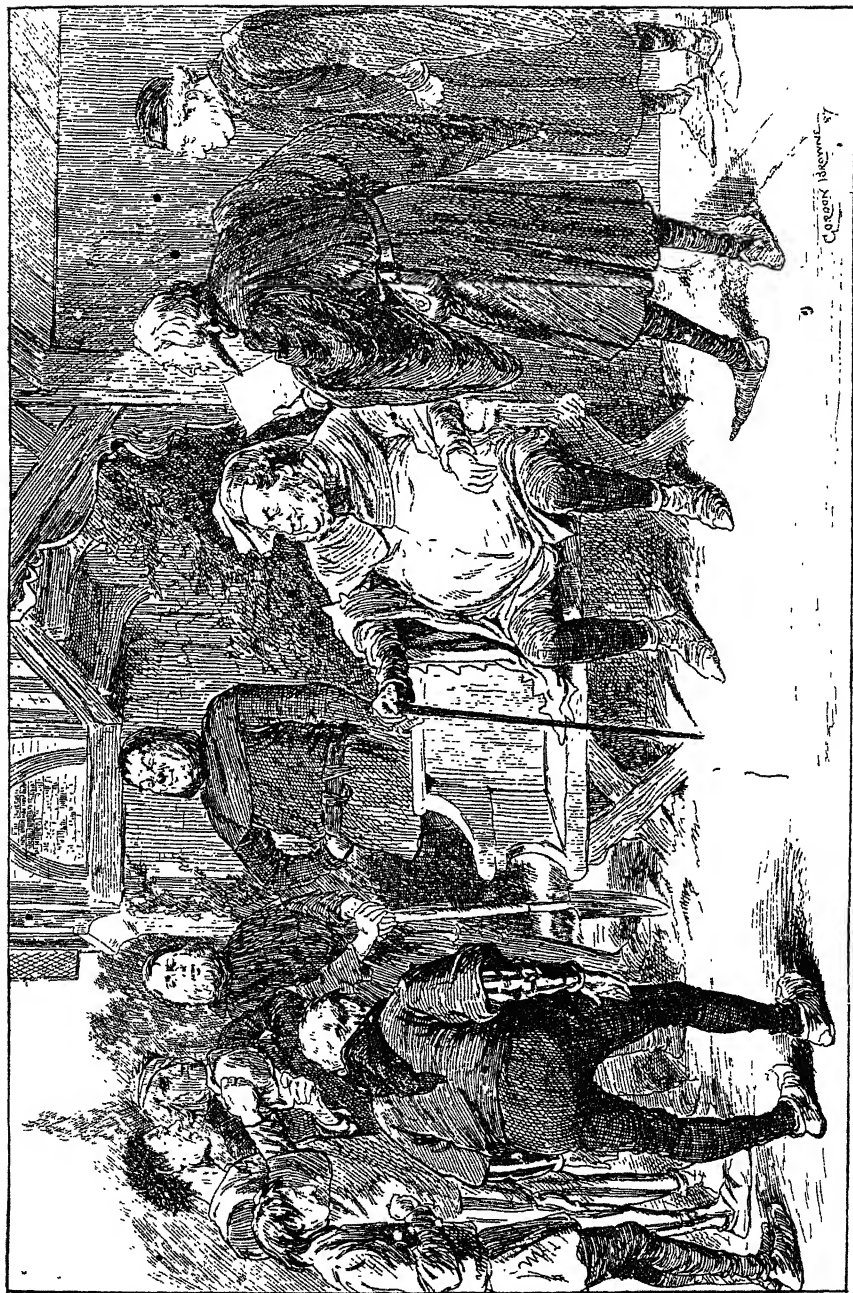
Shal.] Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow. 229

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watchword was 'Hem, boys!'—Come, let's to din-

¹ Battle, battalion.

² Could away with, could endure.



KING HENRY IV. PART II
Act III. Scene II. lines 186-197

Fal. 'Tis a lik'ly fellow'—Come, prithee
Balleth till he roar again.

Casson delin.

ner; come, let's to dinner.—Jesu, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt Shallow, Falstaff, Silence, and Page.*]

Bull. Good Master Corporate¹ Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go; and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; [else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.] 242

Bard. Go to; [*Taking the money*] stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do anything about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself. You shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; [*Taking the money*] stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once: we owe God a death. I'll ne'er bear a base mind: an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so. No man is too good to serve's prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, and Page.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you. [*Takes Falstaff aside*].—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf. 261

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf.—For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service;—and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you. 271

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best. 274

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews,² the stature, bulk, and big assemblance³ of a man! Give me the spirit, Master



Bull. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you.—(Act iii. 2. 234-236.)

Shallow.—Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is: a'shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket.—And this same half-fac'd fellow, Shadow; give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off! O, give me the spare

¹ *Corporat*, corporal.

² *Thews*, muscle.

³ *Assemblance*, aggregate, *tout ensemble*.

men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver¹ into Wart's hand, Bardolph. 290

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse;² thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well; go to; very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald shot.—Well said, i' faith, Wart; [thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester³ for thee.]

Shal. He is not his craft's master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver⁴ fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus; and a' would about and about, and come you in and come you in: "rah, tah, tah," would a' say; "bounce"⁵ would a' say; and away again would a' go, and again would a' come.—I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow.—Farewell, Master Silence; I will not use many words with you.—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you; I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats. 311

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house; let our old acquaintance be renew'd: peradventure I will with ye to the court.

Fal. Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow. —

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word.⁶ God keep you. 320

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentleman. [*Exeunt Shallow and Silence.*]—On, Bardolph; lead them away. [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, and Page.*] As I return, I will fetch off⁷ these

justices; I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starv'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: [when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork'd radish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife; a' was so forlorn that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible;] a' was the very genius of famine, yet lecherous as a monkey, [and the whores called him man-drake. A' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over-scutch'd⁸ housewives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights.] And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John o' Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn a' ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst⁹ his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John o' Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now has he land and beefs. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; [and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me.] If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.* 335

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Yorkshire. Gaultree Forest.*

A March: enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and others, all armed.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an 't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers¹⁰ forth

To know the numbers of our enemies.

¹ Caliver, musket.

² Traverse, march.

³ Tester, sixpence.

⁴ Quiver, nimble.

⁵ Bounce, bang.

⁶ At a word, in a word, briefly.

⁷ Fetch off, fleece.

⁸ Over-scutch'd, perhaps=overwhipp'd.

⁹ Burst, broke.

¹⁰ Discoverers, scouts.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. ['T is well done.—
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated¹ letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:
Here doth he wish his person, with such
powers 10

As might hold sortance² with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe³ his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.⁴

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him
touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.]

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy; 20
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their
number

Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave
them out.⁵

Let us sway on and face them in the field.

[*A parley sounds.*

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts
us here?

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health and fair greeting from our
general,

The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland,
in peace: 29

What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded⁶ with rags,

And countenanc'd by boys and beggary,—
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection⁷ 40

With your fair honours.—You, lord arch-
bishop,

Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath
touch'd,

Whose learning and good letters peace hath
tutor'd,

[Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,]
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace that bears such
grace,

Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war;
[Turning your books to greaves, your ink to
blood, 50

Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point⁸ of war?]

Arch. [Wherefore do I this? so the question
stands.

Briefly, to this end: we are all diseas'd,
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed⁹ for it; of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician, 60
Nor do I as an enemy to peace

Troop in the throngs of military men;
But rather show awhile like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness,
And purge the obstructions which begin to
stop

Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.]
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd

What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs
we suffer, 68

And find our griefs¹⁰ heavier than our offences.
We [see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion;¹¹

¹ New-dated, recent.

² Hold sortance, be in accordance.

³ Ripe, mature. ⁴ Opposite, adversary.

⁵ Gave them out, described them.

⁶ Guarded, trimmed, decked,

⁷ Insurrection, metrically five syllables.

⁸ Point, signal (by trumpet).

⁹ Bleed, be bled.

¹⁰ Griefs, grievances.

¹¹ Occasion, metrically four syllables.

And] have the summary of all our griefs, 73
 When time shall serve, to show in articles,
 Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,
 And might by no suit gain our audience.
 When we are wrong'd and would unfold our
 griefs,
 We are deni'd access unto his person
 Even by those men that most have done us
 wrong. 79

[The dangers of the days but newly gone,
 Whose memory is written on the earth
 With yet appearing blood, and the examples
 Of every minute's instance, present now,
 Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,
 Not to break peace or any branch of it,
 But to establish here a peace indeed,
 Concurring both in name and quality.]

West. Whenever yet was your appeal deni'd?
 Wherein have you been galled by the king?
 [What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on¹
 you, 90

That you should seal this lawless bloody book
 Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
 And consecrate commotion's² bitter edge?

Arch. My brother general, the common-
 wealth,

To brother born an household cruelty,
 I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
 Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. ~~Whence~~ to him in part, and to us all
 That feel the bruises of the days before, 100
 And suffer the condition of these times
 To lay a heavy and unequal hand
 Upon our honours?

West. O, my good Lord Mowbray,
 Construe the times to their necessities,
 And you shall say indeed, it is the time.
 And not the king, that doth you injuries.
 Yet for your part, it not appears to me,
 Either from the king or in the present time,
 That you should have an inch of any ground
 To build a grief³ on. Were you not restor'd
 To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories, 111
 Your noble and right well remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my
 father lost,

That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
 The king that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
 Was force perforce⁴ compell'd to banish him;
 And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,
 Being mounted and both roused in their seats,
 Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
 Their armed staves in charge,⁵ their beavers⁶
 down, 120

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights⁷
 of steel,

And the loud trumpet blowing them together,
 Then, then, when there was nothing could
 have stay'd

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,—
 O, when the king did throw his warder⁸ down,
 His own life hung upon the staff he threw;
 Then threw he down himself and all their
 lives

That by indictment and by dint of sword
 Have since miscarri'd⁹ under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you
 know not what. 130

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
 In England the most valiant gentleman.
 Who knows on whom fortune would then
 have smil'd?

But if your father had been victor there,
 He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
 For all the country in a general voice
 Cri'd hate upon him; and all their prayers
 and love

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on
 And bless'd and grac'd indeed, more than the
 king. 139

But this is mere digression from my purpose.]
 Here come I from our princely general
 To know your griefs; to tell you from his
 grace

That he will give you audience; and wherein
 It shall appear that your demands are just,
 You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
 That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this
 offer;

And it proceeds from policy, not love.

⁴ Force perforce, of necessity.

⁵ In charge, ready for the charge.

⁶ Beavers, movable fronts of helmets.

⁷ Sights, eye-holes.

⁸ Warder, truncheon.

⁹ Miscarri'd, perished.

¹ Grate on, vex, harass.

² Commotion's, rebellion's.

³ Grief, grievance.

West. Mowbray, you overween¹ to take it so.
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear;
For, lo! within a ken² our army lies, 151
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle³ is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason will our hearts should be as good:
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no
parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your
offence; 160
A rotten case abides no handling.⁴

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full com-
mission,⁵
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's
name;

I muse⁶ you make so slight a question.⁷

Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmore-
land, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances.
Each several article herein redress'd, 170
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd⁸ to this action,⁹
Acquitted by a true substantial form,
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes confin'd,
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please
you, lords, 173
In sight of both our battles¹⁰ we may meet;
And either end in peace—which God so
frame!—

Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so.
[Exit Westmoreland.]

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom
tells me 183
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that; if we can make
our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky moun-
tains.

Mowb. Yea, but our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice,¹¹ and wanton reason
Shall to the king taste of this action; 192
That,¹² were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.¹³

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this: the king
is weary

Of dainty and such picking¹⁴ grievances;
[For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life, 200
And therefore will he wipe his tables¹⁵ clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory
That may repeat and history¹⁶ his loss
To new remembrance; for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts¹⁷ present occasion.¹⁸]
His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend;
[So that this land, like an offensive wife 210
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs¹⁹ resolv'd²⁰ correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.²¹]

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his
rods

On late offenders, that²² he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement;
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer,²³ but not hold.

¹¹ Nice, trivial.

¹² That, so that.

¹³ Partition, metrically four syllables.

¹⁴ Picking, petty.

¹⁵ Tables, tablets, note-book.

¹⁶ History, relate, expound.

¹⁷ Misdoubts, suspicions.

¹⁸ Occasion, here a quadrisyllable.

¹⁹ Hangs, suspends, interrupts. ²⁰ Resolv'd, purposed.

²¹ Execution, metrically five syllables.

²² That, so that.

²³ Offer, threaten, menace.

¹ Overween, are presumptuous.

² Within a ken, in sight.

³ Battle, army.

⁴ Handling, metrically a trisyllable.

⁵ Commission, metrically a quadrisyllable.

⁶ Muse, wonder.

⁷ Question, here a trisyllable.

⁸ Insinew'd, allied.

⁹ Action, a metrical trisyllable, as in 192 below

¹⁰ Battles, armies.

Arch. 'T is very true;
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord
marshal,

220

If we do now make our atonement¹ well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand; pleaseth
your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our
armies?

225

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name,
then, set forward.



Lan. Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop.—(Act iv. 2. 2.)

Arch. Before,² and greet his grace; my lord,
we come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Forest.*

The trumpets sound a parley; then enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, and others: from the other side, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, and WESTMORELAND; Officers, and others with them.

Lan. You are well encounter'd here, my
cousin Mowbray.—
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;—

And so to you, Lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you
When that your flock, assembl'd by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron³ man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour, 12
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord
bishop,

¹ *Atonement*, reconciliation.

² *Before*, i.e. go you before.

³ *Iron*, armoured.

It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us the speaker in his parliament;
To us the imagin'd voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer¹ 20
Between the grace, the sanctities, of heaven
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up,²
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father,
And both against the peace of heaven and him
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace; 31
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd³ doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous
form,

To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels⁴ and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from
the court,

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd
asleep 39

With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

[*Hast.* And though we here fall down,
We have supplies⁵ to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success⁶ of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up
Whiles England shall have generation.⁷

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much
too shallow, 50
To sound the bottom of the after-times.]

West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them
directly

How far forth⁸ you do like their articles.

Lan. I like them all, and do allow⁹ them
well,

And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook,
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed re-
dress'd;

Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers¹⁰ unto their several
counties, 61

As we will ours; and here between the armies
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity.

[*Soldiers bring forward a flagon
of wine and tankards.*

Arch. I take your princely word for these
redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my
word; [Takes a tankard of wine.
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. [To an officer] Go, captain, and deliver
to the army

This news of peace; let them have pay, and
part: 70

I know it will well please them. Hie thee,
captain. [*Exit Officer.*

Arch. [Drinking] To you, my noble Lord of
Westmoreland.

West. [Drinking] I pledge your grace; and,
if you knew what pains

I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—
Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mow-
bray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy
season;

For I am, on the sudden, something ill. 80

Arch. Against¹² ill chances men are ever
merry;

But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden
sorrow

¹ *Intelligencer*, mediator.

² *Ta'en up*, levied.

³ *Misorder'd*, disordered.

⁴ *Parcels*, items, details.

⁵ *Supplies*, reserves.

⁶ *Success*, succession.

⁷ *Generation*, metrically five syllables.

⁸ *How far forth*, i.e. to what degree?

⁹ *Allow*, approve.

¹⁰ *Powers*, forces, soldiers.

¹¹ *Part*, depart.

¹² *Against*, before.

Serves to say thus,—some good thing comes
to-morrow. 84

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule
be true. [*Shouts within.*]

Lan. The word of peace is render'd; hark,
how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd, 90
And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.—

[*Exit Westmoreland.*]

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse¹ the men
We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[*Exit Hastings.*]

Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie² to-night
together.—

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you
to stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak. 100

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already.
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their
courses

East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke
up,

Each hurries toward his home and sporting-
place.

West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for
the which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:

And you, lord archbishop, and you, Lord
Mowbray,

Of capital treason I attach³ you both.

[*Soldiers surround and disarm them.*]

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honour-
able? 110

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

Lan. I pawn'd⁴ thee none.

I promis'd you redress of these same griev-
ances 113

Whereof you did complain; which, by mine
honour,

I will perform with a most Christian care.

But for you, rebels, look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.

[*Most shallowly did you these arms commence,*
Fondly⁵ brought here and foolishly sent
hence.—

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd
stray; 120

God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—]

Some guard these traitors to the block of
death,

Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and
COLEVILLE, meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what con-
dition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Col. I am a knight, sir; and my name is
Coleville of the Dale.

[*Fal.* Well, then, Coleville is your name, a
knight is your degree, and your place the
dale: Coleville shall be still your name, a
traitor your degree, and the dungeon your
place, a place deep enough; so shall you be
still Coleville of the dale. 10

Col.] Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I
am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for
you? [If I do sweat, they are the drops of
thy lovers, and they weep for thy death;
therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and
do observance⁶ to my mercy.]

Col. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and
in that thought yield me. 19

* *Fal.* [I have a whole school of tongues in
this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them
all speaks any other word but my name. An
I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were

¹ Peruse, inspect. ² Lie, lodge. ³ Attach, arrest.

⁴ Pawn'd, pledged. ⁵ Fondly, foolishly.

⁶ Observance, homage.

simply the most active fellow in Europe; my womb,¹ my womb, my womb undoes me.—
Here comes our general.

Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, BLUNT, and others.

Lan. The heat² is past; follow no further now.—

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.— [*Exit Westmoreland.*]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while? 29

When every thing is ended, then you come. These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus; I never knew yet but rebuke and check³ was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremes⁴ inch of possibility: I have founder'd nine score and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the Dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say, with the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and overcame. 46

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on't, Coleville kissing my foot. [To the which course if I be enforc'd, if you do, not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element,⁴ which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount. 61

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine, then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Coleville?

Col. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville. 69



Col. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.—(Act iv. 3. 18, 19.)

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Col. I am, my lord, but as my betters are That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves, but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.]

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Lan. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

¹ Womb. belly.

² Heat, race, pursuit.

³ Check, reproof.

⁴ Element, sky, heaven.

Lan. Send Coleville with his confederates
To York, to present execution.¹— 80
Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him
sure.—

[*Exeunt Blunt and others with Coleville.*
And now dispatch we toward the court, my
lords.

I hear the king my father is sore sick;
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him,
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave
to go
Through Gloucestershire; and, when you come
to court,

Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff; I, in my
condition,² 90
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[*Exeunt all but Falstaff.*

Fal. I would you had but the wit; 't were
better than your dukedom. Good faith, this
same young sober-blooded boy doth not love
me; nor a man cannot make him laugh: but
that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's
never none of these demure boys come to any
proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their
blood, and making many fish-meals, that they
fall into a kind of male green-sickness; [and
then, when they marry, they get wenches; they
are generally fools and cowards; which some of
us should be too, but for inflammation.] A good
sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it.
It ascends me into the brain; dries me there
all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours
which environ it; makes it apprehensive,
quick, forgetive,³ full of nimble, fiery, and
delectable shapes; which, deliver'd o'er to the
voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes
excellent wit. The second property of your
excellent sherris is the warming of the blood;
[which, before cold and settled, left the liver
white and pale, which is the badge of pusil-
lanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms
it and makes it course from the inwards to
the parts extreme.] It illumineth the face,
which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest

of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then
the vital commoners and inland petty spirits
muster me all to their captain, the heart, who,
great and puff'd up with this retinue, doth
any deed of courage; and this valour comes
of sherris. [So that skill in the weapon is
nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work;
and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a
devil, till sack commences⁴ it and sets it in
act and use.] Hereof comes it that Prince
Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did
naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like
lean, sterile, and bare land, manur'd, hus-
banded, and till'd with excellent endeavour
of drinking good and good store of fertile
sherris, that⁵ he is become very hot and
valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first
humane principle I would teach them should
be, to forswear thin potations and to addict
themselves to sack.— 135

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharg'd all and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glouces-
tershire; and there will I visit Master Robert
Shallow, esquire. I have him already temper-
ing between my finger and my thumb, and
shortly will I seal with him. Come away.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV. *Westminster. The Jerusalem
Chamber.*

Enter the KING, the PRINCES THOMAS OF CLAR-
ENCE and HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER,
WARWICK, and others.

King. Now lords, if God doth give suc-
cessful end

To this debate⁶ that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd,⁷ our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,⁸
And every thing lies level to our wish;
Only, we want a little personal strength,

¹ *Execution*, metrically five syllables.

² *Condition*, official capacity.

³ *Forgetive*, inventive.

⁴ *Commences*, starts.

⁵ *That*, so that.

⁶ *Debate*, dissension.

⁷ *Address'd*, prepar'd.

⁸ *Invested*, installed in office.

And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your
majesty 11
Shall soon enjoy.

King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the prince your brother?

Glou. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord,
at Windsor.

King. And how accompani'd?

Glou. I do not know, my lord.

King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence,
with him?

Glou. No, my good lord; he is in presence
here.

Clar. What would my lord and father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of
Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy
brother? 20

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him,
Thomas.

Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers; cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,

Between his greatness and thy other brethren.
Therefore omit¹ him not; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will.

For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;² 30
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand

Open as day for melting charity;
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint,

As humorous³ as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd.
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,

When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and scope,

Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn

this, Thomas, 41
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,

A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That⁴ the united vessel of their blood,

Mingled with venom of suggestion⁵—

As, force perforce,⁶ the age will pour it in—
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum⁷ or rash gunpowder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care and
•love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with
him, Thomas? 50

Clar. He is not there to-day; he dinēs in
London.

King. And how accompani'd? canst thou
tell that?

Clar. With Poins, and other his continual
followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to
weeds,

And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them; therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.

The blood weeps from my heart when I do
shape

In forms imaginary the unguided days 59
And rotten times that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.

For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet to-
gether,

O, with what wings shall his affections⁸ fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond⁹
him quite.

The prince but studies his companions¹⁰
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the
language, 69

'T is needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once at-
tain'd,

Your highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross
terms,

The prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,

By which his grace must mete the lives of
others,

Turning past evils to advantages.

⁶ Force perforce, of necessity.

⁷ Aconitum, aconite.

⁸ Affections, propensities.

⁹ Look beyond, misjudge.

¹⁰ Companions, metrically a quadrisyllable.

¹ Omit, neglect.

² Observ'd, deferred to.

³ Humorous, capricious.

⁴ That, so that.

⁵ Suggestion, temptation; here a quadrisyllable.

King. 'T is seldom when the bee doth leave
her comb
In the dead carrion.—

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Who's here? Westmoreland! so
West. Health to my sovereign, and new
happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John your son doth kiss your grace's
hand;

Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all
Are brought to the correction of your law.
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
The manner how this action hath been borne
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his¹ particular. 90

King. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer
bird,
Which ever in the haunch² of winter sings
The lifting up of day.—

Enter HARCOURT.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your ma-
jesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they
fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!

The Earl Northumberland and the Lord
Bardolph,

With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.
The manner and true order of the fight 100
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good
news make me sick?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest
letters?

She either gives a stomach³ and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast
And takes away the stomach,—such are the
rich,

That have abundance and enjoy it not.

I should rejoice now at this happy news;

And now my sight fails, and my brain is
giddy.— 110

O me! come near me, now I am much ill.

Glou. Comfort, your majesty!

Clar. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up your-
self, look up.

War. Be patient, princes; you do know,
these fits

Are with his highness⁴ very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight
be well.

Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out these
pangs.

The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure,⁴ that should confine
it in,

So thin that life looks through, and will break
out. 120

Glou. The people fear⁵ me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly⁶ births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as⁷ the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd
them over.

Clar. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb
between;

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great-grand sire, Edward, sick'd and
died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king
recovers. 120

Glou. This apoplexy will certain be his end.

King. I pray you, take me up, and bear me
hence

Into some other chamber; softly, pray.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Another Chamber.

The KING lying on a bed: CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, and others standing around him; Pages, Attendants.

King. Let there be no noise made, my
gentle friends;

Unless some dull⁸ and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

¹ His, its.

² Haunch, hinder part, latter part.

³ Stomach, appetite.

⁴ Wrought the mure, worn the wall.

⁵ Fear, alarm, frighten.

⁶ Loathly, loathsome.

⁷ As, as if.

⁸ Dull, soothing, soporific.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

[*Exeunt two Pages.*]

King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise! [*Music within.*]

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

Prince. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!

How doth the king? 10

Glou. Exceeding ill.

Prince. Heard he the good news yet? Tell it him.



Prince. My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,

Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits.
Which God shall guard.—[*Act iv. 5. 41-44.*]

Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

Prince. If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords.—Sweet prince, speak low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us? 20

Prince. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.—

[*Exeunt all but the Prince. Music ceases.*]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports¹ of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggen² bound
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day, 30
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not;
Did he suspire,³ that light and weightless
down

Perforce⁴ must move. [*Goes behind bed.*—My
gracious lord! my father!—

¹ Ports, portals.

³ Suspire, breathe.

² Biggen, nightcap

⁴ Perforce, of necessity.

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol¹ hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously; 40
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate² from thy place and
blood,

Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,

[Putting crown on his head.]

Which God shall guard; and put the world's
whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force

This lineal honour from me: this from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 't is is left to me.

[Exit.]

King. [Awaking] Warwick! Gloucester!
Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE,
and the rest.

Clar. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How
fares your grace? 50

King. Why did you leave me here alone,
my lords?

Clar. We left the prince my brother here,
my liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales! Where is he?
let me see him;

He is not here.

War. The door is open; he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber
where we stay'd.

King. Where is the crown? who took it
from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we
left it here.

King. The prince hath ta'en it hence; go,
seek him out. 60

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?—

Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him
hither. [Exit Warwick.]

This part³ of his conjoins with my disease,

And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things
you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their
brains with care,

Their bones with industry; 70

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up

The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts and martial exercises:

When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous⁴ sweets,

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with
honey,

We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter
taste

Yield his engrossments⁵ to the ending fa-
ther.— 80

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd⁶ me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the
next room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his
knife

With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

King. But wherefore did he take away the
crown?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me,
Harry.— 90

Depart the chamber; leave us here alone.

[Exeunt Warwick and the rest.]

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak
again.

King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
thought;

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair

¹ Rigol, circling.

² Immediate, directly hereditary.

³ Part, action.

⁴ Virtuous, powerful.

⁵ Engrossments, accumulations.

⁶ Determin'd, ended, finished.

That thou wilt needs invest thee with my
honours

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will over-
whelm thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind 100
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that which after some few
hours

Were thine without offence, and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up¹ my expectation;²
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.

[Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy
thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour³ of my life. 109

What! must thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:

Only compound⁴ me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.]

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form.

Harry the Fifth is crown'd! up, vanity! 120
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors,
hence!

And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your
scum!

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink,
dance,

Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?

Be happy, he will trouble you no more; 128

England shall double gild his treble guilt,

England shall give him office, honour, might;

For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks

The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!

¹ Seal'd up, confirmed.

² Expectation, metrically five syllables.

³ Hour, pronounced as a dissyllable.

⁴ Compound, mingle.

When that my care could not withhold thy
riots,

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?

[O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!]

Prince. O, pardon me, my liege! but for
my tears,

The moist impediments unto my speech, 140

I had forestall'd this dear⁵ and deep rebuke

Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard

The course of it so far. There is your crown;

And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! [Kneels] If I affect⁶ it
more

Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,

Which my most inward true and duteous spirit

Teacheth,⁷ this prostrate and exterior bending.

God witness with me, when I here came in,

And found no course of breath within your

majesty, 151

How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,

O, let me in my present wildness die,

And never live to show the incredulous world

The noble change that I have purposed!

Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,

And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,

I spake unto this crown as having sense,

And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee

depending

Hath fed upon the body of my father; 160

Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold.

Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,

Preserving life in medicine potable;

But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most re-
nown'd,

Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most

royal liege,

Accusing it, I put it on my head,

To try with it, as with an enemy

That had before my face murder'd my father,

The quarrel of a true inheritor.

But if it did infect my blood with joy, 170

Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,

If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,

⁵ Dear, earnest. ⁶ Affect, love. ⁷ Teacheth, prompts.

And make me as the poorest vassal is
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

King. O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's
love, 180

Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, [*He rises, the King
embraces him*], sit thou by my bed;

And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. [*The Prince sits by
the King.*] God knows, my son,

By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met¹ this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.

To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion,² better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes 190
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous
hand,

And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed³ peace. All these bold
fears

Thou see'st with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was pur-
chas'd, 200

Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.⁴
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I
could do,

Thou art not firm enough, since griefs⁵ are
green;⁶

And all my friends, which thou must make
thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en
out;

{ By whose fell working I was first advanc'd
{ And by whose power I well might lodge a fear

¹ Met, obtained. ² Opinion, reputation.

³ Supposed, imaginary.

⁴ Successively, by right of succession.

⁵ Griefs, grievances.

⁶ Green, fresh.

To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off, and had a purpose now 210
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state.] Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy⁷ minds
With foreign quarrels, that action, hence borne
out,

May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.—

How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

Prince. My gracious liege, 221
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me:
Then plain and right must my possession be;
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

King. Look, look, here comes my John of
Lancaster.

Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to my
royal father!

King. „Thou bring'st me happiness and
peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is
flown

From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy
sight 230

My wordly business makes a period.

Where is my Lord of Warwick?

Prince. My Lord of Warwick!

Enter WARWICK, and others.

King. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'T is call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

King. Laud be to God! even there my life
must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem, 238

Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land.—

But bear me to that chamber: there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*]

⁷ Giddy, excitable.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Gloucestershire. A room in Shallow's House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excus'd; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excus'd.—*[Calling]* Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY with papers.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see: yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts¹ cannot be serv'd: and, again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;—are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast² and paid.—Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had;—and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. A' shall answer it.—Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legg'd hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kick-shaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well; a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There is many complaints, Davy,



Shal. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.—(Act v. 1. 35, 36.)

against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir;

¹ Precepts, warrants. ² Cast, reckoned up.

therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanc'd. 57

Shal. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy.—[*Exit Davy.*] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph;—and welcome, my tall fellow [*to the Page*].—Come, Sir John. 66

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow.—[*Exit Shallow.*] Bardolph, look to our horses.—[*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] If I were saw'd into quantities,¹ I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' strves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable² coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent,³ like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master; if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another; therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions, and a' shall laugh without *intervallums*.⁴ O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad⁵ brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up! 95

Shal. [*Within*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow. [*Exit.*]

¹ Quantities, small pieces.

² Semblable, similar.

³ Consent, agreement.

⁴ Intervallums, intervals.

⁵ Sad, serious.

SCENE II. Westminster. The Palace.

Enter WARWICK and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, meeting.

War. How now, my lord chief justice! whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature, And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him;

The service that I truly did his life Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself 10

To welcome the condition of the time, Which cannot look more hideously upon me Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.⁶

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry.

O that the living Harry had the temper Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen! How many nobles then should hold their places,

That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd!

Enter LANCASTER, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WESTMORELAND, and others.

Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow. 20

Glou. } Good morrow, cousin.
Clar. }

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument⁷

Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

⁶ Fantasy, imagination.

⁷ Argument, subject, theme.

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

Glou. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed!

And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own. 20

Lan. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find, 30

You stand in coldest¹ expectation.²

I am the sorrier; would 't were otherwise.

Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;



War. He's walked the way of nature,
And to our purposes he lives no more.—(Act v. 2. 4, 5.)

Which swims against your stream of quality. 34

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged³ and forestall'd remission.⁴
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead, 40
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter KING HENRY THE FIFTH, attended.

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and God save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,

Sits not so easy on me as you think.—

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:

[This is the English, not the Turkish court;

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, by my faith, it very well becomes you. 51

Sorrow so royally in you appears

That I will deeply put the fashion on

And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;]

¹ Coldest, most hopeless.

² Expectation, metrically five syllables.

³ Ragged, beggarly, contemptible.

⁴ Remission, a quadrisyllable metrically.

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all. 55

For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.

[Yet weep that Harry's dead, and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert¹ those tears
By number into hours of happiness.] 61

Princes. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me, [*To Lord Chief Justice*—and you most;
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,

Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.
King. No?

How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison 70

The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?¹

May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;

The image of his power lay then in me:

And, in the administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,

Your highness pleased to forget my place,

The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the king whom I presented,²

And struck me in my very seat of judgment;

Whereon, as an offender to your father, 81

I gave bold way to my authority

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the garland,³

To have a son set your decrees at nought,

To pluck down justice from your awful bench,

To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword

That guards the peace and safety of your

person;

[Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image

And mock your workings in a second body.

Question your royal thoughts, make the case

yours; 91

Be now the father and propose⁴ a son,

Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd; 95

And then imagine me taking your part,

And in your power soft⁵ silencing your son.

After this cold⁶ consideration,⁷ sentence me;]

And, as you are a king, speak in your state⁸

What I have done that misbecame my place,

My person, or my liege's sovereignty. 101

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:

And I do wish your honours may increase,

Till you do live to see a son of mine

Offend you and obey you, as I did.

[So shall I live to speak my father's words:

"Happy am I, that have a man so bold,

That dares do justice on my proper⁹ son;

And not less happy, having such a son, 110

That would deliver up his greatness so

Into the hands of justice." You did com-

mit me:

For which, I do commit into your hand

Th'unstained sword that you have us'd to bear;

With this remembrance,¹⁰—that you use the

same

With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit

As you have done 'gainst me.] There is my

hand.

You shall be as a father to my youth;

My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine

ear,

And I will stoop and humble my intents

To your well-practis'd wise directions.¹¹— 121

[And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;

My father is gone wild into his grave,

For in his tomb lie my affections,

And with his spirit sadly¹² I survive,

To mock the expectation of the world,

To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out

Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down

After my seeming. The tide of blood in me

Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now; 130

Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,

Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,

⁵ Soft, gently.

⁶ Cold, calm.

⁷ Considerance, reflection.

⁸ State, regal character.

⁹ Proper, own.

¹⁰ Remembrance, admonition.

¹¹ Directions, a quadrisyllable here, like *affections* in 124.

¹² Sadly, soberly.

¹ Easy, endurable.

² Presented, represented.

³ Garland, crown.

⁴ Propose, suppose.

And flow henceforth in formal majesty. 133
 Now call we our high court of parliament,
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us;—

In which you, father, shall have foremost
 hand.—] 140

Our coronation done, we will accite,¹
 As I before remember'd,² all our state;
 And, God consigning to³ my good intents,
 No prince nor peer shall have just cause to
 say,



Shal. Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of caraways, and so forth.—(Act v. 3. 1-4.)

God shorten Harry's happy life one day!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Gloucestershire. Shallow's Orchard.⁴

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, DAVY, BARDOLPH, and the Page.

Shal. Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting,⁵ with a dish of caraways, and so forth;—come, cousin Silence;—and then to bed.

¹ Accite, summon.

² Remember'd, reminded you.

³ Consigning to, confirming.

⁴ Orchard, garden.

⁵ Grafting, grafting.

Fal. Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.⁶

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John—by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper!—a good varlet.—Now sit down, now sit down.—Come, cousin. [They sit at the table.]

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, we shall [Sings]

⁶ Husband, husbandman.

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise God for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear, 20
And lusty lads roam here and there

So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine,
Davy. 27

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit. [*Bardolph and Page sit at another table*] [*Proface!* What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; the heart's alk.] [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph;—and, [*The Page*] my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [*Sings*]

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'T is merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.

Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle. 41

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There's a dish of leather-coats¹ for you. [*To Bardolph.*

Shal. Davy!

Davy. Your worship!—I'll be with you straight [*to Bardolph*].—A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. [*Sings*]

A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman² mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a. 50

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. [*Sings*]

Fill the cup, and let it come;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome; if thou

wantest any thing, and will not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the Page*], and welcome indeed too.—I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros³ about London. 63

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together, ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.⁴

Shal. By God's liggers, I thank thee.—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. A' will not out; he is true bred. 71

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing; be merry.—[*Knocking within.*] Look who's at door there.—Ho! who knocks?

[*Exit Davy.*

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To Silence, seeing him take off a bumper.*

Sil. [*Sings*]

Do me right,
And dub me knight;
Samingo.

Is't not so? 80

Fal. 'T is so.

Sil. Is't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court! [*They rise*] let him come in.—

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol!

Pist. Sir John, God save you! 88

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think a' be, but⁵ goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff!

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—

¹ *Leather-coats*, brown russets, a kind of apple.

² *Leman*, mistress, sweetheart.

³ *Cavaleros*, cavaliers.

⁴ *Pottle-pot*, a two-quart tankard.

⁵ *But*, except.

Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys, 99
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pray thee now, deliver them like a
man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world and worldings
base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy
news?

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. [*Sings*]

And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Heli-
cons?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap. 110



Doll. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie.—(Act v. 4. 8.)

Sil. Honest gentleman, I know not your
breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir.—If, sir, you
come with news from the court, I take it
there's but two ways,—either to utter them,
or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king
in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian?¹ speak,
or die. 119

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth;
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door; the things I speak
are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse.—
Master Robert Shallow, choose what office
thou wilt in the land, 't is thine.—Pistol, I
will double-charge thee with dignities. 131

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a
knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What! I do bring good news?

[*Silence falls off his chair.*]

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. [*Davy
and Servants carry Silence away*].—Master
Shallow, my Lord Shallow,—be what thou
wilt; I am fortune's steward—get on thy
boots; we'll ride all night.—O sweet Pistol!
—Away, Bardolph!—[*Exit Bardolph.*] Come,
Pistol, utter more to me; and withal devise
something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot,
Master Shallow; I know the young king is
sick for me. Let us take any man's horses;
the laws of England are at my commandment.
Blessed are they that have been my friends,
and woe to my lord chief justice! 145

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

¹ *Bezonian*, beggar.

"Where is the life that late I led?" say they:
Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. A Street.

Enter Beadles dragging in HOSTESS QUICKLY
and DOLL TEARSHEET.*

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hang'd: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

First Bead. The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer¹ enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately kill'd about her. 7

Doll. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, [thou damn'd tripe-visaged rascal; an the child I now go with do miscarry,] thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. [But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!]

First Bead. [If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now.] Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you. 19

Doll. I'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swing'd for this,—you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy famish'd correctioner, if you be not swing'd, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

First Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance² comes ease.

Doll. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice. 30

Host. Ay, come, you starv'd blood-hound.

Doll. Goodman death, goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy,³ thou!

Doll. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.

First Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. A Public Place near Westminster Abbey; a concourse of people.

[*Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.*]

First Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

Sec. Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

First Groom. 'T will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Dispatch, dispatch. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BAR-DOLPH, and Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace. I will leer upon him as a' comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight! 9

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestow'd⁴ the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. But, 't is no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer⁵ the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection,—

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion,—

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth. 20

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me,—

Shal. It is best, certain.

Fal. But to stand stain'd with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him. 29

Pist. 'T is *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*: 'tis all in every part.

Shal. 'T is so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base durance and contagious prison;

¹ Whipping-cheer, whipping fare or treatment.

² Sufferance, suffering.

³ Atomy, "anatomy" (the reading of Ff.), or skeleton.

⁴ Bestow'd, spent.

⁵ Infer, suggest.

Hal'd¹ thither
 By most mechanical and dirty hand.—
 Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell
 Alecto's snake,
 For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.
Fal. I will deliver her. 41
[Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.
Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-
 clangor sounds.

*Enter the KING, the PRINCES, the EARL of
 WESTMORELAND, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE,
 and others of the King's train,*

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal! my
 royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep,
 most royal imp² of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!



Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow.—(Act v. 5. 5, 6.)

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that
 vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you
 what 't is you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee,
 my heart! 50

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to
 thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool and
 jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
 So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
 But, being awak'd, I do despise my dream.

*[Make less thy body hence,³ and more thy
 grace;*

Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth
 gape

[For thee thrice wider than for other men.]

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:

Presume not that I am the thing I was; 60

For God doth know, so shall the world
 perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those that keep me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
 Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou
 wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots;
 Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
 Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life I will allow you, 70
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil;

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
 We will, according to your strengths and
 qualities,

Give you advancement.—Be it your charge,
 my lord,

To see perform'd the tenour of our word.—

Set on.⁴ *[Exeunt King, &c.]*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand
 pound.

Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I be-
 seech you to let me have home with me. 80

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow.
 Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for

¹ Hal'd, dragged. ² Imp, offspring. ³ Hence, henceforth.

⁴ Set on, go on.

in¹ private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world: fear not your advancements; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word; this that you heard was but a colour.² 91

Shal. A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner.—Come, Lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph.—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE; Officers with them.

Ch. Just. Go carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet.

Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak; I will hear you soon. 100

Take them away.

Pist. *Se fortuna mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta.*

[Exeunt all but Prince John and the Chief Justice.]

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the king's. He hath intent his wonted followers Shall all be very well provided for; But all are banish'd till their conversations² Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath. 110

Lan. I will lay odds, that, ere this year expire,

We bear our civil swords and native fire As far as France. I heard a bird so sing, Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king. [Come, will you hence?] *[Exeunt.]*

[EPILOGUE.]

Spoken by a Dancer.

First my fear, then my courtesy, last my speech. My fear is your displeasure, my courtesy my duty, and my speech to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me; for what I have to say is of mine own making, and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better. I meant indeed to pay you with this; which, if like an ill venture it come unluckily home, I break,³ and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promis'd you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies; bate⁴ me some and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely. 17

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so would I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly. 26

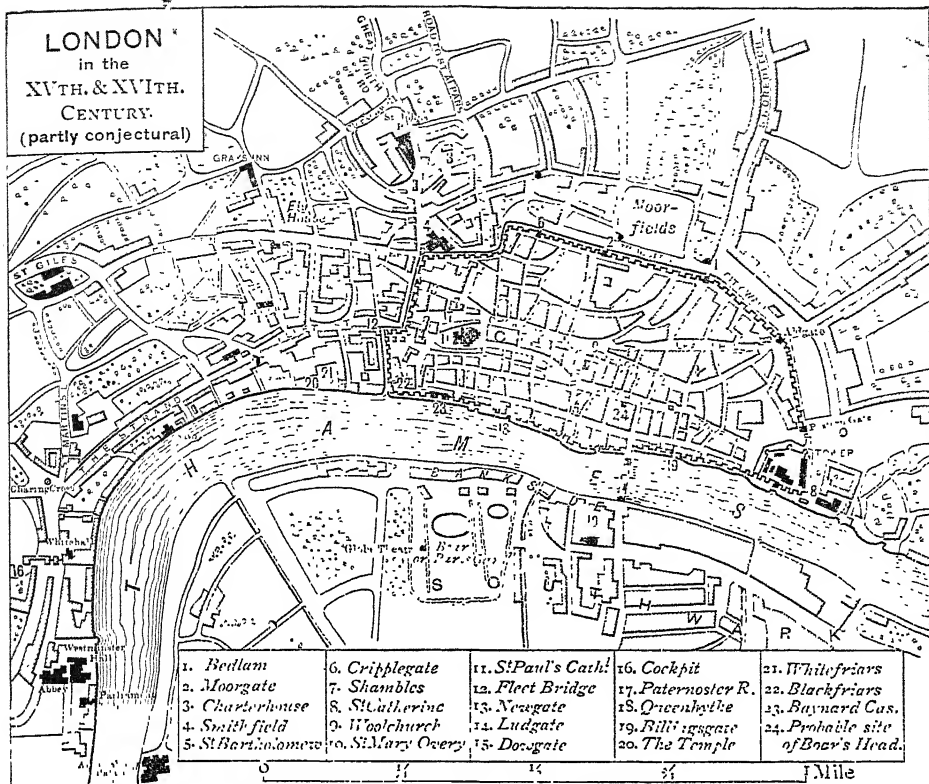
One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be kill'd with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.] 37

¹ Colour, pretence.

² Conversations, habits.

³ Break, am bankrupt.

⁴ Bate, remit.



* For Map to illustrate King Henry IV., see Vol. V. p. 256

NOTES TO KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

NOTES ON THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. In F. 1 this is one of the few plays that have a list of the play—on the back of the page occupied by the Epilogue.—It reads as follows:—

THE ACTORS NAMES.

REMOVR the Presenter.
 King *Henry* the Fourth.
 Prince *Henry*, afterwards Crowned King *Henrie* the Fift.
 Prince *John* of Lancaster.
Humphrey of Gloucester.
Thomas of Clarence.
 Northumberland.
 The Arch Byshop of *Yorke*.
 Mowbray.
 Hastings.
 Lord *Bardolfe*.
 Trauers.
 Morton.
 Coleuile.

Sonnes to *Henry* the Fourth, & brethren to *Henry* 5.
 Opposites against King *Henrie* the Fourth.

Warwicke.	} Of the Kings Partie.	Pointz.	} Irregular Humourists.
Westmerland.		Palstaffe.	
Surrey.		Bardolph.	
Gowre.		Pistol.	
Harecourt.		Peto.	
Lord Chiefe Iustice.		Page.	
Shallow.	} Both Country Iustices.		
Silence.			
Dauid, Seruant to Shallow.		Northumberland's Wife.	
Phang, and Snare, 2. Sericants		Percies Widdow.	
Mouldie.	} Country Soldiers	Hostesse Quickly.	
Shadow.		Doll Teare-sheete.	
Wart.		Epilogue.	
Feeble.			
Bullicaffe.			
		Drawers	
		Beadles.	
		Groomes	

2. KING HENRY IV.—For the history of the king, see note 1 of preceding play. His chronic lack of money was the cause of disagreements with several successive parliaments. After the assassination in 1407 of Orleans, his chief enemy in France, and the capture of James, the Scotch heir apparent, external opposition ceased. The commons, however, obliged the king to name a council, by whose advice solely he was to be guided, and for whose conduct they laid down rules. The Prince of Wales was set at the head of the council, and, when Henry had become too ill for business, ruled, with the king's brothers, the Beauforts, for his father. Civil war had broken out in France between Burgundy's followers and the Armagnacs, the party of the young Duke of Orleans; and in 1411 the Earl of Arundel and Kyme, and Prince Henry's friend, Sir John Oldcastle, were sent over to help the Burgundians, and gained a victory at St. Cloud. The king's health for a while improving, he removed the Beauforts, who had proposed his resigning the crown to the Prince of Wales, from their offices. Archbishop Arundel returned to the chancellorship, and Prince Henry at the same time was succeeded in the presidency of the council by Prince Thomas of Clarence. The alliance in France was shifted to the side of Orleans, to whose help Clarence led an expedition. Henry fell ill again in 1412, and the next year, while praying at the shrine of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey, he was seized with a fit, and, being carried to the Jerusalem Chamber, died there, as represented in the play.

3. HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, was for some years fully occupied with the insurgents in his principality of Wales. It was reduced piece by piece, till, after the overthrow in 1409 of Rhys Dhu and Philpot Scudamour, only the fastnesses about Snowdon remained unconquered. From 1407 to 1411 the prince was at the head of the royal council, and performed many of the duties of government. It was he, Hardyng says, who in 1411 sent aid to the Duke of Burgundy. (See Hardyng, Chronicle, pp. 367-369.) It has been supposed that the sudden change of foreign policy in 1412, together with the prince's removal at the same time from the council, marks a determination on the king's part to assert his own authority, which the prince's popularity seemed to him to have weakened. A reconciliation between father and son appears afterwards to have taken place. The only contem-

porary intimation of the prince's supposed wildness of life is the statement of various chroniclers that from the hour of his coronation he became a new man. (Compare notes 330, 353 *infra*.)

4. THOMAS, DUKE OF CLARENCE, was born in 1388, and created by his father, in July, 1411, Earl of Albemarle and Duke of Clarence. He was chosen president of the council when Prince Henry was removed from that position. He did good service in the wars, and was killed at the battle of Beaugé in Anjou, March 23, 1421. Stow writes that he and Prince John were feasting in Eastcheap at midnight, on St. John Baptist's Eve, 1410, when "a great debate hapned betweene their men, and men of the court, lasting an houre, till the Maier and Sheriues with other citizens ceased the same" (Annales, 1592, p. 510). This riot is mentioned also in the Chronicle of London (p. 93), printed by Tyrrel in 1827 from Harleian MS. No. 565. Shakespeare, however, represents these princes as free from all such reproach.

5. PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER. See note 3 of the preceding play. His history will be continued in connection with the play of Henry V.

6. PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER was the fourth and youngest son of Henry IV. He is not represented in history as implicated in the disorderly behaviour of his brothers. He has little to do in this play, but has a prominent part, as Duke of Gloucester, in the following plays.

7. The EARL OF WARWICK. Richard Beauchamp was born in 1381, being descended from Hugh de Beauchamp, who received large grants from the Conqueror. He was a famous warrior, and distinguished himself at Shrewsbury and elsewhere. In the ninth year of the reign of Henry IV. he made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where he gained additional laurels at various tournaments. In the last year of Henry IV. he was sent to Scotland to make terms of peace with the Regent Albany. At the coronation of Henry V. he acted as Lord High Steward of England. He appears again in Henry V., and in I. Henry VI.: see note 8 on the latter play.

8. The EARL OF WESTMORELAND. See note 4 of the preceding play. He was the nephew of Northumberland's first wife, but was always faithful to the king's cause. In 1399 Henry conferred on him the office of Earl Marshal,

which had formerly been hereditary in the Mowbray family. The stratagem by which the Archbishop of York and Mowbray were overreached at Galtree was entirely Westmoreland's. He reappears in Henry V.

9. The EARL OF SURREY. Of this character French remarks: "Doubtless the poet intended Surrey, who does not utter a word, for THOMAS FITZ-ALLAN, eleventh Earl of Arundel, descended from the Earls of Warren and Surrey, and who, according to Sir N. Harris Nicolas, was Earl of Arundel and Surrey. But the earldom of Surrey as an only dignity is not known until it was so created by Richard III. in favour of the 7th gallant Thomas Howard, son of 'Jockey of Norfolk.'" Thomas Fitz-Allan held various offices under Henry IV., and Henry V. He died in 1415.

10. GOWER. The person intended may, French thinks, be Thomas Gower, son of Sir Thomas Gower, of Stitenham, Yorkshire. He was one of the commissioners of assay in the North Riding of Yorkshire under Henry IV., and afterwards served with Henry V. in France, where he was made governor of Mans.

11. HARCOURT. Perhaps Sir Thomas Harcourt of Stanton, Oxfordshire, who was Sheriff of Berkshire in 1407. He died in 1417.

12. BLUNT, who is a *persona mixta* in the play, is probably Sir John Blunt, a son of Sir Walter Blunt, concerning whom see I. Henry IV., note 5. The stage-direction in those copies of Q. which contain the first scene of act iii. of the present play, makes *Sir John Blunt* enter (at line 31) with Warwick and Surrey; but this will hardly fit with act iv. sc. 3. In 1412, being besieged in a fortress in Guienne by the Lord of Helle, one of the marshals of France, with a large army, Blunt with a few hundred men defeated the assailants and captured the marshal (Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 56). Blunt served at Harfleur with Henry V. in 1415, was made a K. G. in 1417, and died in 1418.

13. LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE KING'S BENCH.—This was Sir William Gascoigne, born at Gawthorp, in the parish of Harewood, near Leeds, about 1350. He was appointed Chief Justice Nov. 15, 1400. The story of Prince Henry's insolence, and his commitment to prison by the Chief Justice, rests on the authority of Sir Thomas Elyot. On Henry V.'s accession Gascoigne was removed from the office of Chief Justice. The appointment of his successor, Sir William Hankford, is dated March 29, 1413. Sir William Gascoigne is buried in the parish church of Harewood, and the mutilated inscription on his monument states that he died on Sunday, the 17th of December. The year has been torn off, but it was doubtless 1419, for his will is dated December 15, 1419, and probate of it was granted at York on the 23rd of the same month.

14. The EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND. See note 7 of the preceding play. Westmoreland prevented him from bringing up his troops to the help of his followers after the battle of Shrewsbury. Fearing to be cut off from his

earldom he retreated northwards. In August, 1403, he yielded himself to the king at York, and for a time was kept under guard at Coventry. The parliament in 1404 refused to convict him of treason. He then renewed his oath of allegiance. In company with Lord Bardolph, Mowbray, and Archbishop Scrope he took up arms again in 1405. Mowbray and the Archbishop paid for their precipitancy with their heads, and Northumberland thereupon fled to Scotland, whence, through fear of treachery, he and Bardolph afterwards betook themselves to Wales. In 1408 he made another rebellious inroad into Yorkshire. The sheriff met him on February 18th at Bramham Moor, near Tadcaster, and the earl was defeated and slain.

15. SCROOP, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK. See note 10 of the preceding play, and notes 53, 257, 281, 289 *infra*. His army was much larger than the royal forces arrayed against him, and this led Westmoreland to entrust him as represented in the play. His execution, or "martyrdom" as it was afterwards called, took place June 8, 1405.

16. LORD MOWBRAY. This was Thomas Mowbray, eldest son of the Duke of Norfolk in the play of Richard II. He was only fourteen when his father died, and never became Duke of Norfolk. Holinshed calls him Earl of Nottingham, but he never had that title, though his brother had. He was beheaded at York after the scattering of the rebel forces, as described in the play.

17. LORD HASTINGS. The person meant is Sir Ralph Hastings, who was never "Lord Hastings," though that is the name by which the chroniclers speak of him, as, for example, in the passages from Holinshed quoted below, notes 101, 289. He was beheaded at Durham in June, 1405.

18. LORD BARDOLPH. Thomas Bardolph, fifth baron of the name, joined in the insurrection against Henry, but was defeated and mortally wounded at Bramham Moor, and died soon after.

19. SIR JOHN COLEVILE. According to the chroniclers (see note 289 *infra*) he was executed along with Hastings. Nothing further appears to be known of him.

20. TRAVERS and MORTON. "Both the names of good families, such as would send their sons to learn the duties of chivalry as pages and esquires, before they could attain the dignity of knighthood, in the establishments of great barons and prelates, some of whom kept up a state of almost royal dignity" (French).

21. PISTOL. According to Halliwell-Phillipps, "the names of Bardoulf and Pistail are found in the muster-roll of artillerymen serving under Humphrey Fitz-Allan, Earl of Arundel, at the siege of St. Laurens des Mortiers, Nov. 11, 1435." French, however, says that at this nobleman was only seven years old in 1435.

22. LADY NORTHUMBERLAND. This lady was not the mother of Hotspur, being the earl's second wife, by whom he had no issue. She was the widow of Gilbert de Unphreville, Earl of Angus, when Northumberland married her.

23. LADY PERCY. See note 16 of the preceding play.

1 The page references to Holinshed in the notes in this play are to the third volume of Sir H. Ellis's reprint, unless otherwise stated.

INDUCTION.

24.—There is no division into acts and scenes in Q. The heading in F. 1 is "*Actus Primus. Scena Prima. INDUCTION.*" The stagio-direction in the former is "*Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues;*" in the latter, "*Enter Rumour.*" Holinshed (quoted by Warton), describing a pageant performed at the court of Henry VIII., says: "Then entered a person called *Report*, apparelled in crimson satten full of toongs" (vol. iii. p. 634). The same device is found in other old pageants; and also in Chaucer's House of Fame, book iii. lines 298-300:

And, sothe to tellen, also shee
Had also felel up stondyng eres
And *tonges*, as on bestes heres.

It was evidently suggested by Virgil's description of *Fama*, or Rumour, in the fourth book of the *Æneid*, lines 33-188.

Rolfe remarks here: "Judge Holmes, in his *Authorship of Shakespeare*, among his 'parallelisms' between Bacon and Shakespeare, cites this description of Rumour and the following from Bacon's *Essay of Fame*: 'The poets make fame a monster. They describe her in part finely and elegantly; and in part gravely and sententious. They say, look how many feathers she hath; so many eyes she hath underneath; so many tongues; so many voices; she pricks up so many ears. This is a flourish. There follow excellent parables; as that she gathereth strength in going; that she goeth upon the ground, and yet hideth her head in the clouds; that in the daytime she sitteth in a watch-tower, and flieth most by night; that she minglenth things done with things not done, and that she is a terror to great cities.'

"It will be seen that this is almost a literal translation of Virgil's description; even the word *monster*, which the judge italicizes as parallel to 'the blunt monster with uncounted heads,' being directly suggested by the '*monstrum horrendum*' of the Latin. And yet it is quoted as one of the 'instances of *striking resemblances*, in particular words and phrases, *lying beyond the range of accidental coincidence*, &c.!"

25. Line 6: *Upon my TONGUES continual slanders ride.*—So in Q. The reading of Ff. is *tongue*.

26. Line 17: *and so plain a STOP.*—The *stops* of a pipe were the finger-holes. Compare Hamlet, iii. 2. 75, 76:

That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what *stop* she please.

See also the dialogue between Hamlet and Guildenstern in the latter part of the same scene.

27. Line 33: *the peasant towns.*—That is, the provincial towns. Collier's MS. Corrector reads *pleasant*.

28. Line 35: *worm-eaten HOLD of ragged stone.*—The Q. and Ff. misprint *hole*, which was corrected by Theobald.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

29.—The action of this scene is continuous with that of the last scene of I. Henry IV., following closely upon the

¹ Also *fele*=as many.

² This unfinished essay was posthumously published by Dr. W. Rawley, *Resuscitatio*, 1657, p. 281.

battle of Shrewsbury, July 21, 1403, news of which here reaches Northumberland. The play ignores the events which actually followed that battle, and carries us at once to that new rising which was concerted by Bardolph and Northumberland, together with the Archbishop of York (see lines 189, 190) and others, in the spring of 1405. On May 29 of that year Westmoreland, with Prince John, met the insurgents at Galtree and deluded them into laying down their arms, just as is shown in act iv. scenes 1 and 2. The beheading of Mowbray and the archbishop, which is announced in iv. 4. 84, took place on June 8, 1405. Northumberland's fatal overthrow and death at Bramham Moor, news of which follows immediately in the scene last referred to, did not happen till Feb. 13, 1408, during the eighth year of Henry's reign. The events of the first four acts of this play are plainly to be regarded as passing within a short period of that year, which is fixed as their date by the words of the king in iii. 1. 60-71. The events of the rest of the play, so far as they are historical, belong to the year 1413, but dramatically they follow on what has preceded without any interval.

30. Enter LORD BARDOLPH.—The Q. has "*Enter the Lord Bardolfe at one doore;*" the Ff. "*Enter Lord Bardolfe and the Porter.*"

31. Line 8: *some STRATAGEM.*—The word is used, as in certain other passages, in a more general sense than now. Schmidt defines it as "a dreadful deed, anything amazing and appalling." Compare Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 88-85:

¶ The man that hath no music in himself,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

32. Line 13: *an GOD will.*—The Ff. change *God* to *heaven*, as in many other passages.

33. Line 19: *And Harry Monmouth's braven, the hulk Sir John.*—A sneer at Falstaff which reminds us of Prince Hal's own in I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 123, where he calls Jack "that damned braven."

34. Line 33: *what good tidings comes WITH you?*—So Q. Ff. read *from* instead of *with*.

35. Line 44: *his ARMED heels.*—This is the reading of the Q. The Ff. instead of *armed* have *able*, accidentally repeated by the compositor from the preceding line.

36. Line 45: *Against the panting sides of hīs POOR JADE.*—As Steevens remarks, the expression is used "not in contempt, but in compassion."

37. Line 47: *He seem'd in running to devour the way.*—The figure is as old as Catullus, who has (Ad. Pap. 7) "*viam vorabit*." Steevens cites Job xxxix. 24: "He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage;" and Ben Jonson's Sejanus, v. 10: "they greedily devour the way" (*Works*, vol. iii. p. 151).

38. Lines 60, 61:

*Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.*

Steevens may be right in seeing here an allusion to the Elizabethan fancy of making the title-page of an elegy entirely black; but the reference is perhaps only to the title-page as giving the key to the character of the book.

39. Line 62: *So looks the strand whereon, &c.*—For *whereon* the Ff. have *when*. All the early editions have the old spelling *strond*. Compare I. Henry IV. note 21.

40. Line 63: *Hath left a witness'd usurpation.*—That is, as Steevens notes, "an attestation of its ravage."

41. Line 71: *so woe-begone.*—The compound, which is used by Shakespeare only here, appears to have been an unfamiliar one to Warburton and Steevens, who define it as "far gone in woe," and cite examples of it from earlier writers. Dr. Bentley thought the passage corrupt, and proposed the extravagant emendation:

So dead, so dull in look, *Ucalgon*
Drew Priam's curtain, &c.

42. Line 86: *Hath by INSTINCT knowledge from others' eyes.*—The accent of *instinct* is on the last syllable, as regularly in Shakespeare.

43. Line 93: *Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.*—Johnson wished to transfer this line to Bardolph. He says: "The contradiction in the first part of this speech might be imputed to the distraction of Northumberland's mind; but the calmness of the reflection contained in the last lines seems not much to countenance such a supposition." He also assigns lines 100-103 to Morton as "a proper preparation for the tale which he is unwilling to tell." But, as Rolfe remarks, "the old text may well enough stand if we assume a pause after this first line. Northumberland is not willing to accept the intimation expressed in the preceding speech. 'And yet,' he says, 'don't tell me that he is dead.' But his appealing words and look meet with no encouraging response in Morton's face, and he goes on, 'I see a strange confession,' &c."

44. Line 95: *hold'st it FEAR, or sin.*—*Fear*, as Warburton notices, is here used for *danger*, or an object of fear.

45. Line 108: *KNOLLING a departing friend.*—For *knolling*, which is the reading of the Ff., the Q. has *tolling*. For *knolling* compare As You Like It, ii. 7. 114: "If ever been where bells have *knoll'd* to church;" and Macbeth, v. 8. 50: "And so, his knell is *knoll'd*."

Departing is not equivalent to *departed*, as Malone supposed; the reference being, as Steevens pointed out, to "the *passing* bell, i.e. the bell that solicited prayers for the soul *passing* into another world" (Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 15).

46. Lines 116-118:

*For from his metal was his party steel'd,
Which once in him ABATED, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.*

Dr. Johnson remarks: "*Abated* is not here put for the general idea of *diminished*, nor for the notion of *blunted*, as applied to a single edge. *Abated* means *reduced to a lower temper*, or, as the workmen call it, *let down*."

47. Line 129: *Gan vail his stomach.*—Reed quotes Taming of the Shrew, v. 2. 176: "Then *vail your stomachs*, for it is no boot."

48. Line 138: *Having been well, that would have made me sick.*—"That is, that would have had I been well, have made me sick" (Malone, Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 17).

49. Line 151: *The RAGGED'ST hour.*—Theobald changed *ragged'st* to *rugged'st*; but *ragged* and *rugged* are used interchangeably by Shakespeare. Compare Lucrece, 892: "Thy smoothing titles to a *ragged* name;" and Sonnet vi. 1: "winter's *ragged* hand." So in Isaiah, ii. 21 we read, "the tops of the *ragged* rocks."

50. Line 160: *And darkness be the burier of the dead.*—"The conclusion of this noble speech is extremely striking. There is no need to suppose it exactly philosophical; *darkness*, in poetry, may be *absence of eyes*, as well as *privation of light*. Yet we may remark that by an ancient opinion it has been held that if the human race, for whom the world was made, were extirpated, the whole system of sublunary nature would cease" (Johnson, Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 19).

Vaughan remarks: "Johnson did not fully apprehend the imagery of this passage, in which there is no want of perfect and literal fidelity to the truth. *Darkness* here means objective darkness. . . . The metaphor is one drawn from the stage on which tragedies were exhibited, as the words *stage*, *act*, and *scene* intimate; and it is perfectly sustained from beginning to end. He prays that the world may become a stage for the exhibition, not of a prolonged contention, but of such a truculent and furious death-struggle as will quickly culminate in the catastrophe of a vast slaughter, and that the dead lying on the ground may be buried out of sight by a darkness which will envelop everything. It is certain that during the performance the stage was artificially lighted, and the rest of the theatre also; and it is probable that these lights were extinguished immediately on the close of the performance. The parallelism of the actual atrocity wished for to the tragical representation by which it is illustrated is sustained into the *darkness* which ends both."

51. Line 161: *This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.*—The Q. assigns this speech to Umfréville, who (as we learn from line 34 above) is not present. The Ff. omit the line. Capell was the first to give it to Travers. Pope joined it to the next speech (Bardolph's).

Mr. Herbert A. Evans remarks: "Prof. Hagena has pointed out¹ that the part now played by Lord Bardolph in this scene in all probability belonged originally to Sir John Umfréville; and that to save the necessity of an additional actor, it was afterwards made over to Lord Bardolph, who appears in the third scene of the same act. The change, however, at least as far as the Quarto is concerned, was not completed; for in line 34, Travers says:

My lord, sir John Umfréville turn'd me backe
With joyfull tidings,

when consistently with lines 30-32:

Bar. My lord, I ouer-rode him on the way,
And he is furnisht with no certainties,
More then he haply may retale from me—

he should have said: "Lord Bardolph turn'd me back;" and in line 161 the prefix *Vmfr.* has been left unchanged. Prof. Hagena further argues that, according to the origi-

¹ See his paper, and Mr. P. A. Daniel's comment in the N. S. S. Transactions for 1877-78, p. 347, &c.

pal scheme of the play, Lord Bardolph could not have been present at all during this scene; for if he had been, he would have heard Morton inform the Earl of Northumberland that the king's forces were advancing against him under the command of Prince John of Lancaster and the Earl of Westmoreland (lines 131-135): but in sc. iii. line 51, he asks,

Who is it like should lead his forces hither?

and receives the same information from Hastings in reply. Under these circumstances, whether the change was made for theatrical convenience, or, as Mr. Daniel suggests, to bring the play more into agreement with the Chronicles, where Umfreville is always on the king's party, and not on the Earl's,—an editor might well be tempted to restore consistency to the scene by deciding finally in favour either of Sir John Umfreville or of Lord Bardolph; but in either case," Mr Evans thinks, "there can be no hesitation in adopting Mr. Daniel's suggestion that line 161 should be given to the actor who now takes Bardolph's part, and that the next line should be the first line of Morton's speech" (Shakspeare-Quarto Facsimiles, II. Henry IV. Introduction, p. x).

52. Line 165: *To stormy passion, must perforce decay.*—In the Q. the speech ends with this line, 166-179 being omitted.

53. Line 170: *You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge.*—Compare I. Henry IV. i. 3. 191-193:

As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

54. Line 178: *what hath this bold enterprise BROUGHT forth.*—For brought F. 1 reads *bring*, corrected in F. 2.

55. Line 180: *ENGAGED to this loss.*—That is, involved in it.

56. Line 182: *if we wrought out life 't WAS ten to one.*—So Q. For 't was Ff. read *was*.

57. Line 184: *Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd.*—Made us indifferent to the probable danger to be apprehended.

58. Lines 189-209: *The gentle Archbishop of York is up, &c.*—These twenty-one lines appear first in F. 1.

The assertion is unhistorical. It was in consequence of the deliberations depicted in scene 3 that "the archbishop accompanied with the earle marshall, devised certeine articles of such matters, as it was supposed that not onelie the commonaltie of the Realme, but also the nobillitie found themselves greued with: which articles they shewed first vnto such of their adherents as were neere about them, and after sent them abroad to their freends further off. . . . The archbishop not meaning to staie after he-saw himself accompanied with a great number of men, that came flocking to Yorke to take his part in this quarrell, forthwith discovered his enterprise, causing the articles aforesaid to be set vp in the publike streets of the citie of Yorke, and vpon the gates of the monasteries. . . . Not onelie all the citizens of Yorke, but all other in the countries about, that were able to beare weapon, came to the archbishop, and the earle marshall. In deed the respect that men had to the arch-

bishop, caused them to like the better of the cause, since the grauitie of his age, his integritie of life, and incomparable learning, with the reuerend aspect of his amiable personage, moued all men to haue him in no small estimation" (Holinshed, pp. 36, 37).

59. Line 207: *Tells them he doth BESTRIDE a bleeding land.*—As a warrior stands over a comrade fallen in battle to defend him. Compare I. Henry IV. v. 1. 121: "Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and *bestride* me, so," and Comedy of Errors, v. i. 192, 193:

When I *bestrid* thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to saue thy life.

60. Line 209: *And MORE and LESS do flock to follow him.*—Compare I. Henry IV. iv. 3. 68: "The *more and less* came in with cap and knée."

ACT I. SCENE 2.

61. Lines 1, 2: *what says the doctor to my water?*—"The method of investigating diseases by the inspection of urine only was once so much the fashion that Linacre, the founder of the College of Physicians, formed a statute to restrain apothecaries from carrying the water of their patients to a doctor, and afterwards giving medicines in consequence of the opinions they received concerning it" (Steevens). The practice was revived in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and Boswell says that it was not entirely obsolete even in his day.

62. Lines 16, 17: *Thou whoreson MANDRAKE.*—The plant *Mandragora* (it is so called in Othello, iii. 3. 330, and Antony and Cleopatra, i. 5. 4) has a root which was thought to resemble the human figure, and a kind of human nature was popularly ascribed to it. Falstaff, jesting at the page's smallness of stature, likens him to the plant. See II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 310, and note 207 thereon. William Coles, in his Art of Simpling, 1656, chap. xxii., says that witches "take likewise the roots of mandrake, . . . and make thereof an ugly image, by which they represent the person on whom they intend to exercise their witchcraft" (p. 66). For its reputed soporific effect, see notes on the passages in Othello and Antony and Cleopatra referred to above.

63. Lines 16-18: *I was never manned with an AGATE till now; but I will INSET you neither in gold nor silver.*—The allusion, as Malone notes, is to the figures cut in agates used for seals or ornaments. Compare Much Ado, iii. 1. 65: "If low, an *agate* very vilely cut."

In-set is the reading of the Q., that of the Ff. being *sette*.

64. Line 28: *he may keep it still at a FACE-ROYAL.*—Johnson explained this as "a face exempt from the touch of vulgar hands," comparing *stag-royal*, one not to be hunted, and *mine-royal*, one not to be dug; but, as Steevens says, there is a quibble on the double sense of a king's face and that stamped on the coin called a *royal*. He adds: "The poet seems to mean that a barber can no more earn sixpence by his *face-royal* than by the face stamped on the coin, the one requiring as little shaving as the other." Possibly, however, Mason is right in explaining it thus: "If nothing be taken from a *royal*, it

will remain a *royal* as it was." The value of the coin, which is the subject of many a contemporaneous pun, was ten shillings.

65. Line 33: *Master Dombledon*.—This is the reading of the Ff. The Q. has *Donninelton*. Some modern editions read *Dumbleton*.

66. Lines 39–41: *Let him be damned, like the GLUTTON! PRAY GOD his tongue be hotter! A whoreson ACHITOPHEL!*—Alluding, as Henley observes, to the parable of the rich man and Lazarus (Luke xvi.). Ff. have *may* instead of *pray God!*

For *Achitophel*, see 2 Samuel xv. 31.

67. Line 41: *a rascally YEA-FORSOOTH knave*.—That is, a vulgar Puritan, who does not swear, but emphasizes his assertions with the ungentle *forsooth*. *Smooth-pates*, just below, is equivalent to the later *roundheads*.

68. Lines 45, 46: *if a man is THROUGH with them in honest TAKING UP*.—"If a man by taking up goods is in their debt." *Take up* is often found in the sense of obtaining on credit. Compare the quibble in II. Henry VI. iv. 7. 133, 134: "My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and take up commodities upon our bills?" Pope changed *through* to *thorough*.

69. Lines 52, 53: *he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it, &c.*—He is rich, but a cuckold. The play upon *horn* and *lightness* ("a light wife doth make a heavy husband," as Portia says in The Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 130) is sufficiently obvious. As Stevens notes, the same quibble occurs in Armin, The Two Maids of Moreclacke, 1600:

your wrongs
Shine through the horn as candles in the eve,
To light out others.

Horn was used for the sides of lanterns instead of glass, and the spelling *lanthorn* arose from the notion that the latter part of the name denoted this material.

70. Line 58: *I bought him in PAUL'S*.—In St. Paul's Cathedral, "at that time the resort of idle people, cheats, and knights of the post" (Warburton). Reed quotes The Choice of Change, 1598: "a man must not make choyce of three things in three places. Of a wife in Westminster; of a servant in *Paul'es*; of a horse in Smithfield; lest he chuse a queane, a knave, or a jade." Malone cites Osborne, Memoirs of James I.: "It was the fashion in those times . . . for the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all professions, not mere mechanics, to meet in St. Paul's church by eleven, and walk in the middle isle till twelve, and after dinner from three to six; during which time some discoursed of business, others of news. Now, in regard of the universal commerce—there happened little that did not first or last arrive here" (Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 23).

71. Line 61: Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—See note 13 above.

72. Line 84: *a young knave, and BEGGING!*—This is the reading of the Q., that of the Ff. being *beg*.

73. Line 86: *do not the rebels NEED soldiers?*—For need, the reading of Q., Ff. have *want*.

74. Lines 99, 100: *I lay aside that which GROWS TO ME!*—That which is inherent in me, or an essential part of my nature.

75. Line 102: *You hunt counter*.—The metaphor is taken from hunting, and means "You are on the wrong scent." Turbervile, in his Book of Hunting, 1575, says: "When a hound hunteth backwards the same way that the chase is come, then we say he *hunteth counter*" (p. 243). Compare Hamlet, iv. 5. 110: "O, this is *counter*, you false Danish dogs!"

76. Lines 107, 108: *GOD give your lordship good time of day*.—This is the reading of Q. Ff. omit *God*, and read *good time of the day* instead of *good time of day*.

77. Line 115: *I sent FOR you*.—So Q. Ff. omit *for*.

78. Lines 122, 123: *his highness is fall'n into this same whoreson APOPLEXY*.—Historically this is somewhat out of place in the present connection. Henry's illness is chronicled by Otterbourne in 1408. Holinshed first speaks of it in 1412. It was said by some that, at the hour when Archbishop Scrope was put to death, Henry was stricken with leprosy. Hall stigmatizes this statement as a falsehood. He and Holinshed call the king's ailment an apoplexy. Other accounts say that Henry, in his later years, was subject to epilepsy. He suffered, too, from eruptions on the face. The sickness of the king is put prominently before us throughout the present play.

79. Lines 126–128: *This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling*.—The Ff. omit *an't please your lordship and kind of*.

80. Line 131: *It hath ITS original*.—We follow Dyce and the later Ff. in reading *its*. The reading of the Q. and F. 1, F. 2 is *it*. The old possessive *it* occurs fourteen times in F. 1, six of which are in the combination *it own*. In the only passage in the Authorized Version of the Bible where *its* now appears ("that which groweth of its own accord," Leviticus, xxv. 5) the edition of 1611 has *it*.

81. Line 137: *Fal. Very well, my lord*.—In Q. this speech has the prefix *Old*, an important item of evidence that *Oldcastle* was the original name of *Falstaff* in the play. Stevens took *Old* to be the abbreviation of an actor's name, but none such is to be found in the lists of that day which have come down to us.

82. Line 141: *To punish you by the heels*.—Lord Campbell (quoted by Clarke) says: "To *lay by the heels* was the technical expression for committing to prison, and I could produce from the Reports various instances of its being so used by distinguished judges from the bench." The reply of *Falstaff* proves that imprisonment is referred to; but Schmidt makes the phrase mean "to set in the stocks."

83. Lines 142, 143: *I care not if I do become your physician*.—So in the Q. The Ff. have *if I be*.

84. Lines 159, 160: *your means ARE very slender, and your waste IS great*.—So Q. For are Ff. read *is*, and they omit *is* before *great*.

85. Lines 164, 165: *I am the fellow with the great belly*,

ant? he my dog.—As Talbot remarks, the allusion is probably to some well-known character of the time. He adds that Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, has an anecdote of a notorious thief of the day, who was remarkable for his great belly; and he suggests that this may possibly be the person. (See Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 33.)

86. Lines 179–181: *A WASSAIL CANDLE, my lord, all talow; if I did say of WAX, my growth would approve the truth.*—A *wassail candle* denotes “a large candle, lighted up at a feast. There is a poor quibble upon the word *wax*, which signifies increase as well as the matter of the honey-comb” (Johnson). Shakespeare had used the same pun in *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, v. 2. 10: “That was the way to make his godhead *wax*.”

87. Line 184: *His effect of gravity, gravity, gravity.*—Grant White remarks: “Falstaff’s reply has an interest beside its waggishness, as showing that *gravity* was pronounced *grave-ity*, preserving the sound of its root; else his joke would have been no joke at all.” It is possible, however, that *gravity* was pronounced *grah-ey*.

88. Lines 185–187:

You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. *Not so, my lord; your ill ANGEL is light.*

The Ff. have *euill* (evil) for *ill* in line 186.

In *angel* there is the familiar play on the name of the coin. Falstaff indulges in it again in the *Merry Wives*, i. 3. 58–60: “Now the report goes she has all the rule of her husband’s purse; he hath a legion of *angels*.”

89. Line 190: *I cannot GO, I cannot TELL.*—“I cannot be taken in a reckoning; I cannot pass current” (Johnson). Gifford denies that there is any pun in *go* and *tell*; but Boswell sides with Johnson, and is probably right.

90. Line 191: *these costermonger times.*—“These times when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanness that rates the merit of every thing by money” (Johnson, Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 35).

The reading is Capell’s. Q. has *costar-mongers times*. F. 1, F. 2 read *costermongers*, and they omit *times*.

91. Lines 199, 200: *in the VAWARD of our youth.*—For the figure compare *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, iv. 1. 110: “And since we have the *vaward* of the day.”

92. Lines 206, 207: *your chin double?*—Omitted in Ff.

93. Line 207: *your wit SINGLE?*—Simple, a use of the word found only in quibbles. Rolfe quotes Clarke: “That the Chief Justice should use the epithet *single* here to express *simple* affords a notable instance of Falstaff’s being ‘the cause that wit is in other men;’ and that his lordship should apply the epithet *single* to Falstaff’s *wit* is as notable a token of how thoroughly the knight’s imperturbable humour has power to put him out of humour; just as, later in the play, he loses his temper so utterly as to call Falstaff ‘a great fool!’”

94. Lines 210, 211: *about three of the clock in the afternoon.*—Ff. omit *this*.

95. Line 217: *the box of the ear that the prince gave you.*—See note 327 *infra*.

96. Lines 221, 222: *not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.*—Compare Sir John Harrington, *Epigrams*, iii. 17:

Sackcloth and cinders they advise to use;

Sack, cloves, and sugar thou wouldst have to chuse.

97. Line 237: *I would I might never SPIT WHITE again.*—Perhaps the best explanation of this puzzling allusion is found in *Batman* upon *Bartholome*, book vii. ch. 30, fol. 97, quoted by Furnivall: “The whittle spetle not knottie, signifieth health.” Other passages in old writers indicate that it was regarded as a sign of thirst. In Dekker and Massinger’s *Virgin Martyr*, iii. 3, Spungius says: “Had I been a pagan still, I should not have *spit white* for want of drink” (Works, p. 20). This interpretation seems to be supported by the expression, which is not uncommon in Scotland, of “spitting sixpences” the next morning after a bout of drinking; this being understood as the accompaniment of a considerable amount of “drouth.”

98. Lines 239, 240: *well, I cannot last ever.*—The Ff. omit the rest of the speech.

99. Lines 252, 253: *you are too impatient to BEAR CROSSES.*—Here we catch the Chief Justice in another quibble, the indirect allusion being to the coin called a *cross* from the device upon it. Compare *As You Like It*, ii. 4. 12–14, where Touchstone makes the same pun: “I should *bear no cross* if I did *bear you*; for I think ye have no money in your purse.”

100. Line 255: *flipip me with a three-man beetle.*—According to Stevens, it was a sport with boys in Warwickshire to put a toad on one end of a small board placed across a log, and then to throw the animal high up in the air by striking the other end of the board with a bat. A *three-man beetle* was a kind of pile-driver wielded by three men. It had three handles, two of which were long and one short.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

101.—In 1405, according to Holinshed (p. 36), “the king was minded to haue gone into Wales against the Welsh rebels. . . . But at the same time . . . there was a conspiracie put in practise against him at home by the earle of Northumberland, who had conspired with Richard Scroope archbishop of Yorke Thomas Mowbray earle marshall sonne to Thomas duke of Norfolk, . . . the lords Hastings, Fauconbridge, Berdolfe, and diuerse others. It was appointed that they should meet altogether with their whole power, vpon Yorkeswolde, at a daie assigned, and that the earle of Northumberland should be cheefteine, promising to bring with him a great number of Scots.” This passage immediately precedes that given in note 58 *supra*.

102. Line 1: *Thus have you heard our cause and KNOWN our means.*—So Q. The reading of F. 1, and, substantially, of the others, is:

Thus haue you heard our causes, & kno our Means.

103. Line 28: *Eating the air on promise of supply.*—Compare *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 99: “I eat the air, promise-crammed.”

104. Line 29: *Flattering himself IN project of a power.*—Ff. read *with* for *in*.

105 Lines 36-55.—These lines are omitted in Q. In the Ff. lines 36-38 stand as follows:

Yes, if this present quality of warre,
Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,
Lives so in hope.

Of the many emendations of this obviously corrupt passage I adopt Malone's, as do Dyce, Grant White, Rolfe, and others. Grant White paraphrases the opening lines thus: "Yes, in this present quality, function, or business of war, it is harmful to lay down likelihoods, &c. Indeed this very action or affair—a cause on foot—is no more hopeful of fruition than the buds of an unseasonably early spring." In lines 36, 37, Pope gave:

Yes, if this present quality of war
Impede the instant act;

Johnson proposed

Yes, in this present quality of war,
Indeed of instant action.

Mason would read

Yes, if this present quality of war
Induc'd the instant action.

Knight points thus:

Yes;—if this present quality of war,—
(Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot)

Collier follows his MS. Corrector:

Yes, in this present quality of war:
Indeed, the instant act and cause on foot
Lives so in hope.

106. Lines 53-55:

*know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite.*

Vaughan (quoted by Rolfe) remarks: "Two constructions are admissible. First, 'how far such a property is able to bear a work that will counterpoise the work opposed to it, or the opposition to be brought against it.' Such frequently refers in Shakespeare to the party, person, or quality last spoken of. The second construction is, 'how far our estate is able to bear the expense of such a work as will counterpoise that which is opposed to it.' The ellipse of *as* under such circumstances is not rare." I prefer, as he does, the latter explanation. Cf. I. Henry IV. ii. 3. 14, 15: "and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition."

107. Line 71: *one power against the FRENCH*.—The French made several attacks on the English coast during the earlier part of Henry IV.'s reign. The reference here is, most likely, to the year 1405, when a French force landed at Milford Haven and besieged Carmarthen, which surrendered. They made a junction with Glendower at Denbigh, and advanced inland as far as Worcester, where, having executed Mowbray and the Archbishop, Henry returned from Berwick and hastened against them, whereupon they retreated. No decisive action followed, but failure of provisions soon compelled both sides to withdraw their forces.

There does not seem to have been any separate or special "power against the French" on any of these occasions.

108. Lines 73-80:

*If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels; never fear that.*

The Q. confuses the passage thus: "If he should do so, French and Welch he leaves his back vnarm'd, they baying him at the heeles neuer feare that." The correction was made in F. 1.

109. Line 82: *The DUKE OF LANCASTER and Westmoreland*.—*Duke of Lancaster* is an incorrect designation. Prince John of Lancaster is the person meant. He did not receive any other style until after Henry V.'s accession, when he was created Duke of Bedford. The mistake comes from Stow, who says that the "articles" which the Archbishop had promulgated "caused great number of people to resort to them: but Ralph Neuille Earle of Westmerland that was not far off, together with Iohn duke of Lancaster, the kings sonne, being enformed of these things, gathered an armie with speed to go against the Archbishops company" (Annales, 1592, p. 529).

110. Lines 85-108: *Let us on, &c.*—The entire speech is omitted in the Q.

111. Line 94: *And being now trimm'd in thine own desires*.—Furnished with what you desired. F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 have *trimm'd up*. Vaughan suggests *cramm'd* as more in keeping with the figure in the rest of the passage.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

112. Line 4: *Where's your YEOMAN?*—"A bailiff's follower was, in our author's time, called a sergeant's yeoman" (Malone).

113. Lines 34, 35: *A hundred mark is a long one*.—"The hostess means to say that a hundred mark is a long mark, that is, score, reckoning, for her to bear. The use of mark in the singular number in familiar language [cf. *pound* in i. 2. 251 above] admits very well of this equivocation" (Douce). Theobald changed *one to loan*, and Grant White reads *ow'n*, a contraction of *owin'*, or *owing*; but no alteration is called for.

114. Line 44: *that arrant malmsey-nose KNAVE*.—Ff. omit *knave*.

115. Lines 53, 54: *I'll throw thee IN THE CHANNEL*.—Ff. read *Ile throw thee there*.

116. Line 62: *bring a rescue OR TWO*.—Ff. omit *or two*.

117. Line 63: *Thou woo't, woo't thou? thou woo't, woo't thou?*—The Q. has *Thou wot, wot thou, thou wot, wot ta*. The Ff. read: *Thou wilt not? thou wilt not?* For the provincial *woo't*, compare Hamlet, v. 1. 298: "Woo't weep? woo't fight?"

118. Line 66: *Away, you scullion! &c.*—The Q. gives this speech to Boy, and F. 1, F. 2 to Page. F. 3 transfers it to Falstaff.

119. Lines 65, 66: *you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe*.—*Rampallian* is a term of abuse in many dramatic writers of the time; but *fustilarian* has not been found elsewhere. *Fustilings* was applied

contemptuously to a fat person. Ff. read *tuck* for *tickle*. The expression *tickle your catastrophe* occurs several times in The Merry Devil of Edmonton, 1608.

120. Line 87: *what man of good temper*.—Ff. read *what a man* instead of *what man*.

121. Line 94: *a parcel-gilt goblet*.—Steevens interprets this "A goblet gilt only on such parts of it as are embossed;" and he quotes from the books of the Stationers' Company, in an inventory of their plate, dated 1560, the following entry: 'Item, nine spoynes of silver, whereof vii gyfte and ii *parcell-gylte*.' It would seem that of these spoons the saint or other ornament on the handle was the only part gilt. He compares Ben Jonson, Alchemist, iii. 2:

or changing
His *parcel-gilt* to massy gold:

—Works, vol. iv. p. 95.

and Holinshed, who, describing Wolsey's plate, says: "in the counsell chamber was all white and parcell gilt plate" (vol. iii. p. 741).

122. Line 95: *my Dolphin-chamber*.—For the naming of rooms in taverns compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 29, 30: "Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon;" and see note 144 on that passage.

123. Lines 96, 97: *upon Wednesday in Wheeson week*.—So. Q. Ff. read *on* for *upon*, and correct Dame Quickly's *Wheeson* to *Whitson*.

124. Lines 97, 98: *for LIKING HIS FATHER to a singing-man of Windsor*.—The reading of the Q. The Ff. have *lik'ning him*.

125. Line 101: *goodwife KEECH*.—The word *keech* meant a lump of fat rolled up by the butcher for the chandler. Compare I. Henry IV. note 161.

126. Lines 107, 108: *desire me to be no more so FAMILIARITY with such poor people*.—The Ff. correct the dame's English as given in the Q., changing *familiarity* to *familiar*.

127. Line 124: *you have, as it appears to me*.—Ff. read *I know you ha'*.

128. Lines 126, 127: *and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person*.—The Ff. omit this. Just below the Q. has *done with her for done her*.

129. Lines 131, 132: *the one you may do with STERLING money, and the other with CURRENT repentance*.—Again the Chief Justice gets to punning, in his opposition of *current* to *sterling*.

130. Line 135: *if a man will make COURTESY*.—The obelance which we call a *curtsy* or *courtesy* was formerly used by both sexes. Compare Lucrece, 1338:

The homely villain *courtsies* to her low.

131. Lines 138-140: *I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs*.—*I do desire* is the reading of the Q. Ff. omit *do*. Knight remarks: "Falstaff claimed the protection legally called *quia profecturus* (see Coke upon Littleton, 130 a). This is one of the many examples of Shakespeare's

somewhat intimate acquaintance with legal forms and phrases."

132. Line 142: *answer IN THE EFFECT of your reputation*.—The meaning is, let your reply (to the hostess's suit) be in the sense which your position requires, or in a manner suitable to your character.

133. Line 155: *GLASSES, glasses, is the only drinking*.—"Mrs. Quickly is here in the same state as the Earl of Shrewsbury, who, not having been paid for the diet, &c., of Mary Queen of Scots, while she was in his custody, in 1580, writes as follows to Thomas Bawdewyn: 'I wold have you bye me *glasses to drink in*: Send me word what olde plat yeldes the ounce, for I wyll not leve me a cuppe of sylvare to drink in, but I wyll see the next terme my creditors payde'" (Steevens, in Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 54).

Harrison writes, Description of England, 2nd edition, 1587, bk. ii. ch. 6: "It is a world to see in these our daies, both for our wine and beere, than anie of those rretalls or stone wherein beforetime we have beene accustomed to drinke . . . & such is the estimation of this stuffe, that manie becomen rich onelle with their new trade vnto Murana (a towne neere to Venice situat on the Adriatike sea), from whence the verie best are dailie to be had. . . . And as this is scene in the gentilitie, so in the wealthy communitie the like desire of glasse is not neglected. . . . The poorest also will haue glasse if they may; but sith the Venecian is somewhat too deere for them, they content themselves with such as are made at home of ferne and burned stone" (Reprint, New Shaks. Soc., pt. i. p. 147). This passage does not occur in his previous edition, in 1577.

134. Line 156: *a pretty slight DROLLERY*.—Probably the meaning of *drollery* here is, as Dyce says, "a picture of some scene of low humour." Compare Dekker and Massinger's Virgin Martyr, v. 1:

a curious painter,
When he has made some honourable piece,
Stands off, and with a searching eye examines
Each colour, how 't is sweeten'd; and then hugs
Himself for his rare workmanship—so here
Will I my *drolleries*, and bloody landscapes,
Long past wrapt up, unfold, to make me merry.
—Massinger, Works (Gifford's edn.), vol. i. p. 99.

The only other place where Shakespeare uses the word is The Tempest, iii. 2, where Sebastian calls the Shapes who waited upon him and his companions "A living *drollery*." In this passage the word probably means "puppet-show," as it does in Jonson, Bartholomew Fair, Induction: "he is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget tales, tempests, and such like *drolleries*; . . . yet if the puppets will please any body, they shall be entreated to come in" (Works, vol. iv. pp. 371-373). In Valentinian, ii. 2, where Claudia says:

I had rather make a *drollery* till thirty:
—Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, vol. i. p. 444.

she means that she would prefer to work a puppet-show all her youth.

135. Lines 157-159: *the German hunting in water-work*.

is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings.—Falstaff calls the tapestries *bed-hangings* in contempt, "as fitter to make curtains than to hang walls" (Johnson); but Warburton wanted to read *dead* (that is, faded) *hangings*.

The *German hunting* is supposed to mean the chase of the wild boar, one of the subjects of the *water-work*, which, Falstaff's words imply, could be bought ready-made. Harrison, in his Description of England, says that when the inner walls of houses were not wainscotted or whitened, they were generally hung with "tapiserie, arras worke, or painted cloths" (bk. ii. ch. 12).¹ The painting on the cloth or canvas would be in the nature of oil painting, and we conclude that it is some cheap substitute which Falstaff describes as *water-work*, i.e. painting in distemper, the colours being perhaps dissolved with gum-water. We learn that water-work was applied to canvas or linen from Hall's account (p. 543) of the siege of Terouenne, where, besides "a hq̄wse of tymbre with a chimney of yron" for himself, Henry VIII. had "great and goodlie tentes of blew water worke garnysed wth yelow & white."

136. Line 164: *dost not know me? come, come*.—Ff. omit this, all but *come*.

137. Line 182: *At BASINGSTOKE, my lord*.—The Q. reads *Billingsgate*.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

138. Line 1: *BEFORE GOD, I am exceeding weary*.—The Ff. have *Trust me*, &c. So they omit *Faith* in line 4.

139. Lines 26-28: *and God knows whether those that bavel out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom*.—This passage also is omitted in the Ff. as profane according to the statute.

140. Line 42: *MARRY, I tell thee*.—The Q. spells it *Mary* (the real origin of the oath, though it was probably forgotten in Shakespeare's day), and the Ff. substitute *Why*.

141. Line 69: *By this light*.—Changed in the Ff. to *Nay*.

142. Line 72: *a proper fellow of my hands*.—"A handsome fellow of my size; or of my inches, as we should now express it" (Mason). Vaughan (quoted by Rolfe) remarks: "Possibly a *proper man of his hands* was a phrase often made use of to introduce qualifications discreditable to the object of them; as in Holinshed, for instance: 'a good man of his hands (as we call him) but perverse of mind, and very deceitful'."

143. Line 73: *By the mass*.—The reading of Q., altered in the Ff. to *Looke, looke*.

144. Lines 85, 86: *through a RED LATTICE*.—For this designation of an alehouse, compare *Merry Wives*, ii. 2. 28: "your *red-lattice* phrases," that is, your alehouse talk. Compare Marston, Antonio and Mellida, v.: "as wth I known by my wit as an alehouse by a *red lattice*." Steevens cites Wilkins, *The Miseries of Inforced Marriage*, 1607: "Be mild in a tavern! 'tis treason to the *red lattice*,

enemy to the signpost" (Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 310); Malone adds Brathwaite, who addresses the first poem in² his *Strappado* for the Divell, 1615, p. 1, to "Mounsieur Bacchus, . . . master-gunner of the pottle-pot ordnance, prime founder of *red-lattices*;" and Douce quotes from *The Last Will and Testament of Lawrence Lucifer*, in *The Blacke Booke*, 1604: "watched sometimes ten houres together in an ale-house, ever and anon peeping forth, and sampling thy nose with the *red Lattis*."

145. Line 93: *Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!*—As Johnson notes, the boy here confounds Althæa's firebrand with Hecuba's.

146. Lines 109, 110: *And how doth the MARTLEMAS, your master?*—"That is, the autumn, or, rather the latter spring—the old fellow with juvenile passions" (Johnson). St. Martin's day is November 11. Compare I. Henry IV. i. 2. 177, 178: "Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallow summer!" Blakeway sees a hit at Falstaff's compulgence, as Martinmas was then the chief time for killing hogs and fat cattle for winter eating. Compare Marlowe, *Faustus*, ii. 2: "My godfathers were these, Peter Pickle-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef."

147. Lines 115, 116: *I do allow this WEN to be as familiar with me as my dog*.—This *wen* means "this swollen excrescence of a man," as Johnson says.

148. Lines 124, 125: *as ready as a borrower's cap*.—Both Q. and Ff. have *borrowed cap*. Warburton made the correction. He says: "A man that goes to borrow money is of all others the most complaisant; his cap is always at hand." Steevens compares Timon of Athens, ii. 1. 16-20:

Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd
With slight denial, nor then silenc'd when—
'Commend me to your master'—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My uses cry to me.

149. Lines 134, 135: "I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity."—Warburton changed *Roman* to *Roman*, assuming that Marcus Brutus is meant; but Heath believed that Falstaff alludes to Julius Caesar, the "hook-nosed fellow of Rome," whose words he quotes in iv. 3. 45, 46, *infra*.

150. Line 164: *EPHESIANS, my lord*.—Johnson quotes *Merry Wives*, iv. 5. 18, 19: "it is thine host, thine *Ephesian*, calls."

151. Lines 192, 193: *a heavy DEOLENSION!*—The Q. has *descension*, a word not used elsewhere by Shakespeare. The allusion to the story of Europa is obvious enough.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

152. Line 12: *when my heart's dear Harry*.—The Q. reads *heart's deere Harry*, the Ff. *heart-deere Harry*.

153. Line 17: *the God of heaven brighten it!*—For this reading of the Q. the Ff. substitute *may heavenly glory brighten it!*

* 154. Lines 21, 22:

He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

¹ Painted cloths are among the things enumerated as commonly, in Henry VIII.'s time, brought over to London and sold by the Dutch (Hall, p. 587). Hence the *German hunting*, as a subject for the painting, might easily have become common.

Compare Hamlet, iii. 1. 161: "The glass of fashion and the mould of form."

155. Lines 23-45: *He had no legs that practis'd not his gait, &c.*—These lines are not in the Q.

156. Line 26: *For those that could speak low and tardily.*—Seymour conjectures *slow* for *low*; but *tardily* would then be mere tautology. Perhaps the poet associated a high tone with Hotspur's rapid and impetuous utterance.

157. Lines 31, 32:

*He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others.*

A continuation of the figure in lines 21, 22. Compare Lucrece, 615, 616:

For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

158. Line 59: *To rain upon REMEMBRANCE with mine eyes.*—"Alluding to the plant *rosemary*, so called, and used at funerals. Thus in the Winter's Tale [iv. 4. 74-76]:

For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long;
Grace and remembrance be to you both.

For as rue was called *herb of grace*, from its being used in exorcisms, so rosemary was called *remembrance*, from its being a cephalic" (Warburton). There may, however, be nothing more in the passage than the comparison of Lady Percy's memory of her husband to a plant which she will foster and cherish.

159. Line 67: *I will resolve for Scotland.*—Shakespeare's delineation of Northumberland's conduct differs considerably from that of history. Hollinshed says that after the dispersal of the rebel forces by Westmoreland's stratagem at Galtree, and the consequent executions, "the earle of Northumberland, hearing that his counsell was bewrayed . . . fled with the lord Berdolf into Scotland" (p. 38).

ACT II. SCENE 4.

160. Lines 1, 2: *What the devil hast thou brought there?*—The Ff. delete *the devil*, as they do *Mass* in line 4.

161. Line 5: *a dish* of APPLE-JOHNS.—Compare I. Henry IV. iii. 3. 4, 5: "withered like an old *apple-john*," and note 230 thereon.

162. Lines 13, 14: *Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music.*—The Q. here gives the following speech to the other Drawer: "Dispatch, the roome where they sup't is too hot; theile come in straight;" and some modern editors retain this.

163. Lines 21, 22: *here will be OLD UTIS.*—This use of *old* as a "colloquial intensive" is said to be a Warwickshire peculiarity. Mr. J. R. Wise (Shakespeare: His Birthplace, &c., p. 106) says: "Whenever there has been an unusual disturbance or ado, the lower orders round Stratford-on-Avon invariably characterize it by the phrase 'There has been old work to-day.'"

Covell, in his Interpreter, *sub voce*, says: "I'tas (*Octave*) is the eight day following any terme or feast . . . And any day betweene the feast and the eighth day, is

said to be within the *vtas*." It is the old French *huitaves* or *oitieves*, for which *octave* (in the singular number) is now used both in French and English. Certain church festivals are, especially by Roman Catholics, celebrated until the eighth day, and hence *vtas*, or *utis*, signifying the period of a festival, came to mean festivity or merriment in general. It is used by Shakespeare only here. Malone says that, according to the Rev. Mr. Sharp, *utis* also is a Warwickshire word for "what is called a *row*, a scene of noisy turbulence."

164. Line 36: "*When Arthur first in court.*"—This is from the ballad of Sir Lancelot du Lake, which may be seen in Percy's Reliques. The lines sung by Falstaff there read:

When Arthur first in court began,
And was approved king.

165. Line 41: *So is all her sect.*—Johnson thought that *sect* should be *sex*; but, according to Steevens, the former word was often used for the latter. He quotes, among other examples, Middleton, A Mad World My Masters, 1608, ii. 6: "'tis the easiest art and cunning for our *sect* to counterfeit sick, that are always full of fits when we are well" (Works, vol. ii. p. 359). Douce, however, thinks that *sect* is used in its ordinary sense of class. "Falstaff means to say that all *courtesans*, when their trade is at a stand, are apt to be sick."

166. Line 45: *You make FAT RASCALS.*—"Falstaff alludes to a phrase of the forest. *Lean* deer are called *rascal* deer. He tells her she calls him wrong; being *fat*, he cannot be a *rascal*" (Johnson).

167. Line 53: *Your brooches, pearls, and owches.*—"With brooches, rings, and owches" is a line in the old ballad of The Boy and the Mantle in Percy's Reliques. *Owches* were bosses of gold set with diamonds" (Pope).

168. Lines 56, 57: *to venture upon the charg'd chambers.*—"To understand this quibble, it is necessary to say that *chamber* signifies not only an apartment, but a *piece of ordnance*" (Steevens).

169. Line 58, 59: *Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself.*—The Ff. omit this speech.

170. Line 110: *CHEATER, call you him?*—The dame confounds *cheater* with *escheator*, an officer of the exchequer.

171. Lines 142, 143: *God's light, with two points on your shoulder?*—The Ff. read *What*, instead of *God's light*, and omit *God let me not live* below. The *points*, Johnson observed, are the mark of Pistol's commission. They are perhaps the same as the *aiguillettes* or shoulder-knots worn by soldiers and livery servants. See Planché, Cyclopaedia of Costume, vol. i. p. 3.

172. Lines 146-148: *No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.*—This speech is omitted in the Ff.

173. Lines 158, 159: *he lives upon mouldy ster'd prunes and dried cakes.*—"That is, upon the refuse provisions of bawdy-houses and pastry-cooks' shops" (Steevens).

174. Line 160-163: *these villains will make the word as odious as the word OCCURY, which was an excellent*

good word before it was ill sorted.—The history of this word *occupy* is not very clear. Doll's reference to the degradation of the verb goes very near to the truth. Its common significance was that of "to use," "to employ." In the *Fardle of Facions*, 1555 (Goldsmid's Reprint, 1888, vol. i.), in chap. 4, which treats "Of Ethiope, and the ancient maners of that nation," on p. 36 we find: "Thei occupie bowes of woode seasoned in the fire;" and on p. 42: "Lawes written thei occupy none." In the next chapter, which treats "Of Aegipte, and the auncient maners of that people," we have "Their women in old tyme, had all the trade of *occupying*, and brokage abroad." The editor seems to think that *brokage* here is used with reference to matters of an amorous nature; but it may be doubted whether *occupying* and *brokage* do not here mean simply outdoor *occupations* and trading; the author's meaning being that in this nation the women did all the mercantile business, while the men, as he says in the next sentence, "satte at home spinning" &c. That the word *occupy*, in the passage quoted above, does not in any way refer to sexual intercourse seems to be confirmed by another passage in the same chapter, p. 58: "The Lawes that apperteigned to the trade and *occupieng* of men one with another."

175. Lines 172, 173: *down, FAITORS! Have we not HIREN here?*—For *faiteurs* the Q. has *faters*, and the Fl. *Fates*. The *Promptorium Parvulorum, sub voce*, interprets *Fay-tours* as "Fictor, simulator, simulatrix;" as Way explains it, "a conjuror, or a quack-salver, so called from the French *faiteor*, or *faiturier*, a sorcerer; and thence the name was applied to itinerant pretenders to such skill, to mendicants, and generally to idle livers." He quotes from Lacombe, "*Faitard, faiteor, un parresseux*."

Have we not Hiren here? is probably from the lost play of George Peele's entitled *The Turkish Mahomet* and Hyren the Fair Greek. *Hiren* is a corruption of the Greek *Irene*. In Day's *Law Tricks*, 1608, iv. 1 (Bullen's Reprint, p. 54), Polymetes, speaking of a lady whom he supposes to be a courtesan, uses these same words. Quicksilver, the roistering apprentice in Chapman, Jonson, and Marston's *Eastward Ho*, 1605 (act. ii. sc. 1), repeats this and other passages from tragedies of the ranting sort. Steevens quotes also Dekker, *Satiromastix*, 1602, where Tucca, having stabbed at Horace with a blunt weapon, and threatened him that he shall be tossed in a blanket, says, "therefore we haue *Hiren* heere" (Works, vol. i. p. 245). As Douce observes, the word *Hiren* was purposely designed by Shakespeare to be ambiguous, though used by Pistol with reference only to his sword.

176. Line 178: *And hollow pampere'd jades of Asia*.—Pistol's perversion of a line in Marlowe, *The Second Part of Tamburlaine*, iv. 4:

Holla, ye pampere'd jades of Asia!
What! can ye draw but twenty miles a day?

the "jades" being the kings by whom *Tamburlaine's* chariot is drawn. This line also is repeated by Quicksilver in *Eastward Ho*, *ut supra*.

177. Line 182: *and let the welkin roar*.—This expression is found in several ballads and plays of the time.

178. Line 193: *Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis*.—This is a burlesque on speeches in *The Battell of Alcazar*, 1594, ii. 3, in which Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with flesh on his sword, and says: "Hold thee, Calipolis; feed, and faint no more;" and again, "Feed then, and faint not, fair Calipolis;" and again, "Feed and be fat, that we may meet the foe" (Peele's Works, p. 423).

179. Line 195: *Se fortuna mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta*.—Q. and F. 1 give this passage thus:

Si fortuna me tormenta,
sperato me contento.

Compare v. 5. 102 *infra*. Farmer remarks: "Pistol is only a copy of Hannibal Gonsaga, who vaunted on yielding himself a prisoner, as you may read in an old collection of tales, called *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*:

Si fortuna me tormenta,
Il speranza me contenta."

The meaning of the couplet is, "If fortune torments me, hope contents me."

180. Line 198: *Come we to full points here, and are et ceteras nothing?*—"That is, shall we stop here, shall we have no further entertainment?" (Johnson).

181. Line 205: *Galloway nags*.—The Galloway horses were regarded as an inferior breed.

182. Lines 206, 207: *like a shove-groat shilling*.—The game of *shove-groat* was merely that of *shovel-board* on a smaller scale. It was played on a board three or four feet long and about a foot wide, with a diagram on one end divided into nine partitions marked with the nine digits. The coin (at first the silver *groat*, afterwards the *shilling*) was *shoved* or *slid*, by a stroke with the palm of the hand, from the other end of the board, the aim being to land it in one of the numbered spaces. See Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, iii. 2: "run as smooth off the tongue as a *shove-groat shilling*" (Works, vol. i. p. 85); and Dekker and Middleton, *The Roaring Girl*, v. 1: "and away slid I my man, lik' a shovel-board shilling" (Middleton's Works, vol. ii. p. 531); also Merry Wives, i. 1. 158-160: "and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shillings and twopence apiece." Taylor the Water Poet, *Trauels of Twelvepence*, 1622, calls the game *shove-board*, and makes one of the Edward VI. shillings used in it say:

You see my face is beardlesse, smooth, and plaine,
Because my soueraine was a child 'tis knowne,
When as he did put on the English crowne;
But had my stamp beene bearded, as with haire,
Long before this it had beene worne out bare;
For why with me the vntruths euery day,
With my face downwards do at shoue-board play.

—Works, 1639, pt. i. p. 68.

183. Line 211: *Then death rocke me asleepe, abridge my doleful days!*—These are the opening words of a song formerly attributed to Anne Boleyn. Sir J. Hawkins, *Hist. of Music*, vol. iii. p. 31, gives the first lines of the song thus:

O death, rocke me on slepe,
Bring me on quiet reste.

Reed adds, from Arnold Cosbie's *Ultimum Vale to the Vaine World*, an elegie written by himselfe in the Mar-

shalsea, after his condemnation, for murdering Lord Brönke, 1591:

O death, rock me asleep! Father of heaven,
That hast sole power to pardon sinnes of men,
Forgive the faults and follies of my youth.

184. Line 213: *Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!*—Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1. 343-348:

O Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shored
With shears his thread of silk.

Atropos was the Fate that cut the thread of human destiny with "the abhorred shears."

185. Lines 235, 236: *you whoreson CHOPS*.—Compare *I. Henry 1st*, i. 2. 151: "You will, chops?" (Poins's speech to Falstaff).

186. Line 238: *the Nine Worthies*.—See *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 160.

187. Lines 250, 251: *Thou whoreson little TIDY BARTHOLOMEW BOAR-PIG*.—There has been some discussion concerning *tidy*, which Hamner changed to *tiny*. Steevens says it "has two significations, *timely* and *neat*." Reed believes that it means only *fat*; and in that sense it was certainly sometimes used, as he proves by quotations. Coles, in his Dictionary, interprets the word by *dapper*, which in turn he defines by the Latin *agilis* and *animosus*; and this Malone takes to be the sense here. Doll, he says, "meant to praise Falstaff's nimbleness and agility in fighting o' days and joining o' nights."

Johnson explains *Bartholomew boar-pig* as "a little pig made of paste, sold at Bartholomew Fair, and given to children for a fairing;" but the reference here is more probably to the practice of roasting pigs at Bartholomew Fair—a custom which, as Reed tells us, was kept up until the beginning of the eighteenth century, if not later.

188. Lines 254, 255: *do not speak like a DEATH'S-HEAD*.—As to the custom of bawds wearing a *death's-head* in a ring see *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 209; but it is doubtful whether there is any allusion to the fact here.

189. Line 258: *a good PANTLER*.—For *pantler* (the servant who had the care of the pantry) compare *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 56: "This day she was both *paniler*, butler, cook."

190. Line 262: *as thick as Tewksbury mustard*.—According to Dr. Grey, Tewksbury, in Gloucestershire, was "formerly noted for mustard-balls, made there and sent into other parts."

191. Lines 266, 267: *and eats conger and fennel*.—Conger with fennel was formerly regarded as a provocative. It is mentioned by Ben Jonson, *Bartholomew Fair*, ii. 1: "like a long-laced conger . . . and a green feather, lik^t fennel, in the joll on 't" (*Works*, vol. iv. p. 423). And, in *Philaster*, ii. 2, Galatea tells Pharamond, the wanton Spanish prince, to abstain from this article of luxury (*Beaumont and Fletcher's Works*, vol. i. p. 33).

192. Lines 267, 268: *drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons*.—"A *flap-dragon* is some small combustible body, fired at one end and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It is an act of a toper's dexterity to toss off the glass in such a manner as to prevent the *flap-dragon* from doing mischief" (Johnson). Poins is supposed to drink off candle-ends for flap-dragons merely to amuse the prince, who likes him for his readiness to make sport in this and other ways. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 152.

193. Line 268: *rides the wild-mare with the boys*.—To *ride the wild mare*, as Douce explains, was only another name for "the childish sport of see-saw."

194. Line 271: *like unto the sign of the leg*.—Alluding to the sign of a bootmaker.

195. Lines 271, 272: *breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories*.—Warburton says we should read *indiscreet*; but the statement is probably sarcastical, and so Douce understands it: "he creates no disturbance by telling discreet stories;" the inference being, as Clarke says, that, in the company frequented by the prince and Poins, indecent stories would be preferred, and decent ones resented as inappropriate.

196. Lines 278, 279: *this nave of a wheel*.—There is an obvious play on *nave* and *knave*, with a hit at Falstaff's rotundity in *wheel*.

197. Lines 286, 287: *Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction*.—Dr. Johnson observes: "This was indeed a prodigy. The astrologers, says Ficinus, remark that Saturn and Venus are never conjoined." It is absurd, however, to say that they cannot be *in conjunction* in the ordinary astronomical sense.

198. Line 288: *the fiery Trigon*.—According to astrological science, the zodiacal signs were divided into four *trigons* or *triplicities*: one consisting of the three *fiery* signs (Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius); the others, respectively, of three airy, three watery, and three earthy signs. When the three superior planets were in the three fiery signs they formed a *fiery trigon*; when in Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces, a *watery* one, &c.

199. Line 289: *lisp*ing to his master's old tables.—"Making love to his master's old mistress." Steevens remarks: "Bardolph was very probably drunk, and might *lisp* a little in his courtship; or he might assume an affected softness of speech, like Chaucer's Friar:

Somwhat he lisped for his wantonnesse,
To make his English swete upon his tonge.

—*Canterbury Tales*, Prologue, lines 266, 267.

Malone explains *lisp*ing as "saying soft things," and compares *Merry Wives*, iii. 3. 70-80: "Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisp^{ing} haythorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time; I cannot: but I love thee." Various emendations of *lisp*ing to have been proposed; as Hamner's *clasp*ing too, Farmer's *lick*ing too, and Collier's *clipping* to; but the old text is as intelligible as any of them. If a change were called for, *kipp*ing (that is, kissing) too, could be plausibly defended.

* 200. Line 308: *art not thou Poins his brother?*—Ritson

explains this as equivalent to *Poins's brother*, which is probably the meaning; but Rolfe thinks that "there is quite as humorous a sarcasm in calling Poins the Prince's brother."

201. Line 321: *Leaning his hand upon Doll*.—This stage-direction was inserted by Rowe, and is favoured by Doll's angry exclamation; though a significant look or gesture on the part of Falstaff would have made the reference to the frail lady equally clear.

202. Lines 324, 325: *if you take not THE HEAT*.—Alluding, as Stevens explains it, to the proverb, "Strike while the iron is hot." He compares Lear, i. 1. 312: "We must do something, and i' the heat."

203. Line 341: *Not to dispraise me*, &c.—That is, do you say there is no abuse in dispraising me, &c. Some editors read *No! to dispraise me*; and others point thus: *Not! to dispraise me*, &c.

204. Line 353: *Answer, thou DEAD ELM*.—*Withered elder* is the Prince's name for Falstaff in line 283 *supra*, where doubtless a pun is intended. It is not clear what the point is in *dead elm*. Schmidt suggests that he is called so "on account of the weak support he had given to Doll." Compare the use of *elm* in Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 176: "Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;" and *Mids. Night's Dream*, note 224.

205. Line 366: *and burns, poor soul*.—That is, with disease. The Q. and Ff. have *and burns poor souls*, which admits of explanation, to be sure, and is retained by Collier and the Cambridge editors. On the whole, however, Hanmer's emendation in the text is to be preferred.

206. Line 373: *contrary to the law*.—As Douce explains, there were several statutes of Elizabeth and James I. forbidding victuallers to furnish flesh during Lent; and, as Stevens says, brothels often shielded themselves under the name of "victualling-houses and taverns."

207. Line 413: *peascod-time*.—The time of year when peas are in pod.

208. Lines 421, 422: *come*. [She comes blubbered.] *Yea, will you come, Doll?*—The Q. has: "Come, shee comes blubberd, yea? wil you come Doll?" The Ff. omit the words. Dyce recognized that a stage-direction had got into the text, an accident of no rare occurrence. Collier follows the Q., assuming that *she comes blubbered* is addressed to Bardolph as an explanation why Doll does not come at once.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

209.—This scene is omitted in some copies of the Q.

210. Line 17: *A WATCH-CASE or a common LARUM-BELL*.—Hanmer says: "This alludes to the watchman set in garrison towns on some eminence, attending upon an alarm-bell, which was to ring out in case of fire or any approaching danger." Holt White makes it refer to an alarm-watch or clock.

211. Line 24: *in the slippery CLOUDS*.—Pope changed *clouds to shrouds*. Stevens says: "A moderate tempest

would hang the waves in the shrouds of a ship; a great one might poetically be said to suspend them on the clouds, which were too slippery to retain them."

212. Line 20: *Then, happy low, lie down!*—The Q. reading is "Then (happy) low lie downe;" that of the Ff. "Then happy Lowe, lye downe." Warburton conjectured "Then happy lowly clown," which was approved by Johnson. Stevens says: "The sense of the old reading appears to be, 'You who are happy in your humble situations, lay down your heads to rest! The head that wears a crown lies too uneasy to expect such a blessing.'"

213. Line 23: *Is it good morrow?*—Is it morning? *good morrow* being used only between midnight and noon.

214. Line 41: *It is but as a body yet distemper'd*.—That is, it is yet but as a distempered or disordered body. For the transposition of *yet* (which is common) compare Henry VIII. ii. 4. 203, 204:

I meant to rectify my conscience, which
I then did feel full sick and yet not well

(i.e. and is not yet well), a passage which at first seems very like a "bull" to a modern ear.

215. Line 50: *The beachy girdle of the OCEAN*.—For the trisyllabic *ocean*, compare Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 8: "Your mind is tossing on the ocean." We have another reference to the encroachments of the sea on the land in Sonnet lxiv. Critics have wondered that Shakespeare should know about such phenomena; but they had become familiar on the east coast of England before his day.

216. Lines 53–56.—The Ff. omit all of these lines after *divers liquors*. Grant White remarks of the lines: "If Shakespeare ever wrote them, I believe that he omitted them because of their weakness; but I more than doubt that he did write this feeble whine, which seems all the feebler because it is made the needless sequent of the manly and majestic aspiration that precedes it. . . . It is a square block of puling commonplace let into a grand and vigorous passage." It may be added that the rhyme in lines 54, 55, is against the authenticity of the passage.

217. Line 66: *You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember*.—"He refers to Richard II. iv. 2; but whether the king's or the author's memory fails him, so it was that Warwick was not present at that conversation" (Johnson).

Stevens pointed out that Shakespeare is mistaken as regards the earl's name. The earldom of Warwick was at this time in the family of Beauchamp, and did not come into that of the Nevilles till many years after. See I. Henry VI. note 8, and note 7 *supra*.

218. Line 72: *I had no such intent*, &c.—Malone remarks: "He means 'I should have had no such intent, but that necessity,' &c.; or Shakespeare has here forgotten his former play, or has chosen to make Henry forget his situation at the time mentioned. He had then actually accepted the crown." In Richard II. iv. 1. 113 he says: "In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne."

219. Line 75: *The time SHALL COME*.—Johnson reads *will come*, as in the next line. Clarke (quoted by Rolfe) remarks: "The present forms a notable instance of that purposed variation in repeated phrases that Shakespeare

occasionally gives with so much naturalness of effect. Here the variation occurs in a repeated sentence uttered by the self-same speaker, and one following immediately upon the other; but in repeating it he varies one word of it, just as persons do in actual life, and just as Shakespeare's people do.'

220. Lines 87, 88:

*And by the necessary form of this
King Richard might create a perfect guess.*

This means "this history of the times deceased," which Warwick has described. Johnson's proposed change of *this to things* was unnecessary.

221. Lines 102, 103:

*I have receiv'd
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.*

The death of Glendower happened, according to Holinshed, in the tenth year of Henry's reign. See I. Henry IV. note 12.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

222. Enter SHALLOW.—Justice Shallow is thought to be a caricature of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, who, according to tradition, had Shakespeare imprisoned when a youth for deer-stealing, and was lampooned by Shakespeare in return. His coat of arms is thus given by French: "*Gules three lucas (or pikes) haurient Argent*," and this is parodied in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 1. 16, where "They may give the dozen white lucas in their coat," is part of Slender's account of the Shallow family.

223. Line 9: *Alas, a black OUTSEL*.—The Q. spells the word *woasel*, as all the early editions do in *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, iii. 1. 128: "The *ousel* cock so black of hue." See note 158 of that play.

224. Lines 23, 24: *a COTSWOLD man*.—The Q. has *Cotsole man*, and F. 1 *Cot-sal-man*, which are simply phonetic spellings (see Richard II. note 168). *Cotswold* was celebrated for athletic games and sports in the times of Shakespeare, and a *Cotswold* man would be likely to be expert in such exercises.

225. Line 24: *four such SWINGE-BUCKLERS*.—The word *swinge-bucklers* is synonymous with *swash-bucklers*, and *swashers* (Henry V. iii. 2. 30). Steevens quotes Nash, who, addressing Gabriel Harvey, in 1598, writes: "*Turpe senex miles*, 'tis time for such an old fool to leave playing the *swash-buckler*."

226. Lines 32, 33: *I saw him break Skogan's head*.—Several pages in the Variorum of 1821 are filled with a discussion, whether Scogan the poet, or Scogan the jester, is here alluded to. It was probably the latter; but we have no means of settling the question beyond a doubt. In *The Fortunate Isles*, Ben Jonson refers to Henry Scogan, the poet, thus:

a fine gentleman, and master of arts
Of Henry the Fourth's times, that made disguises
For the king's sons, and writ in ballad-royal
Daintily well
—Works, vol. viii. p. 74.

John Scogan, the jester, is described by Warton, as "an excellent mimic, and of great pleasantry in conversa-

tion," who "became the favourite buffoon of the court of King Edward IV." A book entitled *Scogin's Jests* was published in 1565, and was probably known to Shakespeare.

227. Lines 51, 52: *a' would have clapp'd i' the clout at twelve score*.—He would have hit the pin in the centre of the target at 240 yards—well called "a fine shoot."

228. Lines 52-54: *and carried you a FOREHAND shaft at fourteen and fourteen and a half*.—Ascham in his *Toxophilus* (book ii.), describes a *forehand shaft* thus: "the bygg-brested shafte is fyttte for hym which shoteth right afore him, or els the brest, being weke, should never wythstande that strong pithyly kinde of shootynge; thus the underhande must have a small breste, to go cleane awaye out of the bowe, the *forehande* must have a bigge breste, to bere the great flyghte of the bowe." Malone remarks: "The utmost distance that the archers of ancient times reached is supposed to have been about three hundred yards. Old Doible therefore certainly drew a good bow" (Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 120).

229. Line 56: *Thereafter as they be*.—According to their quality; the following *good* being emphatic.

230. Lines 72, 73: *a soldier is better ACCOMMODATED than with a wife*.—The word was considered a fashionable affectation in the poet's time; as we learn from Ben Jonson's *Discoveries*, De Stylo Epistolari: "You are not to cast a ring for the perfumed terms of the time, as *accommodation*, complement, spirit, &c., but use them properly in their place, as others" (Works, vol. ix. p. 232). See also *Every Man* in his Humour, iv. 1: "Hostess, *accommodate* us with another bedstaff here quickly. Lend us another bedstaff—the woman does not understand the words of action."

231. Line 92: *you LOOK well*.—This is the reading of the Ff., that of the Q. being *like*. Collier retains the latter, comparing I. Henry IV. iii. 3. 6: "while I am in some *liking*." Compare Love's Labour's Lost, note 184.

232. Line 95: *Master Surecard*.—The Q. has *Soccard*. Malone tells us that "*Surecard* was used as a term for a *boon companion* as lately as the latter end of the last century."

233. Line 122: *I was prick'd well enough before*.—For the quibble compare Sonnet xx. 13:

But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure.

234. Lines 141, 142: *but MUCH of the father's substance!*—The *much* of the Q. must be understood as ironical. The Ff. have *but not of the father's substance*, and the Variorum of 1821 combines the two readings in *not much, &c.*

235. Lines 146, 146: *we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book*.—That is, as Johnson explains, "we have in the muster-book many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men." Barnabe Rich, in his pamphlet, *A Soultiers Wish to Britons Welfare*, 1604, says: "One speciall meane that a shifting captaine hath to deceive his prince, is in his number, to take pay for a whole company, when he hath not halfe."

236. Line 161: *A woman's tailor*.—Like the one who figures in the Taming of the Shrew, iv. 3. The making of

women's gowns by men is being revived in our day, so that the expression is no longer a mere archaism.

237. Lines 177, 178: *the leader of so many thousands*.—Clarke remarks: "In several instances where his contemporary playwrights would have made occasion for coarse expression, Shakespeare has managed to word allusions with comparative decency; as witness Falstaff's hint at the swarming condition of Wart's ragged garments."

238. Lines 200, 201: *Here is two more call'd than your number; you must have but four here, sir*.—"Five only have been called, and the number required is four. The restoration of the sixth man would solve the difficulty that occurs below; for when Mouldy and Bullcalf are set aside Falstaff gets but three recruits" (Malone). For another instance of Shakespeare's carelessness in numbers, see the Merchant of Venice, i. 2, where, after Portia has described six suitors, they are spoken of at the close of the scene as "the four strangers." See Merchant of Venice, note 65.

239. Line 224: *That's fifty-five year ago*.—If Silence is right in his reckoning, and Falstaff was then a page of Mowbray's, the fat knight must now be at least three score and ten.

240. Line 236: *here's four Harry ten shillings*.—Douce points out an anachronism here. "There were no coins of ten shillings value in the reign of Henry IV. Shakespeare's Harry ten shillings were those of Henry VII. or VIII." (p. 283).

241. Lines 260, 261: *I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf*.—Johnson notes that he had four pounds, or forty shillings for each. This is probably not a blunder in computation, like those mentioned in note 238 above. Bardolph meant to keep a part of the plunder for himself.

242. Lines 282, 283: *swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket*.—That is, quicker than the brewer's man in putting the buckets on the gibbet, or yoke by which they were carried from the vat to the barrel.

243. Lines 294, 295: *a little, lean, old, chopt, bald shot*.—It is not necessary to change the old *chopt* (still used in vulgar speech) to *chapt* or *chapped*, as some editors have done. "Shot is used for shooter," as Johnson says. Steevens quotes The Exercise of Arms, 1619: "First of all is in this figure showed to every shot how he shall stand and marche, and carry his caliver."

244. Lines 295, 296: *Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab*.—There is a play upon Wart's name. Compare Much Ado, iii. 3. 106, 107: "Mass, and my elbow itch'd; I thought there would a scab follow."

245. Line 298: *Mill-end Green*.—This was the place for military drill in the poet's day. On the 27th of October, 1599, Stow says, "3000. cittizens, housholders, and subsidie men, shewed on the Miles end, where they trayned all that day, and other dayes vnder their captaynes" (Annals, 1615, p. 788). Barnaby Rich, Souldiers Wish to Britons Welfare, or Captain Skill and Captain Pill, 1604 (quoted by Steevens), speaks slightly of the man "that hath no better experience than what hee hath atteneyd

vnto at the fetching home of a Mayepole, at a Midsomer sighte, or from a trayning at Mile-end-greene."

Lay, in the same line, is equivalent to lodged, or resided. Compare iv. 2. 97 of the present play.

246. Lines 299, 300: *I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show*.—In the story of Tristram de Lyonesse, Sir Dagonet is Arthur's fool, whom King Arthur loved passing well, and had made knight with his own hands (see Morte d'Arthur, book viii.-x.). *Arthur's show* was an exhibition of archery by a society styled by Richard Mulcaster, in his Positions concerning the Training up of Children, 1581 (quoted by Malone), "the fellowship of Prince Arthur's Knights." Prince Arthur's name was borne by Maister Thomas Smith, chief customer to her majesty in the port of London, to whom Richard Robinson dedicated his book entitled "The Auncient Order, Society, and Untie laudable of Prince Arthure and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table," 1583. The members, fifty-eight in number, took the names of the knights in the old romance, and their place of meeting was Mill-end Green. Other shows of archery were held by various bodies of citizens in Holborn Fields, in Smithfield, and elsewhere, as Douce has shown, pp. 283-286.

247. Line 329: *Turnbull Street*.—"Turnbull or Turnmill Street is near Cow-Cross, West Smithfield." Steevens adds several quotations to show the disreputable and disorderly character of the locality in the olden time.

248. Lines 336, 337: *his dimensions to any thick sight were INVINCIBLE*.—Rowe was perhaps right in changing *invincible* to *invisible*; but the former word may be equivalent to "not to be evinced, not to be made out, indeterminate," as Schmidt interprets it.

249. Lines 340, 341: *the overscutch'd housewives*.—According to Ray, an *over-switched* housewife is a strumpet; and *overscutched* is explained by some as *over-scotched* or whipped. This is probably the meaning here, though Johnson defined it as "dirty or grimed." *Huswife* is often equivalent to *hussy* or *harlot*. Compare Othello, ii. 1. 113: "Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds."

250. Lines 342, 343: *his fancies or his good-nights*.—Steevens says: "Fancies and Good-nights were the common titles of little poems. One of Gascoigne's *Good-nights* is published among his *Flowers*." The tunes to such pieces would no doubt have the same names. See Taming of Shrew, note 113.

251. Line 343: *this Vice's dagger*.—An allusion to the wooden dagger of the Vice in the old moral plays. See Richard III. note 305, and I. Henry IV. note 154, on a dagger of lath.

252. Line 345: *as if he had been SWORN BROTHER to him*.—Compare Richard II. v. 1. 20, and see note 283 of that play.

253. Line 347: *BURST his head*.—That is, broke it; but there is no occasion for changing *burst* to *broke*, as some editors have done. Compare Taming of the Shrew, Ind. 1. 7, 8: "the glasses you have *burst*."

254. Lines 348, 349: *I saw it, and told John o' Gaunt he*

beat his own name.—“That is, a fellow so slender that his name might have been *gaunt*” (Johnson).

255. Line 355: a *philosopher's two stones*.—“One of which was an universal medicine, the other a transmuter of base metals into gold” (Warburton); but the expression may be merely a jocular way of referring to the philosopher's stone, with a coarse quibble, like that in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i. 1. 148, 149: “Give her no token but *stones*,” &c. According to Gower, *Confessio Amantis*, book iv.:

These olde philosophres wise
By wey of kinde in sondry wise
Three stones made through clergy.

—Pauli's edition, vol. ii. p. 86.

In the margin they are described as “*lapis vegetabilis, qui sanitatem conservat, lapis animalis, qui membra et virtutes sensibiles fortificat, lapis mineralis, qui omnia metalla purificat*.” Malone explains the present passage thus: “I will make him of *twice* the value of the philosopher's stone.”

256. Lines 355–357: *If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him*.—“That is, if the pike may prey upon the dace, if it be the law of nature that the stronger may seize upon the weaker, Falstaff may, with great propriety, devour Shallow” (Johnson). Vaughan (quoted by Rolfe) remarks: “The piscatorial metaphor of Falstaff seems peculiarly natural to one born on the banks of the Avon, where probably the best kind of angling was trolling for pike with dace or gudgeon for bait.”

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

257.—Holinshed's account of Northumberland's insurrection, part of which has been given in notes 101 and 58 *supra*, continues as follows: “The king, advertised of these matters, meaning to prevent them, left his journey into Wales, and marched with all speed towards the north parts. Also Rafe Neuell, earle of Westmerland, that was not farre off, together with the lord Iohn of Lancaster the kings sonne, being informed of this rebellious attempt, assembled together such power as they might make, and together with those which were appointed to attend on the said lord Iohn to defend the borders against the Scots, as the lord Henrie Fitzhugh, the lord Rafe Beuers, the lord Robert Umfreuill, & others, made forward against the rebels, and coming into a plaine within the Forrest of Galtree, caused their standards to be pitched downe in like sort as the archbishop had pitched his, ouer against them, being farre stronger in number of people than the other, for (as some write) there were of the rebels at the least twentie thousand men.

“When the earle of Westmerland perceived the force of the aduersaries, and that they laie still and attempted not to come forward vpon him, he subtilly deuised how to quail their purpose, and forthwith dispatched messengers vnto the archbishop to vnderstand the cause as it were of that great assemblie, and for what cause (contrarie to the kings peace) they came so in armour. The archbishop answered, that he tooke nothing in hand against the kings peace, but that whatsoever he did,

tended rather to aduance the peace and quiet of the common-wealth, than otherwise; and where he and his companie were in armes, it was for feare of the king, to whom he could haue no free access, by reason of such a multitude of flatterers as were about him; and therefore he maintained that his purpose to be good & profitable, as well for the king himselfe, as for the realme, if men were willing to vnderstand a truth: & herewith he shewed forth a scroll, in which the articles were written wherof before ye haue heard.

“The messengers returning to the earle of Westmerland, shewed him what they had heard & brought from the archbishop. When he had read the articles, he shewed in word and countenance outwardly that he liked of the archbishops holie and vertuous intent and purpose, promising that he and his would prosecute the same in assisting the archbishop, who reioicing hereat gaue credit to the earle, and perswaded the earle marshall (against his will as it were) to go with him to a place appointed for them to commune together” (p. 37).

“Others,” says Holinshed (p. 38), “write somewhat otherwise of this matter, affirming that the earle of Westmerland and in deed, and the lord Rafe Beuers, procured the archbishop & the earle marshall, to come to a communication with them, vpon a ground iust in the midwaie betwixt both the armies, where the earle of Westmerland in talke declared to them how perilous an enterprise they had taken in hand, so to raise the people, and to moue warre against the king, aduising them therefore to submit themselves without further delay vnto the kings mercie, and his sonne the lord Iohn, who was present there in the field with banners spread, redie to trie the matter by dint of sword if they refused this counsell: and therefore he willed them to remember themselves well: & if they would not yeeld and craue the kings pardon, he bad them doo their best to defend themselves.”

It will be seen that Shakespeare has made use of both accounts, though neither has been very closely followed.

258. Line 2: *'Tis Gaultree Forest*.—The great forest of Galtres (or *Gualtree*, as the name is spelt in the Ff.) lay to the north of the city of York, and covered nearly a hundred thousand acres. It was a royal forest until 1670, when it was divided and inclosed. Geoffrey of Monmouth refers to it as the *Calaterrum Nemus*, and makes it the scene of the story of Archigal and Elidure.

259. Line 10: *Here doth he wish his person*.—He wishes that he could have been here in person.

260. Line 24: *Let us SWAY on and face them in the field*.—*Sway* has been suspected by certain critics, Warburton reading, “Let us *way*,” and Collier's MS. Corrector “Let's *away*.” Johnson defends the word as “intended to express the uniform and forcible motion of a compact body.”

261. Line 34. *Led on by BLOODY youth, guarded with RAGS*.—*Bloody*, as Johnson explains, is “sanguine, or full of blood and of those passions which blood is supposed to incite or nourish.”

For *rags* the Q. and Ff. have *rage*, which did not trouble the critics until recently, when Walker suggested *rags*,

a happy emendation accepted by nearly all the more recent editors.

262. Line 45: *Whose WHITE INVESTMENTS figure innocence.*—Formerly, according to Dr. Hody, History of Conventions (quoted by Grey), all bishops wore *white*, even when they travelled; and Tollet adds that the *white investment* was the episcopal *rochet*.

263. Line 50: *Turning your books to GREAVES.*—The Q. and Ff. have *graves*, which has been defended. *Greaves* was the conjecture of Steevens, and is to be preferred to Warburton's *glaires*.

264. Lines 55-79: *And with our surfeiting and wanton hours, &c.*—These lines are not found in the Q.

265. Line 60: *I take not on me here as a physician.*—I do not pretend to be a physician. Compare Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 241, 242:

this pernicious ~~have~~,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer.

266. Line 71: *And are enforc'd from our most quiet SPHERE.*—The Ff. have *there*, which was corrected by Warburton. Staunton retains *there*, making *quiet* a substantive, and taking *there* as referring to the *stream of life*.

267. Line 93. *And consecrate commotion's bitter edge.*—Neither this line nor 95 is to be found in the Ff., and they are omitted in some copies of the Q. Other lines may have been lost here, and those that remain may have become disarranged.

268. Lines 94-96:

*My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.*

The obscurity of this passage may be due to the possible loss or corruption just mentioned. Various attempts have been made to explain it as it stands, of which Clarke's (adopted by Rolfe) is perhaps as plausible as any: "The grievances of my brother general, the commonwealth, and the home cruelty to my born brother, cause me to make this quarrel my own." Concerning the archbishop's brother, compare I. Henry IV. i. 3. 270, 271:

who bears hard

His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop;

and see note 40 on that play. As Clarke remarks, the use of the word *redress* in the first line of Westmoreland's reply favours the supposition that something has been lost in the present speech. It implies that *redress* had been one of the words used by the archbishop.

269. Lines 103-139: *O, my good Lord Mowbray, &c.*—This passage is not found in Q.

270. Lines 107-110:

*Yet for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on.*

"Whether the faults of government be imputed to the time or the king, it appears not that you have, for your part, been injured either by the king or the time" (Johnson).

271. Line 117: *And THEN THAT Henry Bolingbroke.*—Possibly we should read *when* that with Rowe, or *then when* with Pope and others. It may, however, be merely an example of Shakespeare's loose constructions.

For the events to which Mowbray refers, see Richard II. i. 3.

272. Line 127: *Then threw he down himself and all their lives.*—Compare Julius Caesar, iii. 2. 195:

Theft I, and you, and all of us fell down.

273. Line 131: *The EARL of Hereford.*—As Malone notes, he was *Duke* of Hereford. See Richard II. note 4.

274. Line 139: *And bless'd and grac'd INDEED, more than the king.*—For indeed the Ff. have *and did*. The correction was suggested by Thirby. The Cambridge editors conjecture *and eyed*.

275. Line 161: *A rotten case abides no HANDLING.*—"R. and liquids, in dissyllables, are frequently pronounced as though an extra vowel were introduced between them and the preceding consonant" (Abbott). Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 282:

O me!—you juggler! you canker-blossom!

and Coriolanus, i. 1. 159:

You, the great toe of this assembly.

276. Line 173: *Acquitted by a true substantial form.*—"That is," as Johnson observes, "by a pardon of due form and legal validity."

277. Line 175: *To us and to our PURPOSES CONFIN'D.*—"What they demand is, a speedy execution of their wills, so far as they relate to themselves, and to the grievances which they proposed to redress" (Mason). Johnson conjectured *consign'd*, making it equivalent to "declared;" Malone following him, but interpreting it as "sealed, ratified, confirmed." Warburton read *properties confin'd*, and Hanmer *properties confirm'd*. Sundry other changes have been proposed, but are hardly worth enumerating.

278. Line 176: *We come within our AWFUL banks again.*—That is, "within the proper limits of reverence," as Johnson paraphrases it. Warburton changed *awful* to *lawful*; but compare Richard II. iii. 3. 76:

To pay their *awful* duty to our presence.

279. Line 187: *As our conditions shall CONSIST upon.*—Probably meaning *stand* or *rest* upon, as Malone explained it. Rowe substituted *insist*, which has the sense of *consist* in Pericles, i. 4. 83:

Welcome is peace, if he on peace *consist*.

280. Line 211: *That hath enrag'd HIM ON to offer strokes.*—Collier's MS. Corrector changes *him* on to *her* man, which Rolfe calls "an emendation more Hibernian than Shakespearian." Rolfe also quotes Clarke: "It is precisely in Shakespeare's condensedly expressive style to use *him* in this figurative sentence so as to give the double effect of the husband who is implied in the word *wife*, and the king who was mentioned at the beginning of the speech."

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

281.—Of the two accounts which Holinshed gives of the parley with the rebel leaders, the former concludes thus:

"When they were met with like number on either part, the articles were read ouer, and without anie more adoo, the earle of Westmerland and those that were with him, agreed to doo their best, to see that a reformation might be had, according to the same.

"The earle of Westmerland vsing more policie then the rest: 'Well (said he) then our travell is come to the wished end: and where our people haue bene long in armour, let them depart home to their wonted trades and occupations: in the meane time let vs drinke together in signe of agreement, that the people on both sides maie see it, and know that it is true, that we be light at a point.' They had no sooner shaken hands together, but that a knight was sent streight waies from the archbishop, to bring word to the people that there was peace concluded, commanding ech man to laie aside his armes, and to resort home to their houses. The people beholding such tokens of peace, as shaking of hands and drinking together of the lords in louing manner, they being already wearied with the vnaccustomed travell of warre, brake vp their field and returned homewards: but in the meane time, whilst the people of the archbishops side withdrew awaie, the number of the contrarie part increased, according to order giuen by the earle of Westmerland; and yet the archbishop perceined not that he was deceived, vntill the earle of Westmerland arrested both him and the earle marshall with diuerse other. Thus saith Walsingham" (pp. 37, 38).

The second account given by Holinshed merely says: "as well the archbishop as the earle marshall submitted themselves vnto the king, and to his sonne the lord Iohn that was there present, and returned not to their armie. Wherevpon their troops scaled and fled their waies: but being pursued, manie were taken, manie taken, and manie spoiled of that they had about them, & so permitted to go their waies" (p. 39).

282. Line 27: *Under the counterfeited ZEAL of God.*—Capell conjectured *zeal for zeal*; but *zeal of God* is simply *zeal* in behalf of God, or religious zeal.

283. Line 81: *Against ill chances men are ever merry.*—"Thus the poet describes Romeo as feeling an *unaccustomed* degree of cheerfulness just before he hears the news of the death of Juliet" (Steevens).

284. Lines 93-95:

*And, good my lord, so please you, let OUR trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.*

Capell changed *our* to *your*. Clarke defends the old reading thus: "It is just one of those fair-sounding proposals that this perfidious son of tricking Bolingbroke makes; he proposes to let the forces on each side march by, that each party may see those that were to have contended with them, well knowing that no such thing will take place, having evidently had an understanding with Westmoreland as to what was to be really done."

295. Line 121: *God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.*—Johnson remarks: "It cannot but raise some indignation, to find this horrid violation of faith passed over thus slightly by the poet, without any note of cen-

sure or detestation." Verplanck adds: "In this indignation most commentators have joined. I do not see why. Chief-justice Marshall is said to have observed to a prolix counsel, who had entered upon a demonstration of some familiar elementary doctrine, that 'he ought to presume that the court knew *something*.' Shakespeare always presumes his readers to have the first principles of morals and human feelings in their hearts, and does not enter into declamatory demonstration to show the baseness or guilt of the deeds he represents in his scenes. Here he portrays the political craft of Bolingbroke and his cold-blooded son, whom he has, thought fit, for his dramatic purpose, with little warrant from history, to place in contrast with his nobler brother. He took it for granted that, when Mowbray asks, 'Is this proceeding just and honourable?' his audience would find an unhesitating and unanimous negative and indignant reply in their own hearts, without hearing a sermon upon it from the deceived archbishop, or a lecture from some by-stander."

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

286. Line 8: *and the dungeon your PLACE.*—Collier changes *place* to *dale*. Tyrwhitt wished to change *place*, in the next line, to *dale*; but Johnson remarks: "The sense of *dale* is included in *deep*: a *dale* is a deep place; a *dungeon* is a *deep* place; he that is in a *dungeon* may therefore be said to be in a *dale*." Vaughan says: "In Falstaff's reasoning, the major premiss—that is, 'all places deep enough are dales'—is understood without being expressed; the minor premiss, 'a *dungeon* is a place deep enough,' is expressed. From the two combined follows logically and strictly the conclusion, 'You, being in a *dungeon* and of a *dungeon*, are in a *dale* and of a *dale*!'"

287. Lines 24, 25: *my WOMB, my womb, my womb undoes me.*—As Rolfe remarks, *womb* is used jocosely by Falstaff; but in Old English it is equivalent to *belly*. Compare Wiel's Bible, Luke xv. 16: "he couetide to fille his *wombe* of the coddis that the hoggis eeten." So, in Scotch, *wame* is used in the same sense.

288. Line 45: *the hook-nosed fellow of Rome.*—That is, Julius Caesar. The Q. adds the words *there cosin* after *Rome*. They are the first words on the page, and the catch-word on the foregoing page is *their*. Johnson supposed the words to be a corruption of *there, Caesar*. Capell proposed *your cousin*, and Collier's MS. Corrector *my cousin*.

289. Lines 79, 80:

*Send Coleville with his confederates
To York, to present execution.*

Holinshed says (p. 38): "the archbishop and the earle marshall were brought to Pomfret to the king who in this meane while was aduanced thither with his power, and from thence he went to Yorke, whither the prisoners were also brought, and there beheaded the morrow after Whitsundae in a place without the citie, that is to vnderstand, the archbishop himselfe, the earle marshall, sir Iohn Lampleie, and sir Robert Plumpton." After punishing the citizens of York, the king marched northwards against Northumberland. "At his coming to Durham, the lord

Hastings, the lord Fauconbridge, sir John Colleuille of the Dale, and sir John Griffith, being convicted of the conspiracy, were there beheaded." This account, which is based on that of Hall, agrees closely with that given by Hardyng (Chronicles, chap. 205, p. 363). Hume, therefore (Hist. of England, chap. xviii., quoted by French), probably erred in supposing that Hastings and the others taken at Durham were pardoned.

Shakespeare has departed from history in representing the king as absent ill. See note 29 *supra*.

290. Line 89: *Stand my good lord*.—That is, be my good patron and benefactor. *Be my good lord*, according to Percy, "was the old court phrase used by a person who asked a favour of a man of high rank."

291. Line 104: *sherries-sack*.—White wine of Xeres. (See I. Henry IV. note 41.) Verplanck (quoted by Rolfe) suggests that Shakespeare got the hint of this eulogy on wine from Ben Jonson. He adds: "It seems, from lately discovered manuscripts of old Ben's, that he had precisely this opinion of excellent 'sherries,' in making the brain 'apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes,' &c. In an unpublished sort of diary of Ben Jonson's, preserved at Dulwich College, quoted by Hughson (History of London), he says:

"*Mem.* I laid the plot of my *Volpone*, and wrote most of it, after a present of ten doz. of *Palm sack*, from my very good lord T—; that play, I am positive, will last to posterity, when I and Envy are friends with applause."

"Afterwards he speaks of his Catiline in a similar way, but adds that he thinks one of its scenes flat; and thereupon resolves to drink no more water with his wine. The Alchemist and Silent Woman he describes as the product of much and good wine; but he adds that his comedy The Devil is an Ass 'was written when I and my boys drank bad wine.'"

292. Line 107: *forgetive*.—The word is derived from *forge*, but is apparently Shakespeare's own, as no other example of it has been found.

293. Lines 124, 125: *a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil*.—Mines of gold, &c., were supposed to be guarded by evil spirits. Compare Fenton's *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, 1569: "There appeare at this day many strange visions and wicked sprites in the metal mines of the Great Turke;" and again: "In the mine at Anneburg was a mettall sprite which killed twelve workmen; the same causing the rest to forsake the myne, albeit it was very riche."

294. Lines 125, 126: *till sack commences it and sets it in act and use*.—Tyrwhitt may be right in seeing an allusion here "to the Cambridge Commencement and the Oxford Act; for by those different names the two universities have long distinguished the season at which each gives to her respective students a complete authority to use those *hoards of learning* which have entitled them to their several degrees" (Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 173).

295. Line 133: *the first HUMANE principle*.—The Ff. omit *humane*, which Johnson changed to *human*. The only form of the word in the early editions is *humane*, with the accent on the first syllable.

296. Lines 140, 141: *I have him already between my finger and my thumb*.—An allusion, as Warburton notes, to the old use of soft wax for sealing. Compare Middleton, *Any Thing for a Quiet Life*, iv. 1: "You must temper him like wax, or he'll not seal" (Works, vol. iv. p. 474).

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

297. Lines 5, 8–10:

*Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Only, we want a little personal strength,
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.*

In this scene we have reached the last days of Henry IV.'s life. The crusade alluded to in the opening of the king's speech was determined upon in 1412–13, the "fourteenth and last year of King Henries reign." See I. Henry IV. note 19. Concerning the king's illness, to which line 8 refers, see note 73 *supra*. Lines 9 and 10 relate to the risings of 1405 and 1403. News of the rebels' earlier defeat is brought in lines 84–90, and Northumberland's final overthrow is announced in lines 97–101. Shakespeare has pretty fairly observed the chronological order of the various events, but the intervals of time, by which they were separated, he has completely disregarded.

298. Line 32: *Open as day for MELTING charity*.—This is the reading of the Ff. The Q. misprints *meeting*.

299. Line 33: *being incens'd, he's FLINT*.—That is, if provoked, his hasty and transient anger is like sparks from a flint. Compare Julius Caesar, iv. 3. 111:

That carries anger as the flint bears fire.

300. Line 35: *As FLAWS congealed in the spring of day*.—

"Alluding to the opinion of some philosophers that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold (which is most intense towards the morning), and being afterwards rarefied and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called *flaws*" (Warburton). Edwards, according to Malone, says that "*flaws* are small blades of ice which are struck on the edges of the water in winter mornings" (Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 177). Rolfe suggests that this may be the meaning here.

301. Lines 45–48:

*Mingled with venom of suggestion—
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—
... though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.*

Malone explains the first three lines thus: "Though their blood be inflamed by the temptations to which youth is peculiarly subject." Vaughan is perhaps nearer right in his interpretation: "Even although that blood shall be mingled with the venomous infusion of all such provocatives of discord as the persons and circumstances of the age in which we live are certain to pour into it despite of every precaution, and although, further, that infusion work like aconite or gunpowder."

302. Lines 79, 80:

*'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.*

"As the bee, having once placed her comb in a carcass, slays by her honey, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad company will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him" (Johnson).

303. Lines 97-99:

*The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.*

Northumberland had withdrawn towards the Border directly the news reached him of his confederates' ill fortune, and, when Henry advanced against him, he fell back with Bardolph upon his Scottish allies. Henry did not pursue them beyond Berwick, which he forced to surrender. The two took refuge next in Wales. They are said to have sought aid in France and in Flanders. In 1408, Holinshed writes: "whilst the king held a council of the nobility at London, the said earle of Northumberland and lord Bardolf, in a dismall houre, with a great power of Scots returned into England, recouering diuerse of the earles castels and seignories, for the people in great numbers resorted vnto them . . . at their coming to Threske, they published a proclamation. . . . The king advertised hereof, caused a great armie to be assembled, and came forward with the same toward his enemies: but yer the king came to Nottingham, sir Thomas, or (as other copies haue) Rafe Rokesbie shiriffe of Yorkshire, assembled the forces of the cuntry to resist the earle and his power . . . but they returning aside, got to Weatherbie, and so to Tadcaster, and finally came forward vnto Bramham more. . . . There was a sore encounter and cruell conflict between the parties, but in the end the victorie fell to the shiriffe. The lord Bardolf was taken, sore wounded, so that he shortly after died of the hurts. As for the earle of Northumberland, he was slaine outright. . . . This battell was fought the nineteenth day of Februarie" (pp. 44, 45).

304. Lines 119, 120:

*Hath wrought the MURE, that should confine it in,
So thin that life looks through, and will break out.*

The word *mure* is not found elsewhere in Shakespeare, but Steevens cites several examples of it from writers of the time. Rolfe notes that Spenser uses it as a verb (meaning to shut up) in the *Faerie Queene*, vi. 12. 34:

he tooke a muzzell strong
Of surest yron, made with many a lincke:
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
And therein shut up his blasphemous tong.

The same thought occurs in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, book ii. stanza 116, referring, as here, to the sickness of Henry IV.:

And paine and grieffe, inforcing more and more,
Besieged the Hold, that could not long defend;
And so consumed al that emboldning store
Of hot gaine-striving blood that did contend,
Wearing the wall so thin, that now the mind
Might well looke thorow, and his frailty finde.

The first four books of the *Civil Wars* were printed in 1595 and 1599, and Shakespeare had probably read them. In the later editions the passage is stanza 84 of book iv. (see Grosart's edition, vol. ii. pp. 166, 167).

305. Line 122: *Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of*

nature.—Creatures born without parents, and monstrosities. Staunton says that the *unfather'd heirs* were certain prophets, who pretended to have been conceived by miracle, like Merlin. Compare Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iii. 3. 13:

And, sooth, men say that he [*i.e.* Merlin] was not the sonne
Of mortall Syre or other living wight,
But wondrously begotten, and begonne
By false illusion of a guilefull Spright
On a faire Lady Nonne, that whilome hight
Manida, daughter to Pubidius,
Who was the lord of Mathtraval her right,
And coosen unto King Ambrosius;
Whence he indued was with skill so merueillous.

—Works, vol. ii. p. 162.

And Montaigne, An Apology of Raymond Sebond: "In Mahomets religion, by the easie beleefe of that people are many *Merlins* found; That is to say, *fatherless children*; Spiritual children, conceived and borne divinely in the wombs of virgins" (Essays . . . done into English by . . . John Florio, 1608, book ii. chap. 12, Reprint, 1886, p. 270).

306. Line 125: *The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb betwene*.—On the 12th of October, 1411, there were, says Hollinshed, on the authority of Fabian, "three floods in the Thames, the one following vpon the other, & no ebbing betwene" (p. 55). According to the continuator of the *Eulogium Historiarum*, the river flowed and ebbed thrice in the day (edn. Haydon, Rolls Series, vol. iii. p. 418). The occurrence of this phenomenon in the year of Edward III.'s death seems to be invented by Shakespeare.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

307.—Rolfe remarks: "There is no new scene here in the early editions, and the modern ones generally follow Capell in directing that the king be 'conveyed into an inner part of the room and laid upon a bed.' Dyce has the following stage-direction: '*They place the King on a bed; a change of scene being supposed here.*' In a note he says: 'The audience of Shakespeare's time were to suppose that a change of scene took place as soon as the King was laid on the bed.' The Cambridge editors, who begin a new scene here, remark: 'Capell's stage-direction is not satisfactory, for it implies a change of scene, though none is indicated in the text. The king's couch would not be placed in a recess at the back of the stage, because he has to make speeches from it of considerable length. He must therefore be lying in front of the stage, where he could be seen and heard by the audience.' To our mind it is perfectly clear that the king is now carried to another room. At the close of the scene (see 233 below) he asks what was the name of the chamber in which he 'first did swoon' (see iv. 4. 110 above), and, being told that it is the Jerusalem Chamber, he asks to be borne to it; but if there is no change of scene here, he is already in the Jerusalem Chamber. No commentator, so far as we are aware, refers to this. Collier, who does not make a change of scene, but simply directs that the king be placed upon a bed 'in an inner part of the room,' says: 'Of course, Henry remains in the same apartment until after the interview with his son, and then he retires to the Jerusalem Chamber.'

saalem Chamber; and yet he has referred to the swooning of the king in a note on in iv. 4. 111 above, where he inserts from his MS. Corrector the stage-direction '*Falls back.*' The Jerusalem Chamber is not a bed-room. The king is holding a council there when he swoons; and when he asks to be taken to 'some other chamber' (that is, to a bed-room), he is of course obeyed, and the scene shifts to that chamber, where he remains until he asks to be borne back to the Jerusalem Chamber, on account of the prophecy concerning his death."

That a change of scene was here intended is further shown by the following account, which Holinshed takes from Fabian, and which Shakespeare followed: "While he was making his prayers at saint Edwards shrine, there as it were to take his leaue, and so to proceed forth on his iourne: he was so suddenlie and grieuouslie taken, that such as were about him, feared lest he would haue died presentlie, wherefore to releue him (if it were possible) they bare him into a chamber that was next at hand, belonging to the abbat of Westminster, where they laid him on a pallet before the fire, and vsed all remedies to reuiue him" (p. 53).

"During this his last sicknesse," says Holinshed, copying Hall, "he caused his crowne (as some write) to be set on a pillow at his beds head, and suddenlie his pangs so sore troubled him, that he laie as though all his vitall spirits had bene from him departed. . . . The prince his son being hereof aduertised, entered into the chamber, tooke awaie the crowne, and departed. The father being suddenlie reuiued out of that trance, quicklie perceiued the lacke of his crowne; and hauing knowl'dge that the prince his sonne had taken it awaie, caused him to come before his presence, requiring of him what he meant so to misuse himselfe. The prince with a good audacitie answered; 'Sir, to mine and all mens iudgements you seemed dead in this world, wherefore I as your next heire apparant tooke that as mine owne, and not as yours.' 'Well faire sonne (said the king with a great sigh) what right I had to it, God knoweth.' 'Well (said the prince) if you die king, I will haue the garland, and trust to keepe it with the sword against all mine enimies as you haue doone.' Then said the king, 'I commit all to God, and remember you to doo well'" (p. 57).

308. Line 2: *some DULL and favourable hand.*—Pope changed *dull* to *slow*, and Warburton substituted *doleing* for *dull* and; but *dull*, as Malone notes, means "producing dullness or heaviness, and consequently sleep."

309. Lines 9, 10, 14, 15:

*How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?*

If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physic.

The Q. prints lines 9, 10 as verse, and 14, 15 as prose. On the other hand F. 1 prints the former as prose and the latter as verse, thus:

*If hee be sicke with Ioy,
He'll recouer without Physicke.*

Grant White arranges lines 14, 15 as follows:

*If he be sick with Ioy, he will recover
Without physic.*

310. Line 36: *this golden RIGOL.*—The word is found

only here and in Lucrece, 1745: "a watery *rigol*." According to Nares it is from the Italian *rigolo*, a small wheel. Grant White changes it to *ringol*, a word which is used by Nash in his *Lenten Stuffe* (quoted by Malone): "the *ringoll* or ringed circle was compast and cha[ll]kt out."

311. Lines 60-65:

*The prince hath ta'en it hence; go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?—
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither.
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!*

The arrangement of the lines is due to Capell. The Q. has five lines, ending with *out, death, hither, disease, and are*; the Ff. have seven lines, ending with *hence, out, suppose, Warwick, conjoins, me, and are*. Lines 69, 70 are arranged as by Pope. In both Q. and Ff. line 69 ends with *thoughts*, which Rowe changed to *thought*.

312. Line 72: *STRANGE-ACHIEVED gold.*—Gained in foreign lands. Schmidt explains it as "gained and yet not enjoyed."

313. Lines 75-80:

*When, like the bee, CULLING from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.*

Line 76 is omitted in Q., which reads *toling* for *culling*. The arrangement of the lines is that of Q. and Capell. Ff. have six lines ending with *flower, wax, hive, pains, engrossments, father*. In line 77 Capell reads *packing*, *our thighs, &c.* Hammer has *Our thighs all pack'd*. Dyce suggests *Our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey pack'd*. It is easy enough to rectify the irregular measure in these ways: but this portion of the scene is either corrupt, or was carelessly finished by Shakespeare.

314. Line 80: *Yield his ENGROSSMENTS.*—It is pretty certain that *engrossments* is the subject, and not, as Singer assumes, the object, though the early editions all have *Yields* or *Yields*. With Singer's interpretation *his* is equivalent to *its*.

315. Lines 105, 106:

*Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.*

The prince's estrangement from his father, as well as the wildness of his conduct alluded to in this and the preceding scene, have been already noticed in I. Henry IV. iii. 2. In that place history is anticipated by several years. See note 3 *supra*, and *infra* 327.

316. Line 108: *Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart.*—Compare Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 123, 124:

*Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen.*

317. Line 115: *Be drops of BALM to sanctify thy head.*—The *balm* is the oil used in the coronation rite. Cf. Henry V. iv. 1. 277: "T is not the *balm*, the sceptre and the ball."

318. Line 129: *England shall double gild his treble guilt.*—Pope deleted this line, which Warburton declares to be "evidently the nonsense of some foolish player;" but there are too many such quibbles in Shakespeare, due to the fashion of the time. We find this very pun in Henry V. ii. Chor. 26: "the *guilt* of France,—O *guilt* indeed!" Malone cites a parallel from Nicholson's Acolastus, 1600:

O sacred thirst of golde, what canst thou not?
Some terms thee *gylt*, that every soule might reade,
Even in thy name, thy *guilt* is great indeede.

319. Line 163: *Preserving life in medicine potable.*—The *aurum potable*, or potable gold, of alchemy. Johnson observes: "There has long prevailed an opinion that a solution of gold has great medicinal virtues, and that the incorruptibility of gold might be communicated to the body impregnated with it."

320. Line 200: *for what in me was PURCHAS'D.*—*Purchas'd*, Malone says, is here used in its legal sense, denoting something *acquired by a man's own act* (*perquisitum*) as opposed to an acquisition by descent. Some explain it as "purloined," a sense akin to that which the noun has in I. Henry IV. ii. 1. 100, 101: "thou shalt have a share in our *purchase*." See note 107 on that play.

321. Line 205: *And all MY friends, which thou must make thy friends.*—For my the Q. and Ff. have *thy*; corrected by Tyrwhitt. Dyce reads *my foes*. Clarke defends the original text thus: "By the first *thy friends* the king means those who are friendly inclined to the prince, and who, he goes on to say, must be made securely friends."

322. Lines 237, 238:

*It hath been prophes'd to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem.*

Steevens cites, from the Chronicle of Scotland by Andrew of Wyntown, the same equivocal prediction concerning Pope Sylvester II. (died 1003), who, having sold himself to the devil, is told that he shall live to enjoy his honours until he sees Jerusalem. Soon afterwards his duties call him into a church which he had never visited before; and on his inquiring what the church is called, he is told that it is "Jerusalem in Vy Laterane." Thereupon the prophecy is completed by his death. Boswell adds that the same story of Pope Sylvester is told in Lodge's Devil Conjured, where, however, his Holiness manages to outwit the devil.

"The Jerusalem Chamber, which adjoins the south-west tower of Westminster Abbey, was built by Abbot Littleington between 1376 and 1386 as a guest-chamber, and probably derived its name from the tapestries of the history of Jerusalem with which it was afterwards hung. Later it was used as a council-chamber, as it now is for the meetings of Convocation. The Westminster Assembly met here in 1643, having found the Chapel of Henry VII. too cold. The existing decorations of the room are of the time of James I., but the stained glass is older" (Rolle).

Holinshed records Fabian's story that when the king recovered out of his swoon (see note 307 *supra*) "understanding and perceiuing himselfe in a strange place which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had anie

particular name, wherevnto answer was made, that it was called Ierusalem. Then said the king; 'Lauds be giuen to the father of heauen, for now I know that I shall die heere in this chamber, according to the prophesie of me declared, that I should depart this life in Ierusalem'" (p. 58).

ACT V. SCENE 1.

323. Line 1: *By cock and pie.*—In this petty oath of Shakespeare's time *cock* is probably a corruption of *God*, as in *Cock's passion*, *Cock's body*, *Cock's wounds*, and similar oaths found in plays of that day. The *pie* may refer to the Roman Catholic Ordinal or service-book, which was sometimes so called. Properly the name *pie*, or *pica*, is applied to a table or index in the office-book showing how to find out the service to be read upon each day. The preface to the English Prayer-Book refers to "the number and hardness of the rules called the *Pie*, and the manifold changings of the service." On the other hand, *The Cock and Pie* (with pictures of the cock and the magpie) was a common sign for taverns and ale-houses. Boswell quotes A Catechisme, by George Giffard, 1583, which shows that *cock and pie* was supposed to refer only to the birds or to the tavern-sign: "Men suppose that they do not offende when they do not swear falsly; and because they will not take the name of God to abuse it, they sware by *small things*, as by *cocke and pye*, by the *mouse foote*, and many other suche like." Douce considers that the oath had its origin in the grand feasts of the days of chivalry, when a roasted *peacock* was presented to each knight, who then made the particular vow he had chosen. When this custom had fallen into disuse, the peacock still continued to be a favourite dish at the feast, and was served up in a *pie*. "The recollection of the old peacock vows might occasion the less serious, or even burlesque, imitation of swearing not only by the bird itself, but also by the *pie*." Rolfe adds: "Even if the oath referred at first to God and the service-book, this was doubtless forgotten in Shakespeare's time (like the connection of *marry*! with the Virgin Mary), and the *cock* and the *pie* came to be associated in the popular mind with the birds. Not a few such 'illusive etymologies' have found pictorial illustration in the old tavern-signs."

324. Lines 14-17:

shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With RED WHEAT, Davy.

Vaughan says: "This accords with an old practice of sowing a later wheat on the headland than in the rest of the field, because the headland, being used for turning the plough, naturally came into condition for sowing later than the rest of the field. It is still common in some parts to see *red wheat*—that is, a spring wheat—on the headland, together with white wheat—that is, winter wheat—in the field."

325. Line 42: *William Visor of Wonecot.*—Edwards (Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 233) thought *Wonecot* might be Woodmancote, in Berkeley hundred, Gloucestershire. Tollet, Steevens says, believed it to be "Wolphmancote, vulgarly Ovencote," in Warwickshire. *Wonecot* is probably "not *Wilmeote*, a village near Stratford-on-Avon, referred

to as *Wincot* in *Taming of the Shrew*, Ind. 2. 23: "the fat ale-wife of *Wincot*." (See note 13 of that play.)

326. Lines 89, 90: *which is four terms, or two actions*.—Johnson remarks: "There is something humorous in making a spendthrift compute time by the operation of an action for debt."

ACT V. SCENE 2.

327.—The much-disputed incident of Prince Henry's committal by Gascoigne has been already referred to, *vide supra*, i. 2. 63-64. It occurs in *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, scene 4, where Cutbert Cutter is the name of the robber on whose behalf the prince intervenes. Stow, *Annales* (edn. 1592, p. 545), takes from Sir Thomas Elyot's *Gouernor* a long relation of the story. The prince, he says, came to the bar of the King's Bench, where one of his servants had been arraigned for felony, ordered him to be set at liberty, and, on being answered by the Chief-justice that this was illegal, endeavoured himself to take away his servant. The judge "commanded the prince upon his allegiance to leave the prisoner, and to depart his way: with which commandment, the prince being set all in a fury, all chafed, & in a terrible maner came vp to the place of iudgement, men thinking that he would haue slain the Iudge." Holinshed, who makes only a brief mention of the story, says the prince "had with his fist striken the chiefe iustice" (p. 61). In the old play there is the stage-direction, "He giueth him a boxe on the eare." "The Iudge," Stow continues, "with an assured bold countenance, had to the prince these words following: 'Sir, remember your selfe, I keepe here the place of the king your soueraine lord and father, to whom you owe double obeisance, wherefore eftsoones in his name I charge you desist off your wilfulness and vnlawful enterprise, and from hencefoorth giue good example to those which hereafter shall be your proper subjects: and now for your contempt and disobedience, go you to the prison of the kings bench, whereunto I commit you, and remain you there prisoner vntill the pleasure of the king your father be further known.'" The prince obeyed. The king, Stow continues, being informed of the matter, "abraid¹ with a lowde voice: 'O mercifull God! how much am I bound to thy infinit goodnes, especially for that thou hast giuen me a Iudge, who feareth not to minister iustice, and also a sonne, who can suffer semblably and obey iustice.'"

Shakespeare, in representing Gascoigne to have been continued in his office by Henry V., followed *The Famous Victories*. In scene 9 of that play occurs the following passage:

Hen. 5. O my Lord, you remember you sent me to the Fleet, did you not?

Iust. I trust your grace haue forgottⁿ that.

Hen. 5. I truly my Lord, and for reuengement, I haue chosen you to be my Protector ouer my Realme, Until it shall please God to giue me speedie returne Out of France.

Iust. And if I please your Maiestie, I am far vnworthie Of so high a dignitie.

¹ Exclaimed.

Hen. 5. Tut my Lord, you are not vnworthie, Because I thinke you worthe: For you that would not spare me, I thinke wil not spare another.

—Shakspeare Quarto Facsimiles, no. 39, p. 31.

328. Line 33: *A ragged and FORESTALL'D REMISSION*.—Perhaps a *forestall'd remission* means "a pardon the terms of which have been settled before my defence has been heard." Monck Mason explains it "a remission that it is predetermined shall not be granted, or will be rendered nugatory." Malone thinks that *forestalled* means only "asked before it is granted," "obtained by previous supplication."

329. Line 48: *Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds*.—Amurath or Mourad the Third, sixth sultan of the Turks, succeeded his father Selim II. in 1574. Immediately upon his accession he caused his brothers to be strangled. He died in 1596, leaving several sons. Mahomet the eldest, who was favoured by the Janizaries and great Bassas, on his arrival at Constantinople, invited his brothers to a feast, where he had them all strangled before announcing his father's death, so as to prevent any inconvenient disputes concerning the succession. Previous sultans are recorded as having done the same on their accession.

330. Lines 123-125:

*My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie nyl affections,
And with his spirit sadly I survive.*

"My wild dispositions having ceased on my father's death, and being now as it were buried in his tomb, he and wildness are interred in the same grave" (Malone). Compare Henry V. i. 1. 25-27:

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too.

"After his fathers decease," says Stow, "was neuer no youth or wildenes that might haue place in him, but all his acts were sodenly changed 'nto grauitie and discrecion" (*Annales*, 1592, p. 549).

331. Line 132: *the state of floods*.—The majesty of the ocean. Hamner stupidly transposed the expression into *the floods of state*.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

332. Line 3: *a dish of caraways*.—It is probable, on the whole, that Warburton was right in explaining this as "a comfit or confection," in which caraway seeds were a prominent ingredient. Goldsmith, on the other hand, thought that "a dish of apples of that name" was meant. Malone quotes Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591 (p. 63), where, after a dinner, a servant is ordered to bring in "apples, pears, . . . biskets, and *carowayes*, with those other comfects;" compare also the Booke of Carving: "Serve after meat, peres, nuts, strawberies, hurtleberies and hard cheese: also blaüdreis or pipins, with *caraway* in comfects." Steevens cites Cogan's *Haven of Health*, 1595: "Howbe^t we are wont to eate *carawayes* or biskets, or some other kind of comfits or seedes together with apples, thereby to breake winde ingendred by them: and surely it is a very good way for students." Compare Parkinson (quoted by

Ellacombe, *Plant Lore* of Shakespeare, p. 37): "The seed [of caraway] is also made into comfits and put into Trauges or (as we call them in English) Dredges, that are taken for cold or wind in the body, as also are served to the table with fruit."

333. Line 12: *your serving-man and your HUSBAND*.—Rowe, followed by some other editors, changed *husband* to *husbandman*; but the former was used for the latter. Rolfe quotes Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iv. c. 29:

"Like as a withered tree, through *husbands* toyle,
Is often scene full freshly to have florish'd,
And fruitfull apples to have borne awhile,
As fresh as when it first was planted in the soyle;

—Works, vol. iii. p. 11.

and Mother Hubberds Tale, 266: "For *husbands* life is labourous and hard."

334. Line 30: *Proface*!—For this expression of good wishes compare John Heywood, *Dialogue* conteyning the effectuall Prouerbes in the English Tongue, part ii. chap. 7:

I came to be mery, wherewith merily

Proface! Haue among you blynde harpers (saide I).

—Works, 1566, I.

The word came into English from abroad. The old French *proface* is explained by Roquefort, *Glossaire de la Langue Romaine*: "Souhait qui veut dire, bien vous fasse; *proficiat*." A similar form is found in Italian. Thus Florio, *Second Frutes*, 1591, chap. iv., gives: "Mangiamo, beuiamo, & il tutto da Dio riconoscimo, il buon *pro faccia* alle signorie vostre," which he renders, "Let vs eate and drinke, and acknowledge all things from God, much good may it doo vnto all your worships" (pp. 48, 49). Singer cites the word from Guazzo, *The Civile Conversation* (translated by George Pettie), 1574, p. 200: "giving them all *proface*," where the Italian has "disse il buon *pro faccia*." Steevens quotes Taylor the Water Poet, who calls a poem prefixed to his *Praise of Hempseed*, 1623: "A preamble, preatrot, preagallop, prearack, preapace, or preface; and *proface* my masters, if your stomackes serue" (Works, 1630, pt. iii. p. 61); and Springes for Woodcocks, 1606, Epigram 110: "*Proface*, quoth Fulvius, fill us t' other quart."

335. Line 71: *A' will not out*.—He will not give out or fail you. Staunton cites Turbervile, *Booke of Hunting*: "If they run it endways orderly and make it good, then when they hold in together merrily, we say, They are inerie."

336. Lines 77-80:

*Do me right,
And dub me knight;
Samingo.*

—Nash, *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600, has the following song for Bacchus's companions:

Monsieur Mingo for quaffing doth surpass
In cup, in can, or glass;
God Bacchus, *do me right,
And dub me knight,
Domingo.*

—Dodsley, vol. viii. p. 55.

La Marston, Antonio and Mellida, v. 1, Balurdo says:

I appeal to your mouths that heard my song.
Do me right, and dub me knight, Balurdo.

—Works, vol. i. p. 59.

To do a man right and *to do him reason* were formerly, Steevens says, the usual expressions in pledging healths. Compare Massinger, *The Bondman*, ii. 3:

These glasses contain nothing. *Do me right,
As ere you hope for liberty.*

—Works, Gifford's edn. vol. ii. p. 48.

Malone tells us that it was a custom in Shakespeare's day to drink a bumper kneeling to the health of one's mistress. He who performed this exploit was *dubbed a knight* for the evening. Compare A Yorkshire Tragedy, 1608: "They call it *knighting* in London when they drink upon their knees. Come follow me; I'll give you all the degrees of it in order" (Supplement to Shakespeare, 1780, vol. ii. p. 636).

Samingo is a corruption of or blunder for *San Domingo*, who seems to have been regarded as a patron of toppers.

337. Lines 93, 94: *goodman Puff* of BARSON.—French observes that there's here "no doubt an allusion to some individual of remarkable bulk, whose identity would be recognized at the time, and as belonging to a place not far from Stratford, viz. *Barcheston*, pronounced *Barson*, as in the play" (pp. 326, 327).

338. Line 106: *King Cophetua*.—Alluding to the ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid, which is to be found in Percy's *Reliques*. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, note 24.

339. Line 119: *Under which king, BEZONIAN?*—For *Bezonian* (from the Italian *bisogno*, need), compare II. Henry VI. iv. 1. 134: "Great men oft die by vile *bezonians*;" and Nash's *Pierce Penniless*, 1595: "Proud lords do tumble from the towers of their high descents, and be trod under feet of every inferior *Besonian*."

340. Line 124: *and fig me*.—"To *fig*, in Spanish *higas dar*, is to insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger" (Johnson).

341. Line 127: *As nail in door*.—Steevens remarks: "This proverbial expression is oftener used than understood. The *door nail* is the *nail* on which in ancient doors the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison to any one irrecoverably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multa morte*, that is, with abundant death, such as iteration of strokes on the head would naturally produce."

342. Line 147: "*Where is the life that late I led?*"—A quotation from an old ballad. We find it again in the *Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 1. 143.

ACT V. SCENE 4.

343. Line 8: *Nut-hook*.—"A name of reproach for a *catchpole*" (Johnson). Compare *Merry Wives*, i. 1. 170, 171: "if you run the *nut-hook's* humour on me."

344. Lines 20, 21: *you thin man in a censer*.—"The old censers of thin metal had generally at the bottom the figure of some saint raised up with a hammer," says Warburton; but Steevens states, more correctly, that the embossed or *repoussé* figure was in the middle of the pierced cover of the censer. Grant White believes "that the thin officer wore some kind of a cap which she likened

to a censer;" and this may be the meaning. For *censer*, i.e. fire-pan for burning perfumes, compare Taming of the Shrew, note 170.

345. Line 22: *you BLUE-BOTTLE rogue*.—Alluding, as Johnson suggests, to the colour of the beadle's livery.

346. Lines 23, 24: *I'll forswear HALF-KIRTLES*.—Whether the *kirtle* was a gown, a petticoat, or a kind of cloak the commentators cannot decide; but the former is more probable. The *half-kirtle* would therefore seem to be either a short petticoat or a short gown.

ACT V. SCENE 5.

347. Line 1: *More rushes, more rushes*.—The rushes are for strewing the path of the royal procession. Compare I. Henry IV. note 209.

348. Line 16: *It doth so*.—The Q. gives this speech, and the repetitions of it, to Pistol. The error is corrected by the Ff. in this first instance, but not in the others.

349. Lines 30, 31: *'T is semper idem, for absque hoc nih'* est: *'t is all in every part*.—"Pistol uses a Latin expression, 'Ever the same, for without this there is nothing,' and then goes on to allude to an English proverbial phrase, 'All in all, and all in every part,' which he seems to give as its free rendering" (Clarke). The Q. and F. 1 have *obsque*, which is corrected in F. 2 to *absque*; but it may have been meant as a blunder of Pistol's. Warburton thought that the words belonged to Falstaff's speech.

350. Line 39: *fell ALECTO'S snake*.—Alecto was one of the three Furies.

351. Lines 45, 46: *most royal IMP of fame*.—Shakespeare seems to have regarded *imp* in this sense as an archaism, for he puts it only in the mouths of Armado, Holofernes, and Pistol; but it is found occasionally in later writers.

352. Line 59: *Reply not to me with a fool-born jest*.—Warburton says: "Nature is highly touched in this passage. The king, having shaken off his vanities, schools his old companion for his follies with great severity: he assumes the air of a preacher, bids him fall to his prayers, seek grace, and leave gormandizing. But that word un- luckily presenting him with a pleasant idea, he cannot forbear pursuing it—"Know, the grave doth gape for thee thrice wider,' &c.—and is just falling back into Hal, by a humorous allusion to Falstaff's bulk. But he perceives it immediately, and fearing Sir John should take the advantage of it, checks both himself and the knight with

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;

and so resumes the thread of his discourse, and goes moralizing on to the end of the chapter. Thus the poet copies nature with great skill, and shows us how apt men are to fall back into their old customs, when the change is not made by degrees and brought into a habit, but determined of at once, on the motives of honour, interest, or reason."

353. Lines 61-71.—Holinshead says: "this king euen at first appointing with himselfe, to shew that in his person

princelie honours should change publike manners" (compare iv. 5. 155, and I. Henry IV. i. 2. 232-241), "he determined to put on him the shape of a new man. For whereas aforetime he had made himselfe a companion vnto misrulie mates of dissolute order and life, he now banished them all from his presence (but not vnrewarded, or else vnpreferred) inhibiting them vpon a great paine, not once to approach, lodge, or sojourne within ten miles of his court or presence" (p. 61).

354. Line 97: *Go carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet*.—That is, to the Fleet Prison, which, like Fleet Street, took its name from the Fleet River, which used to flow through the valley now bridged by the Holborn Viaduct.

Rolfe remarks on this passage: "This is evidently the Justice's sentence, and he should be held responsible for it, not the King, who has left the stage, and who had simply ordered that Falstaff should not come near him 'by ten mile.' He had, moreover, promised that the knight should have 'competence of life,' and had even held out the hope of 'advancement' in case he should reform. The Chief Justice, looking at the matter from a judicial point of view, naturally felt that the fat old reprobate had been let off too easily, and took the responsibility of punishing him more according to his deserts. The king, whom the critics generally have been disposed to blame here, doubtless reversed the hard sentence afterwards; for we find Falstaff and his friends all at liberty in the opening scenes of Henry V. Sir John, however, does not rally from the disappointment he has met in being turned away by his 'royal Hal.' His heart, as Pistol expresses it, 'is fracted and corroborate'; but it is a comfort to know that he dies in his old quarters at the Boar's Head, with his faithful old friend Dame Quickly, who care for him in his last hours, and not in the Fleet Prison."

355. Line 102: *Se fortuna mi tormenta, &c.*—See note 179 above.

356. Lines 103-105:

*I like this fair proceeding of the king's.
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for.*

Here Rolfe remarks: "Even the cold-blooded John of Lancaster seems to endorse the merciful policy of the king, and to assume that the orders to carry Falstaff and his company to the Fleet are not to interfere with it. Possibly they were put in prison only until arrangements should be made for carrying out the king's purposes concerning them. But Clarke may be right in his opinion that Prince John, like the Chief Justice, rejoices at the disgrace of Falstaff; 'but he puts a demure face on the affair, and applauds the fairness of the proceeding, while saying nothing about the extreme manner in which the king's orders are carried out.'"

357. Line 113: *I heard a bird so sing*.—This was a proverbial expression. Steevens quotes The Rising in the North, an ancient ballad:

*I heare a bird sing in mine care,
That I must either fight or flee,*

EPILOGUE.

358.—The authorship of this epilogue is doubtful. Grant White calls it "a manifest and poor imitation of the epilogue to *As You Like It*."

359. Lines 33, 34: *for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man*.—This appears to have been written before the name of Oldcastle was changed to *Elstaff*, though after the use of the name had been criticised. These criticisms subsequently led to dropping the name, which here is declared to have no reference to the martyr.

360. Lines 35-37: *and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen*.—In the Q. these words occur at the end of the first paragraph (after *promise you infi-*

nately). Grant White believes that the epilogue originally ended there, and that the transposition was overlooked when the other two paragraphs were added.

In Shakespeare's time a prayer for the sovereign was offered by the players at the close of a theatrical performance; and Steevens quotes the forms of prayer given at the end of the epilogue in several old plays. Compare, for instance, Preston's *Cambyases* (before 1570):

As duty binds us, for our noble queene let us pray,
And for her honourable counsell, the truth that they may use,
To practise justice, and defend her grace eche day;
To maintaine Gods word they may not refuse,
To correct all those that would her grace and grace's laws abuse:
Hee-seeking God over us she may reign long,
To be guided by truth and defended from wrong.
Amen, q. Thomas Preston.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN KING HENRY IV.

PART II.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Accites.....	ii. 2 64	*Bloody-faced..	i. 3 22	Chief Justice..	{ v. 2 1 v. 3 145	Erection ¹⁹	i. 3 44
Aconitum.....	iv. 4 48	Blue-bottle (adj.)	v. 4 22		v. 5 48	Extraordinarily {	i. 2 236
Administration	v. 2 75	Boar-pig.....	ii. 4 251	Coherence.....	v. 1 73	Eye-drops.....	iv. 5 88
After-times.....	iv. 2 51	Body ⁶	i. 3 66	Comb ¹³	iv. 4 79	Face-royal.....	i. 2 25, 27
Aids ¹	i. 3 24	Bona-robas....	iii. 2 26	Competence....	v. 5 70	Faitors.....	ii. 4 172
Allow ²	{ i. 3 5 iv. 2 54	Book-oath.....	ii. 1 111	Conger.....	ii. 4 58, 200	False-derivat..	iv. 1 190
Among (adverbially)	v. 3 23	Boot ⁷	v. 3 140	Considerance..	v. 2 98	Fangless.....	iv. 1 218
Appearance ³ ..	i. 1 128	Bread-chipper..	ii. 4 342	Correctioner..	v. 4 23	Fever-weakened	i. 1 140
Assemblance..	iii. 2 277	Brighten.....	ii. 3 17	Cost ¹⁴	i. 3 60	Fine ²⁰ (adj.)... {	iv. 5 162, 104
Avouirdupois..	ii. 4 277	Brisk ⁸	v. 3 48	Costermonger..	i. 2 189	Firmness ²¹	iii. 1 43
Backbite.....	v. 1 36	Broadsides....	ii. 4 196	Counsel-keeper	ii. 4 289	Fish-meals....	iv. 3 99
Backsword (man)	iii. 2 69	Buckle ⁹	i. 1 141	Crack ¹⁵ (verb).	v. 3 66	Fleet ²²	v. 5 97
Barony.....	i. 1 54	Bung.....	ii. 4 138	*Crafty-sick...	Ind. 37	Fly-bitten.....	ii. 1 159
Basket-hilt (adj.)	ii. 4 141	Burier.....	i. 1 160	Cribs ¹⁶	iii. 1 9	*Foolish-compounded	i. 2 8
Bastardly (adj.)	ii. 1 55	Busses (sub.)..	ii. 4 290	Crudy.....	iv. 3 106	Forgetive.....	iv. 3 103
Bate (sub.).....	ii. 4 271	By-paths.....	iv. 5 185	Cuttle.....	ii. 4 140	Fontra.....	v. 3 103, 121
Beachy.....	iii. 1 50	Candle-mine...	ii. 4 326	Dace.....	iii. 2 355	Frank (sub.)...	ii. 2 100
Bed-hangings..	ii. 1 159	Carat ¹⁰	iv. 5 162	Discordant....	Ind. 19	Fruiterer.....	iii. 2 35
Beetle ⁴	i. 2 256	Caraways.....	v. 3 3	Discoverers....	iv. 1 3	Fubbed.....	ii. 1 38
*Best-tempered	i. 1 115	Catastrophe ¹¹ .	ii. 1 67	Divisions ¹⁷ ...	i. 3 70	Fustilarian....	ii. 1 67
Betted ⁵	iii. 2 50	Certificate.....	ii. 2 131	*Double-charge	{ v. 3 131	Galloway (nags)	ii. 4 205
Biggen.....	iv. 5 27	Chambers ¹² ...	ii. 4 57	(verb).....	v. 3 131	Gibbets (verb).	iii. 2 283
Bigness.....	ii. 4 265	Cheese-paring..	iii. 2 334	Drudgery.....	iii. 2 125	Glove (verb)...	i. 1 147
Blood-hound..	v. 4 31			Easy-yielding..	ii. 1 125	Glutton ²³ (adj.)	i. 3 98
				Ehon ¹⁸	v. 5 36	Gluttony.....	ii. 4 46, 48
				Engrossments.	iv. 5 80		
				Enrooted.....	iv. 1 207		

⁶ Of troops.

⁷ = to put on boots. Used frequently in the sense of "to avail."

⁸ Used of wine. ⁹ = to bend.

¹⁰ Used here = quality (of gold).

The word, in its primary sense of a goldsmith's weight, occurs only once elsewhere, viz. in *Comedy of Errors*, iv. 1. 28.

¹¹ Used figuratively; occurs three times in its ordinary sense.

¹² = pieces of ordnance.

¹³ = honey-comb.

¹⁴ i.e. the subject of much cost.

¹⁵ A slang term = to drink.

¹⁶ = hovels. ¹⁷ Of an army.

¹⁸ Venus and Adonis, 948.

¹⁹ = the act of building.
²⁰ = pure (used of wine and gold).

²¹ = fixedness, stability.

²² i.e. the prison so called.

²³ Venus and Adonis, 399.

¹ Used frequently in singular; but only in plural here = reinforcements, and in *Lover's Complaint*, 117.

² In the first passage = to admit, as *Lucerne*, 1845; in the second passage = to approve. Used frequently in various other senses.

³ = semblance. ⁴ = a rammer.

⁵ Used as trans. verb; intransitively in *Henry V.* ii. 1. 99, 111.

WORDS PECULIAR TO KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line	
God-daughter	iii. 2 8	Loosely	{ ii. 2 10 v. 2 94	Points ¹⁷	ii. 4 105	Sortance	iv. 1 11
*Good-limbed	iii. 2 114			Polished ¹⁸	iv. 5 23	Spiritless	i. 2 70
Good-nights ¹	iii. 2 345	Mallet	ii. 4 263	Potable	iv. 5 163	*Sporting-place	iv. 2 105
Gooseberry	i. 2 195	Malmsey-nose	ii. 1 44	Pottle-pot	{ ii. 2 84 v. 3 63	Sprout (verb)	ii. 3 60
Gravy	i. 2 184	Manned	i. 2 19, 60	Prawns	ii. 1 103	Stiff-borne	i. 1 177
Greaves	iv. 1 50	Man-queller	ii. 1 59	Pregnancy	i. 2 191	Still-born	i. 3 64
Groin ²	ii. 4 227	Mare ¹¹	ii. 1 84	Presurmise	i. 1 168	Still-stand	ii. 3 64
		Martlemas	ii. 2 110	Pricked ¹⁹ (verb)	iii. 2 122, 155, 164	Strange-achieved	iv. 5 72
*Half-kirtles	v. 4 24	Misordered	iv. 2 33			Surfeit-swelled	v. 5 54
Hautboy	iii. 2 350	Mode	iv. 5 200	Princely (adverbially)	ii. 2 12	Swinge-bucklers	iii. 2 24
Headland	v. 1 16	Mure	iv. 4 119	Private ²⁰ (adj.)	iii. 2 177		
Helter-skelter	v. 3 98	Muster-book	iii. 2 146	Proface	v. 3 31	Tap (sub.)	ii. 1 208
*Hemp-seed	ii. 1 64			Psalmist	iii. 2 41	Tardily	ii. 3 26
History (verb)	iv. 1 203	New-dated	iv. 1 8	Pusillanimity	v. 3 114	Thereafter	iii. 2 56
Hold ³	ii. 4 70	*Night-flies	iii. 1 11			Thoughtful	iv. 5 73
Hook-nosed	iv. 3 45	Noise ¹² (sub.)	ii. 4 13	Quarter ²¹	v. 1 53	Tidy	iv. 4 250
Horsed ⁴	{ i. 1 35 i. 2 61	Obduracy	ii. 2 50	Queasiness	i. 1 196	Tilled	iv. 3 129
Husband ⁵	v. 3 13	O'erposting	i. 2 170	Quiver (adj.)	iii. 2 301	Tingling	i. 2 128
Husbanded ⁶	iv. 3 128	O'ershine	iv. 3 57	Quoit (verb)	ii. 4 206	Title-leaf	i. 1 60
		Offensive ¹³	iv. 1 210	Quoits (sub.)	ii. 4 266	Trains ²⁵ (sub.)	iv. 2 93
Immortally	iv. 5 144	Opener	iv. 2 20	Rage ²² (sub.)	iv. 4 68	Travel-tainted	iv. 3 40
Incredulous ⁷	iv. 5 154	Orient ¹⁴ (sub.)	iv. 1 3	Rampallian	ii. 1 66	Trigon	ii. 4 288
Infinitive	ii. 1 26	Outlids	ii. 4 364	Rightfully	iv. 5 225	Tripe-visaged	v. 4 9
Inflammation	iv. 3 103	Out-breathed	i. 1 103	Rigol ²³	iv. 5 36	*Trumpet-clangor	v. 5 42
Inset	i. 2 17	Out-rode	i. 1 36	Road-way	ii. 2 63	Truncheon (verb)	ii. 4 154
Insinewed	iv. 1 172	Over-careful	iv. 5 68	*Rowel-head	i. 1 46	Two-pences	iv. 3 56
Intervallums	v. 1 91	Over-cool (verb)	iv. 3 98				
Intreasured	iii. 1 85	Over-greedy	i. 3 88	Saltiness	i. 2 112	Uncounted	Ind 18
Invincible ⁸	iii. 2 338	Overlive	iv. 1 15	Scaly	i. 1 146	Unfasten	iv. 1 209
Irrecoverable	ii. 4 361	Over-rode	i. 1 30	Sea-boy	iii. 1 27	Unfathered ²⁶	iv. 4 122
		Over-scuthed	iii. 2 342	Shallowly	iv. 2 118	Unpay	ii. 1 130
Justice-like (adj.)	v. 1 77	Owches	ii. 4 53	Sherris	iv. 3 112, 115, 121, 131	Unpicked	ii. 4 398
		Oversights	ii. 3 47	Sherris-sack	iv. 3 104	Unseconded	ii. 3 34
Kirtle ⁹	ii. 4 296	Overspread	iv. 4 56	Short-legged	v. 1 28	Up-swarmed	iv. 2 30
Knight-errant	v. 4 25	Over-turned ¹⁵	v. 2 19	Shove-groat	ii. 4 207	Utis	ii. 4 22
		Pallets	iii. 1 10	Shrove-tide	v. 3 88		
Lack-linen (adj.)	ii. 4 134	Paper-faced	v. 4 12	Sickd (verb)	iv. 4 128	Victuallers	ii. 2 19
Lavishly	iv. 2 57	*Parcel-gilt	ii. 1 94	Sights ²⁴	iv. 1 121	Viz	ii. 2 19
Leather-coats	v. 3 44	Part-created	i. 3 60	Silkman	ii. 1 32	Watch-case	iii. 1 17
Liggins ¹⁰	v. 3 69	Penknife	iii. 2 287	*Singing-man	ii. 1 98	Water-work	ii. 1 158
Lone	ii. 1 36	Persistency	ii. 2 50	Smooth-pates	i. 2 43	Weekly	i. 2 270
		Pewterer	iii. 2 281	Sneap	ii. 1 133	Weightless	iv. 5 33
		Pike ¹⁶	iii. 2 356	Sober-blooded	iv. 3 94	Well-known	Ind. 21
		Pistol-proof	ii. 4 125			Well-labouring	i. 1 127
		Pienteously	iv. 5 40			Well-practised	v. 2 121
		Plough-irons	v. 1 20			Wen	ii. 2 115
						*Whipping-cheer	v. 4 6
						Wild-mare	ii. 4 263
						Woe-begone	i. 1 71
						Woman-queller	ii. 1 59
						Yea-forsooth (adj.)	i. 2 41

1 = little poems.
2 Venus and Adonis, 1116.
3 Of a ship.
4 = mounted. Used figurative-ly in Winter's Tale, i. 2. 288.
5 = husbandman.
6 = cultivated.
7 = unbelieving. In the sense of "improbable" in Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 88.
8 = indeterminate, not to be made out.
9 Pilgrim, 363.
10 In the expression "By God's liggins."

11 = nightmare.
12 = a company of musicians.
13 = provoking, causing offence, quarrelsome.
14 Sonn. vii. 1. 15 Sonn. iv. 5.
16 = tr. fish so called.

17 In punctuation.
18 Sonn. lxxxv. 8.
19 = to dress up, to trim.
20 = common (soldier).
21 Of a year.
22 = vehement desire. Also Lucrece, 424, 463.
23 Lucrece, 1745.
24 = apertures for the eyes in a helmet.

25 = troops, army.
26 Sonn. xcvi. 10; ccxiv. 2.



KING HENRY V

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
 DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } brothers to the King.
 DUKE OF BEDFORD, }
 DUKE OF EXETER, uncle to the King.
 DUKE OF YORK, cousin to the King.
 EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WAR-
 WICK.
 ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
 BISHOP OF ELY.
 EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.
 LORD SCROOP.
 SIR THOMAS GREY.
 SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MAC-
 MORRIS, JAMY, officers in King Henry's army.
 BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, soldiers in the same.
 PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.

Boy.
 A Herald.
 CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France.
 LEWIS, the Dauphin.
 DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.
 The Constable of France.
 RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ, French Lords.
 Governor of Harfleur.
 MONTJOY, a French Herald.
 Ambassadors to, the King of England.
 ISABEL, Queen of France.
 KATHARINE, daughter to Charles and Isabel.
 ALICE, a lady attending on her.
 Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mis-
 tress Quickly and now married to Pistol.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants. Chorus.

SCENE—England; afterwards France.

HISTORIC PERIOD: from 1414, the second year of Henry's reign, to May 20th, 1420, the date of his betrothal to Katharine.

TIME OF ACTION.

The action, according to Daniel (who is clearly right in his analysis), covers nine days, with intervals, as follows:—

1st CHORUS. Prologue.
 Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1, 2.
 2nd CHORUS. Interval.
 Day 2: Act II. Scene 1.—Interval; Falstaff's sickness and death, &c.
 Day 3: Act II. Scenes 2, 3.—Interval; time for the arrival of the English army in France, and for the further journey of Exeter to the French court.
 Day 4: Act II. Scene 4.
 3rd CHORUS. Interval.

Day 5: Act III. Scenes 1-3.—Interval; march of King Henry towards Calais.
 [Act III. Scene 4.—Some time of the interval succeeding Day 4.]
 Day 6: Act III. Scene 5.—Interval; a day or two.
 Day 7: Act III. Scene 6 and first part of Scene 7.
 Day 8: Act III. Scene 7, second part. 4th CHORUS, and Act IV. Scenes 1-3.
 5th CHORUS. Interval.
 [Act V. Scene 1.—Some time in the early part of the last interval.]
 Day 9: Act V. Scene 2.
 6th CHORUS. Epilogue.

KING HENRY V.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

King Henry the Fifth was first printed in quarto form in 1600, with the following title-page:—THE | CRONICLE | History of Henry the fift, | With his battell fought at *Agin Court* in | France. Together with *Auntient* | *Pistoll*. | *As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honourable | the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.* | LONDON | Printed by *Thomas Creede*, for Tho. Milling- | ton, and Iohn Busby. And are to be | sold at his house in Carter Lane, next | the Powle head. 1600. This edition, which is very imperfect, was evidently brought out in a hurried manner, and the text was probably prepared from shorthand notes taken in the theatre.

Fleay (*Chronicle History of William Shakespeare*, p. 206) expresses the opinion that the Quarto is "a shortened version of a play written in 1598 for the Curtain Theatre, and that the Folio (except such alterations as were made after James's accession) is a version enlarged and improved for the Globe Theatre later in the same year."

A second quarto edition, reprinted from the first, was issued in 1602, "by Thomas Creede, for Thomas Pauier," and "sold at his shop in Cornhill, at the signe of the Cat and Parrets, neare the Exchange." A third quarto, in similar style, "Printed for T. P" (the same Thomas Pavier) appeared in 1608.

No complete edition of the play was published until it was incorporated in the Folio of 1623, which must be regarded as the sole authority for the text. The quartos, however, are of use in a few instances for the correction of typographical errors in F. 1. It should be noticed that the play as it stands in the quarto of 1600 is shorter by more than one half than the version given by the folio; and this leads

to an interesting but difficult question: was the Henry V. of the folio an expansion (by Shakespeare) of the Henry V. of the quarto; or does the former represent the original draft of the piece, which the author (or some one else) abridged for stage purposes, and which in this abridged version was published in the quarto?

The arguments on both sides are intricate and involved, and we may perhaps be content with Mr. Aldis Wright's summary of the disputed points; his conclusion is as follows: that the play was shortened for the stage; that the abridgment was not made by Shakespeare; and that of this abridged version the quarto gives an imperfect and surreptitiously-obtained representation.

The date of the play is sufficiently fixed by the following passage in the Chorus of act v.:

Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming, &c.

The reference is to the expedition of Essex, who went to Ireland on the 15th of April, 1599, and returned on the 28th of the following September. As it is improbable that the passage was inserted after the play was written, the date of composition must be placed within the limits specified. The play is not mentioned by Meres in 1598, though Henry IV., its immediate predecessor, is included in his list.

Shakespeare drew the main incidents of his plot, as in the Henry IV., from Holinshed's *Chronicles* and the anonymous play entitled *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, which must have been written as early as 1588, since the famous Tarlton, who died in that year, is known to have taken the part of the Clown in the play. It was not entered on the Stationers' Registers until May 14, 1594, and the earliest edition now extant is

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dated 1598. It was printed by Thomas Creede, like Q. 1 of the present play.—O.F.A.

STAGE HISTORY.

Henry V. appears to have been a popular play on the stage from its very first production, which was, perhaps, at the Curtain Theatre not long before the building of the Globe in 1599. It was reproduced at the latter theatre in the course of the same year. It was probably also the play presented at court by the Lord Chamberlain's men during the Christmas festivities of 1599–1600. A later performance at court was on the 7th of January, 1605. The record of this and sundry other performances of Shakespeare's plays, in the accounts of the Master of the Revels, has been proved to be a forgery; but, as Halliwell-Phillipps (*Outlines*, 7th ed. vol. ii. pp. 161–167) conclusively shows, the information is genuine though the record is spurious.

In the next century, when nearly all of Shakespeare's plays were brought out in "improved" versions, more or less garbled and mixed with foreign matter, Henry V. did not escape such profanation. One of the worst of these mongrel dramas was that concocted by Aaron Hill, "poet, critic, amateur actor, playwright, and adapter from the French," which was brought out at Drury Lane in 1723; according to Genest, it was acted six times; he says that "it has considerable merit, but, after all, it is but a bad alteration of Shakespeare's play . . . his taste was too Frenchified to relish the humour of Fluellin" (*sic*) (vol. iii. p. 130). Certain portions of the original matter were retained, but a new underplot was introduced, in which Harriet, a niece of Lord Scrope, was a prominent figure. She was represented as having been formerly betrayed by Henry, and follows him to the wars in masculine apparel, watching over him faithfully notwithstanding his infidelity to her. Three independent adaptations of Henry V. were made by Kemble. The first was produced at Drury Lane in 1789, the second at the same theatre in 1801, and the third at Covent Garden in 1806.

On the first of these occasions (Oct. 1, 1789) the cast had Kemble as the King, Badde-

ley (Fluellen), Barrymore (Dauphin), and Mrs. Booth as Hostess (see Genest, vi. 575). In the 1803 revival Charles Kemble was Gloucester, and Blanchard, Fluellen. For the rest, Henry V. appears to have been popular in the eighteenth century. From the restoration of the play to the stage in 1735 at the theatre in Goodman's Fields, down to 1801, Genest chronicles some ten separate and notable reproductions of what dramatically is scarcely a strong piece, and amongst the actors who took part in these revivals not a few great names occur—Macklin, Yates, Ryan, Woodward, Garrick, Elliston.

It was at Drury Lane on March 8, 1830, that Edmund Kean, in this play, made what proved to be his last attempt in a new part. The result was a melancholy failure. In vain he struggled against physical suffering, and against what was of more importance in such a part, the almost total decay of his memory. At the end of the fourth act he made a touching and apologetic appeal to the audience, pleading that this was the first time that he had ever presented himself before them in such a condition as to be unable to fulfil his duties. The appeal was not made in vain; for they stretched indulgence to its utmost limits. The one redeeming point, in this sad exhibition of his decaying powers, was the soliloquy in the camp after the scene with Williams. In such parts as Shylock, Hamlet, Othello, which he had known by heart long before the decay of both body and mind had set in, Kean could still recall the glory of his early triumphs; but to study such a part as Henry V. for the first time was a task far beyond his powers.

In 1839 the play was revived by Macready at Covent Garden, with brilliant scenic effects, for which the manager was largely indebted to Stanfield the painter. The cast included several well-known players: Phelps as Charles d'Albret (Constable of France); Howe (Duke of Orleans); Meadows (Fluellen); Paul Bedford (Bardolph); Harley (Pistol); Anderson (Gower); Vandenhoff (Chorus); Miss P. Horton the Boy; and Miss Vandenhoff as Katharine.¹ Macready's own account of the first night is worth giving: "*June 10th*. Began the play of 'King Henry V.' in a very nervous state, but endeavouring to keep my mind-

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clear. Acted sensibly at first, and very spiritually at last; was very greatly received, and when called on at last, the whole house stood up and cheered me in a most fervent manner. I gave out the repetition of the play for four nights a week till the close of the season. . . . It is the last of my attempts to present to the audience Shakespeare's own meaning" (Macready's *Reminiscences*, vol. ii. p. 145). A week later we find him playing with even greater success: "Acted King Henry V. better than I had yet done, and the house responded to the spirit in which I played. The curtain fell amidst the loudest applause . . . and I went before the curtain, and amidst shoutings and waving of hats and handkerchiefs by the whole audience standing up, the stage was literally covered with wreaths, bouquets, and bunches of laurel" (*ut supra*, p. 147). *It was probably the success of this experiment which led Phelps to bring out the play at Sadler's Wells; and later Charles Kean followed the example by producing it at the Princess's Theatre. This was Kean's "last Shakespearian revival," and the play ran for eighty-four nights from March 28, 1859.

In 1872 there was another notable reproduction of the play, by Calvert at Manchester, the spectacular effects being of a striking character. The next year the play was performed at the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre (see *Intro.* to *II. Henry IV.*), John Coleman taking the title rôle, and was moderately successful. In 1879 Calvert's version was again revived, with George Rignold as Henry, and had a good run on both sides of the Atlantic. The mounting was in most magnificent style.

In 1897 Mr. Frank Benson and his company put the play on the stage of the Stratford-on-Avon Memorial Theatre; and on February 16, 1900, they gave it at the Lyceum. The same house saw a successful performance of the piece during Messrs. Lewis Waller and W. Mollison's season, December 22, 1900; and the play was acted, without scenic accessories, and exactly as in Shakespeare's days, by the Elizabethan Stage Society, Nov. 21, 1901.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

As has been said in the introduction to *I. Henry IV.*, the character of Henry V. had made a remarkable impression upon the mind of Shakespeare. He desired to set him forth as "the mirror of all Christian kings;" and the two plays in which his youthful follies, and his throwing off that "loose behaviour" on the death of his father, are shown, might almost be regarded as written mainly to prepare the way for the present drama, in which we see him as monarch, in nature no less than in name.

But, as the poet approached his task in this final portion of the trilogy, he must have felt the peculiar difficulties it involved. The title-page of the first edition of the play terms it a "chronicle history," and, though it is not probable that the form of the title is due to the author, it nevertheless aptly expresses the character of the production. It is an epical treatment of his subject, though cast in a dramatic mould. Like Homer, he begins by invoking the Muse, and, like the ancient poet, he dwells at times on details prosaic in themselves—such as the grounds of Henry's title to the crown—which, though unpoetical, were an important part of the history, and therefore interesting to his countrymen. The choruses, which, though they answer a purpose in bridging over the long intervals in the action, are not absolutely necessary, appear to have been due in part to this merely semi-dramatic method of composition. As has been well said, they are "a series of brief lyrical poems; for, though not lyrical in metre, they are strictly so in spirit, crowded with a quick succession of rapidly-passing brilliant scenes, majestic images, glowing thoughts, and kindling words."

The result of this peculiar treatment of the poet's materials is naturally unlike all his other dramas. It is the least dramatic of the series. The king is really all the play; it is a "magnificent monologue," and he the speaker of it. The other characters serve little purpose except to afford him breathing-spaces, and to set off his glory by contrast. In the preceding plays, we got "under the veil of wildness"

KING HENRY V.

glimpses of his nobler nature. He was "the true prince" even when he played the fool for lack of anything better to do. Weary with the formality of court life, he sought relief and diversion in scenes of low life—low, but with no shame about it—filled with characters worthless enough, but interesting as studies of human nature. The prince mingled with them, but was never really one of them. He never forgot his royal destiny, never lost his true self, but let it lie latent, ready to awake when the call should come for action worthy of it.

And now the prince, to whose advent to the throne his father and all who were thoughtful for the weal of England looked forward with fear and anxiety, has become the king—and what a change!

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortifi'd in him,
Seem'd to die too.

His prodigal habits drop from him like a jester's robe that he had assumed as a disguise, and the real man who had been masquerading in them stands forth "every inch a king." He is the poet's ideal king—one to whom the sturdiest republican might concede the divine right to rule, so completely do all royal gifts and graces unite in his character. He is profoundly conscious of his responsibilities and duties as a sovereign, yet not weakly sinking under them, but accepting the trust as from God and doing the work as for God, relying on Him in battle and rendering to Him the praise of the victory. This was indeed not the Henry of history; but as an ideal hero, the perfect flower of chivalry and piety, the character is unmatched in its way in Shakespeare's long gallery of manly portraiture.

On the other characters in the play it is not necessary to dwell. It has been said that Shakespeare does not appear to be much interested in any of them except Fluellen, but perhaps that is too strong a statement. The brave Welshman, whom we admire and honour while we laugh at him, is, indeed, the finest piece of characterization in the play, next to the king. As Henry himself says:

Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

But the other comic characters are by no means to be despised. Pistol is almost as perfect in his way as Fluellen. His fustian and brag are inimitable. How like a turkey-cock he swells in the scene with his French captive, and how thoroughly is the conceit taken out of him by Fluellen! How is the mighty fallen, when this "most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy seignior of England," as the poor Frenchman thought him, is cudgelled by the Welsh captain and forced to eat the leek he had sneered at the day before! Even here, though his cowardice is as completely as it is comically shown up, he cannot refrain from his blatant threatenings. He will "most horribly revenge" this ignominy to which he tamely submits; he takes the groat "in earnest of revenge;" and his last words when the whipping is finished are "All hell shall stir for this." He disappears from the scene, the last straggler of that incomparable group of comic characters that had gathered around Falstaff, held by the attraction of his giant bulk as planets by the sun; but we cannot doubt that he regained his native impudence when he returned to England, and boasted in the old grandiloquent style of the scars he had got "in the Gallia wars."

The only part of the play the authorship of which has been seriously questioned is the scene in which Katharine takes a lesson in English. Warburton pronounced it "ridiculous," and Hammer rejected it from the text as not Shakespeare's. Fleay has more recently expressed the opinion that Thomas Lodge wrote it. Johnson defended it as in keeping with French character, and as diverting on the stage. Shakespeare probably wrote it, slight as it is. The epilogue to *M. Henry IV.* had promised that the audience should be made merry with "fair Katharine of France," and this scene fulfils that promise. It was only in some such harmless way that the poet would wish to make sport of the princess who was to be the bride of his favourite hero. To have made her seriously ridiculous would have been an indirect reflection upon him for falling in love with her.

But the same epilogue had promised that Falstaff should also be brought upon the stage

INTRODUCTION.

again, and it may be asked why this was not likewise done. Perhaps it had been already done in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which may have been written before *Henry V.* The introduction of the death of Falstaff in the latter play perhaps supports the view that this was written after the *Merry Wives*. However that may be, Falstaff would have been an unmanageable character in *Henry V.* If the poet at first intended to bring him into the play, his sober second thought must have led him to give up the idea. After the king had banished him from his presence, Falstaff's occupation was gone. To be sure, he could

have regained the royal favour by reforming, but it is not easy to conceive of Falstaff reformed. It would have required a re-forming indeed, a radical renovation that would have left him scarcely recognizable, unless by his mere corporal bulk—and could even that have been maintained without his unlimited potations of sack? The delightful old reprobate would, I fear, have been rather dull in a more virtuous and responsible rôle. The better course was to get him out of the way as gently as possible, and Dame Quickly's account of his death—foolish though the woman be—is as pathetic as it is natural.—O.F.A.





Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession.—(Act i. l. 7, 8.)

KING HENRY V.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE: *England; afterwards France.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,¹
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword
and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles
all,
The flat unrais'd spirits that have dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold² to bring forth 10
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crook'd figure may
Attest³ in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,

On your imaginary⁴ forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies, 20
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts dixide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;⁵
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see
them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving
earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck
our kings, 28
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er
times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

[*Exit.*]

¹ *Invention*, imagination; metrically a quadrisyllable.

² *Scaffold*, stage.

³ *Attest*, stand for.

⁴ *Imaginary*, imaginative.

⁵ *Puissance*, army; a trisyllable here.

ACT I.

[SCENE I. *London. An ante-chamber in the King's palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, and the BISHOP OF ELY.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you; that self¹ bill is urg'd,

Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's reign Was like,² and had indeed against us pass'd, But that the scambling³ and unquiet time Did push it out of farther question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,

We lose the better half of our possession: For all the temporal lands which men devout By testament have given to the church 10 Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus: As much as would maintain, to the king's honour, Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights, Six thousand and two hundred good esquires; And, to relief of lazars⁴ and weak age, Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil, A hundred almshouses right well suppli'd; And to the coffers of the king beside, A thousand pounds by th' year: thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'T would drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention? 21

Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not. The breath no sooner left his father's body, But that his wildness, mortifi'd⁵ in him, Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment Consideration, like an angel, came And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him, Leaving his body as a paradise, 30 'T envelope and contain celestial spirits. Never was such a sudden scholar made; Never came reformation in a flood,

With such a heady currence,⁶ scouring faults; Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness 35 So soon did lose his seat and all at once As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity, And all-admiring with an inward wish 39 You would desire the king were made a prelate: Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs, You'd say it hath been all in all his study: List his discourse of war, and you shall hear A fearful battle render'd you in music: Turn him to any cause of policy, The Gordian knot of it he will unloose, Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks, The air, a charter'd libertine, is still, And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears, To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences; 50 So that the art and practi⁷c part of life Must be the mistress to this theoric: Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it, Since his addiction⁸ was to courses vain, His compani⁹es⁶ unletter'd, rude and shallow, His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports, And never noted in him any study, Any retirement, any sequestration From open haunts and popularity.¹⁰

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle, 60

And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:

And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation¹¹ Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt, Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night, Unseen, yet crescive¹² in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd; And therefore we must needs admit the means How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord, How now for mitigation of this bill 70 Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty Incline to it, or no?

¹ Self, same. ² Was like, was likely to pass

³ Scambling, scrambling, turbulent.

⁴ Lazars, diseased beggars or lepers.

⁵ Mortifi'd, destroyed, killed.

⁶ Currence, current.

⁷ Practic, practical.

⁸ Addiction, inclination.

⁹ Compani⁹es, companions.

¹⁰ Popularity, publicity.

¹¹ Contemplation, seriousness. ¹² Crescive, increasing.

Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part 73
Than cherishing th' exhibitors against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet 80
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have done,
The severals¹ and unhidden passages
Of his true title to some certain dukedoms
And generally to the crown and seat of France
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was th' impediment that broke
this off? 90

Cant. The French ambassador upon that in-
stant

Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: it is four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A room of state in the
King's palace.*

Trumpets.—KING HENRY on throne, GLOUCES-
TER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WEST-
MORELAND, Lords, Officers, and Attendants
discovered.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canter-
bury?

Ely. Not here in presence.

King. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in th' ambassador, my
liege?

King. Not yet, my cousin: we would be
resolv'd,²

Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and
France.

¹ *Severals*, details. • ² *Resolv'd*, satisfied.

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, and the
BISHOP OF ELY.*

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred
throne

And make you long become it!

King. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed

[And justly and religiously unfold • 10

Why the law Salique that they have in France

Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim:]

And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,

That you should [fashion, wrest, or bow your
reading,

Or nicely] charge your understanding soul

With opening titles miscreate, whose right

Suits not in native colours with the truth;

For God doth know how many now in health

Shall drop their blood in approbation³

Of what your reverence shall incite us to. 20

Therefore take heed how you impawn⁴ our
person,

How you awake our sleeping sword of war:

We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;

For never two such kingdoms did contend

Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless
drops

Are every one a woe, a sore complaint

'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the
swords

That make such waste in brief mortality.

Under this conjuration speak, my lord;

[For we will hear, note and believe in heart 30

That what you speak is in your conscience
wash'd

As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and
you peers,

That owe yourselves, your lives and services

To this imperial throne. There is no bar

To make against your highness' claim to France

But this, which they produce from Pharamond,

"In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant;"

"No woman shall succeed in Salique land:"

Which Salique land the French unjustly

gloze⁵ 40

To be the realm of France, and Pharamond

³ *Approbation*, proving. ⁴ *Impawn*, pledge.
Gloze, explain sophistically.

The founder of this law and female bar. 42
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
 That the land Salique is in Germany,
 Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
 Where Charles the Great,¹ having subdu'd the
 Saxons,
 There left behind and settl'd certain French;
 Who, holding in disdain the German women
 For some dishonest manners² of their life,
 Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female 50
 Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
 Which Salique, as I said, twixt Elbe and Sala,
 Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
 Then doth it well appear the Salique law
 Was not devised for the realm of France;
 Nor did the French possess the Salique land
 Until four hundred one and twenty years
 After defunction³ of King Pharamond,
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
 Who died within the year of our redemption
 Four hundred and twenty-six; and Charles the
 Great 61
 Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
 Beyond the river Sala, in the year
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers
 say,
 King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
 Did, as heir general, being descended
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to King
 Clothair,
 Make claim and title to the crown of France.
 Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
 Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir
 male 70
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
 To find his title with some shows of truth,
 Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and
 naught,
 Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
 To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
 Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the
 Tenth,
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,⁴
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisf'd 80

That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother, 81
 Was lineal of⁵ the Lady Ermengare,
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lor-
 raine:
 By the which marriage the line of Charles the
 Great
 Was re-united to the crown of France.
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female:
 So do the kings of France unto this day; 90
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
 To bar your highness claiming from the female,
 And rather choose to hide them in a net
 Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.
 King.] May I with right and conscience
 make this claim?
 Cent. The sin upon my head, dread sove-
 reign!
 For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
 When the man dies, let the inheritance 99
 Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
 Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;⁶
 Look back into your mighty ancestors:
 Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's⁷
 tomb,
 From whom you claim; invoke his warlike
 spirit,
 And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black
 Prince,
 [Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full power of France,
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
 Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
 Forage in blood of French nobility. 110
 O noble English, that could entertain
 With half their forces the full pride of France
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work and cold for action!]
 Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant
 dead
 [And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
 You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;]
 The blood and courage that renown'd them

¹ Charles the Great, Charlemagne.² Dishonest manners, immoral practices.³ Defunction, demise, death.⁴ Conscience, metrically a trisyllable.⁵ Lineal of, in direct descent from.⁶ Unwind your bloody flag, unfurl your battle pennon or banner.⁷ Great grandsire, i.e. Edward III.

Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant
liege

As in the very May-morn of his youth, 120
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Eve. Your brother kings and monarchs of
the earth

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath cause
and means and might;

So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in
England

And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear
liege, 130

With blood and sword and fire to win your
right;

In aid whereof we of the spirituality¹
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

[*King.* We must not only arm t' invade the
French,

But lay down our proportions² to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road³ upon us
With all advantages.⁴

Cant. They of those marches,⁵ gracious sov-
ereign, 140

Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

King. We do not mean the coursing snatch-
ers⁶ only,

But fear the main intendment⁷ of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy⁸ neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness⁹ of his force, 150
Galling the gleaned¹⁰ land with hot assays,¹¹

Girding with grievous siege castle and towns;
That England, being empty of defence, 153
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbour-
hood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd¹² than
harm'd, my liege;

For hear her but exampl'd by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended

But taken and impounded as a stray 160
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sunless treasures.

West. But there's a saying very old and true,

"If that you will France win,

Then with Scotland first begin:"

For once the eagle England being in prey,¹³
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot 170
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc¹⁴ more than she can eat.

Eve. It follows then the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th' advised¹⁵ head defends itself at home; 170
For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing¹⁶ in a full and natural close,¹⁷
Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts; 180
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,

¹ The spirituality, the clergy.

² Lay down our proportions, apportion our troops.

³ Make road, advance.

⁴ Advantages, favourable conditions.

⁵ Marches, borders. ⁶ Coursing snatchers, freebooters.

⁷ Main intendment=chief attack.

⁸ Giddy, fickle, untrustworthy, excitable.

⁹ Brim fulness, overpowering numbers.

¹⁰ Gleaned, exhausted. ¹¹ Assays, attacks, incursions.

¹² Fear'd, frightened, terrified.

¹³ In prey, in quest of prey.

¹⁴ Havoc, destroy or make worthless.

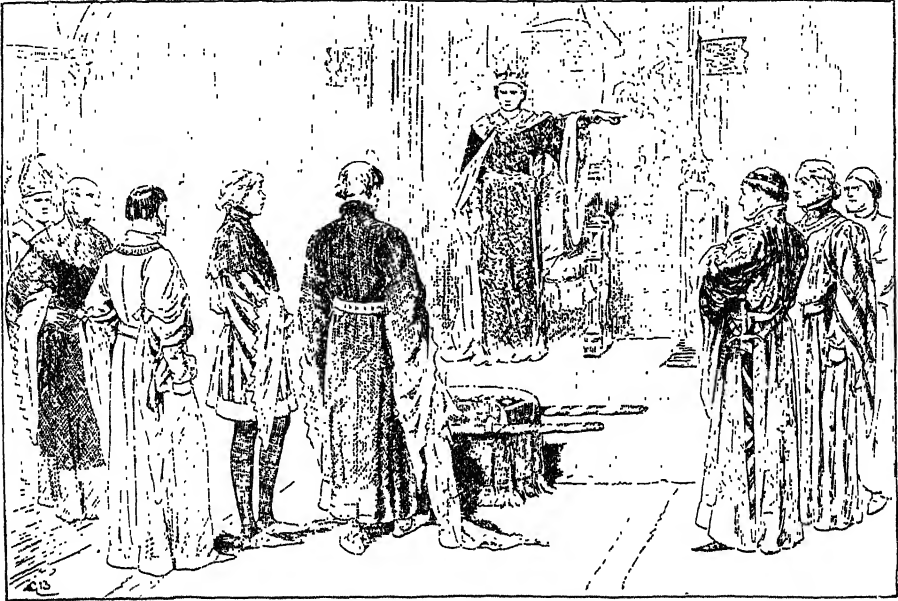
¹⁵ Advised, wary.

¹⁶ Congreeing, agreeing.

¹⁷ Close, cadence.

Make boot upon¹ the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring
home 195
To the tent royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,

The poor mechanic porters crowding in 200
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-ey'd² justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors³ pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously:



King. But, tell the Dauphin, I will keep my state,
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France.—(Act i. 2. 273-275.)

As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one
town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre; 210
So many a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,

¹ Make boot upon, plunder.

² Sad-ey'd, serious-eyed.

³ Executors, executioners.

Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.] 220
King. Call in the messengers sent-from the
Dauphin.

[*Exit some Lords and Attendants.*
Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: [or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery⁴
O'er France and all her almost kingly duke-
doms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombsless, with no remembrance over them:

⁴ Empery, dominion.

Either our history shall with full mouth 230
 Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
 Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless
 mouth,
 Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.]

*Enter Ambassadors of France, two Lords
 carrying a chest, and Attendants.*

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
 Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
 Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

First Amb. May't please your majesty to give
 us leave

Freely to render what we have in charge;
 Or shall we sparingly show you far off 239
 The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

King. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
 Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
 As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons: •
 Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plain-
 ness

Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

First Amb. Thus, then, in few.

Your highness, lately sending into France,
 Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
 Of your great predecessor, King Edward the
 Third. 248

In answer of which claim, the prince our master
 Says that you savour too much of your youth,
 And bids you be advis'd there's nought in France
 That can be with a nimble galliard¹ won;
 You cannot revel into dukedoms there.

He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
 This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
 Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
 Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

King. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. [Who has examined the chest] Tennis-
 balls, my liege.

King. We're glad the Dauphin is so pleasant
 with us; 259

His present and your pains we thank you for:
 When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
 We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set²
 Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.³
 Tell him [he hath made a match with such a
 wrangler

That all the courts of France will be disturb'd;
 With chases.⁴ And] we understand him well,
 How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
 Not measuring what use we made of them.
 [We never valu'd this poor seat of England;
 And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
 To barbarous license; as 't is ever common 271
 That men are merriest when they are from
 home.]

But, tell the Dauphin, I will keep my state,
 Be like a king and show my sail of greatness⁵
 When I do rouse me⁶ in my throne of France:
 For [that I have laid by my majesty
 And plodded like a man for working-days,
 But] I will rise there with so full a glory
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of France, 279
 Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
 And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his,
 Hath turned his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
 Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful venge-
 ance

That shall fly with them: for many a thousand
 widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear
 husbands;

[Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles
 down;]

And some are yet ungotten and unborn
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's
 scorn.

But this lies all within the will of God,
 To whom I do appeal; and in whose name
 Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on, 291
 To venge me as I may and to put forth
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
 So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
 His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
 Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

Exe. This was a merry message.

King. We hope to make the sender blush at it.

[*Descends from the throne.*

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy⁷ hour 300
 That may give furtherance to our expedition;
 For we have now no thought in us but France,

¹ Galliard, a spirited French dance. ² Set, game.

³ Hazard, a term in tennis. See note 74.

⁴ Chases, a term in tennis. See note 75.

⁵ Sail of greatness, full majesty.

⁶ Rouse me, raise myself to my full height.

⁷ Happy, favourable.

Save those to God, that run before our business. 303

Therefore let our proportions¹ for these wars
Be soon collected and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add

More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
[Therefore let every man now task his thought,²
That this fair action may on foot be brought.]
[Flourish. *Exeunt.*

ACT II.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers. 11
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'st thou do, that honour would
thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found
out 20
A nest of hollow bosoms,³ which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted
men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France,⁴—O guilt indeed!—
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,

Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.

Linger your patience on; and we'll digest
The abuse of distance; force a play:
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles,⁵ to Southampton;
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may, 39
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I. *London. Before the Boar's Head
Tavern in Eastcheap.*

*Enter CORPORAL NYM and LIEUTENANT
BARDOLPH.*

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient⁶ Pistol and you
friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not; I say little;
but when time shall serve, there shall be
smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare
not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine
iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it
will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as
another man's sword will: and there's an
end. 11

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make
you friends; and we'll be all three sworn
brothers to France: let it be so, good Cor-
poral Nym.

¹ *Proportions*, fixed number of troops.

² *Task his thought*, dispose his thought.

³ *Hollow bosoms*, treacherous hearts.

⁴ *The gilt of France*, French gold.

⁵ *Gentles*, gentlefolk.

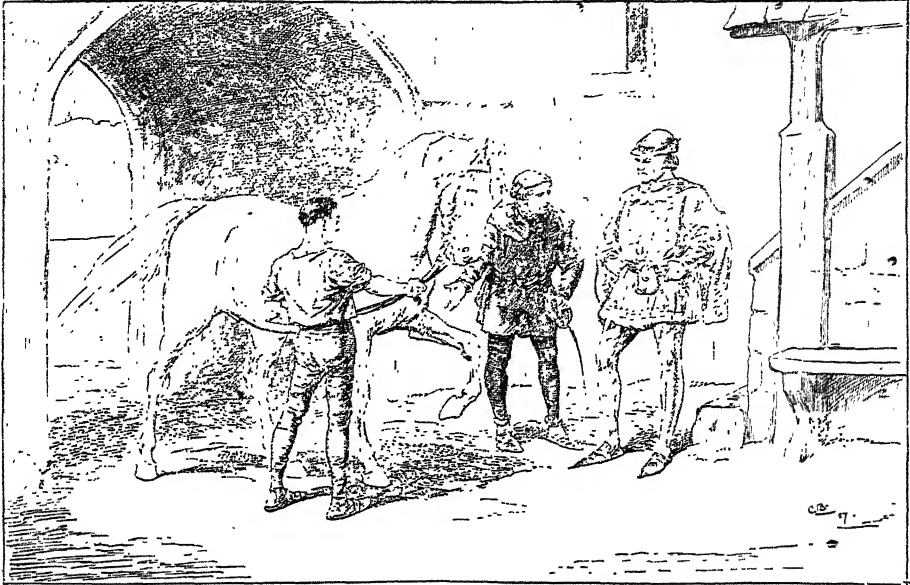
⁶ *Ancient*, a corruption of *ensign*.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it. 17

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and certainly she

did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her. 21

Nym. I cannot tell: things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may:



Chor. They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings.—(Act ii. Prol. 5, 6.)

though patience be a tir'd mare, yet she will plod.
There must be conclusions. 'Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL and Hostess from the Tavern.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife: good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol! 30

Pist. Base tike,¹ call'st thou me host? Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Host. [No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight.] [*Nym draws his sword.*] O well a day, Lady, if he be not

drawn now! we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed. 40

Bard. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog² off? I would have you solus. [*Sheathing his sword.*]

Pist. 'Solus,' egregious dog?—O viper vile! The solus in thy most mervailous³ face; 50 The solus in thy teeth, and in thy throat, And in thy hatefullungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,⁴

¹ *Tike*, cur.

² *Shog*, a word which Nym blunderingly uses for *jog*.

³ *Mervailous*, probably marvellous.

⁴ *Perdy*, par Dieu (by God).

And, which is worse, within thy nasty
mouth! 53

I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;

[For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.]

Nym. I am not Barbason;¹ you cannot con-
jure me. I have an humour to knock you
indifferently well. If you grow fôal with me,
Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I
may, in fair terms: [if you would walk off, I
would prick your guts a little, in good terms,
as I may:] and that's the humour of it. 63

Pist. O braggart vile and damned furious
wight!

The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale. [*Draws his sword.*]

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: he
that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to
the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws his sword.*]

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury
shall abate. 70

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy spirits are most tall.

[*They sheathe their swords.*]

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or
other, in fair terms: that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe la gorge!*²

That is ~~the~~ word. I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to
get?

No; to the spital³ go,

[And from the powdering tub of infamy] 79

Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind.

Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she; and—*Pauca*,⁴ there's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy from the Tavern.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to
my master, and you, hostess: he is very sick,
and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy
face between his sheets, and do the office of a
warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue! 90

Host. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a
pudding one of these days. The king has

kill'd his heart.—Good husband, come home
presently.⁵ 94

[*Exeunt Hostess and Boy into the Tavern.*]

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends?
We must to France together: why the devil
should we keep knives to cut one another's
throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food
howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I
won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays. 100

Nym. That now I will have: that's the
humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound:⁶ push
home. [*Pistol and Nym draw their swords.*]

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the
first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.
[*Draws his sword.*]

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have
their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt befriends,
be friends: an thou wilt not, why, then, be
enemies with me too. Prithce, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won
of you at betting? 111

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present
pay;

And liquor likewise will I give thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;
Is not this just? for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.

Give me thy hand. [*They sheathe their swords.*]

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid. 120

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of it.
[*Shakes Pistol's hand.*]

Re-enter Hostess from the Tavern.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in
quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is
so shak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that
it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men
come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on
the knight; that's the even of it.

¹ Barbason, the name of a devil.

² *Coupe la gorge*, cut the throat. ³ *Spital*, hospital.

⁴ *Pauca*, briefly; literally, few [words].

⁵ *Presently*, immediately.

⁶ *Compound*, arrange, come to terms.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted¹ and corroborate. 130

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must
be as it may; he passes some humours and
careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lamb-
kins, we will live. [*Exeunt into Tavern.*]

SCENE II. Southampton. A council chamber.

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust
these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear
themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they
intend,

By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bed-
fellow,

Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious
favours,

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell 10
His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

*Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP,
CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, Guards, and At-
tendants.*

King. Now sits the wind fair, and we will
aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of
Masham,

And you, my gentle knight, give me your
thoughts:

Think you not that the powers² we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of
France,

Doing the execution and the act

For which we have in head³ assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do
his best.

King. I doubt not that; since we are well
persuaded 20

We carry not a heart with us from hence

That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us. 24

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and
lov'd

Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a
subject

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness

Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's
enemies

Have steep'd their galls in honey and do
serve you 30

With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

King. We therefore have great cause of
thankfulness;

And shall forget the office⁴ of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews
toil,

And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

King. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday, 40
That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on:
And on his more advice⁵ we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:⁶
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance,⁷ more of such a
kind.

King. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish
too.

Grey. Sir, 49
You show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas, your too much love and care
of me

Are heavy orisons⁸ 'gainst this poor wretch!

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,⁹

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch
our eye¹⁰

⁴ Office, function, use.

⁵ On his more advice, i.e. on his becoming more sen-
sible. ⁶ Security, easy confidence.

⁷ By his sufferance, i.e. by his being suffered to go un-
punished. ⁸ Heavy orisons, weighty prayers.

⁹ Proceeding on distemper, resulting from intoxication.

¹⁰ Stretch our eye, i.e. open it wide.

¹ Fracted, broken.

² Powers, soldiers, forces.

³ In head, in force.

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and
 digested, 56
 Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge¹ that
 man,
 Though Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, in their
 dear care,
 And tender preservation of our person,
 Would have him punish'd. Aïd now to our
 French causes: 60

Who are the late² commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord:

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

King. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
 there is yours; [*Giving each a scroll.*
 There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and,
 sir knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:
 Read them; and know, I know your worthi-
 ness. [*They unfold the scrolls, and, on read-
 ing them, are much agitated.*

My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
 We will aboard to-night. Why, how now,
 gentlemen! 71

What see you in those papers that you lose
 So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
 Their cheeks are paper.³ Why, what read
 you there,

That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
 Out of appearance?

Cam. "I do confess my fault;
 And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. } To which we all appeal.

Scroop. } [*All three kneel: the other Lords
 shrink away from them.*

King. The mercy that was quick⁴ in us but
 late, 79

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
 You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;

[*For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
 As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.*]

See you, my princes and my noble peers,
 These Eng^lish monsters! My Lord of Cam-
 bridge here,

You know how apt our love was to accord
 To furnish him with all appertinents⁵

Belonging to his honour; and this man
 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
 And sworn unto the practices of France, 90
 To kill us here in Hampton: to the which
 This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
 Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O,
 What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou
 cruel,

Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature!
 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
 That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
 Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use,
 May it be possible, that foreign hire 100
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
 That might annoy my finger? 't is so strange,
 That, though the truth of it stands off as
 gross⁶

'As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.

[*Treason and murder ever kept together,
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
 Working so grossly⁷ in a natural cause,
 That admiration did not hoop⁸ at them.*

But thou, 'gainst all proportion,⁹ didst bring in
 Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:]

And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously 112
 Hath got the voice¹¹ in hell for excellence:

[*All other devils that suggest by treasons
 Do botch and bungle up damnation
 With patches, colours, and with forms being
 fetch'd*

From glistering semblances of piety;
 But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance¹² why thou shouldst do
 treason, 119

Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.];
 If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
 He might return to vasty Tartar¹³ back,
 And tell the legions "I can never win
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's."

O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance!¹⁴ Show men dutiful!

⁶ Gross, plain.

⁷ Grossly, palpably.

⁸ Hoop, old spelling of whoop. "shout in wonder."

⁹ 'Gainst all proportion, against all precedent.

¹⁰ Preposterously, strangely.

¹¹ Voice, verdict.

¹² Instance, excuse, warrant.

¹³ Tartar, Tartarus.

¹⁴ Affiance, confidence.

¹ Enlarge, set at liberty. ² Late, i.e. lately appointed.

³ Paper, as colourless as paper.

⁴ Quick, living.

⁵ Appertinents, appointments.

Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and
learned? 128

Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?

Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?

Why, so didst thou: [or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the
blood,

Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purg'd judgment trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted¹ didst thou seem:]
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indu'd
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee:
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like 141



King. Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion?—(Act II. 2. 71-73.)

Another fall of man. Their faults are open:
Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!

[The Guard disarm all three, as Elveter
arrests them.

Elv. I arrest thee of high treason, by the
name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name
of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham:

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name
of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. [Kneeling] Our purposes God justly
hath discover'd;² 151

And I repent my fault more than my
death; 152

Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. [Kneeling] For me, the gold of France
did not seduce;

Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended:

But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me. 160

Grey. [Kneeling] Never did faithful subject
more rejoice

At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,

¹ *Eluted*, sifted, tested.

² *Discover'd*, disclosed.

Prevented from a damned enterprise: 163
 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.
King. God quit you in his mercy! Hear
 your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd and from his
 coffers

Receiv'd the golden earnest¹ of our death;
 Wherein you would have sold your king to
 slaughter, 170

His princes and his peers to servitude,
 His subjects to oppression and contempt
 And his whole kingdom into desolation.
 Touching our person seek we no revenge;
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,²
 Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
 The taste whereof, God of his mercy give 179
 You patience to endure, and true repentance
 Of all your dear³ offences! Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop
 and Grey, guarded.*]

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
 Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 This dangerous treason lurking in our way
 To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
 But every rub⁴ is smoothened on our way.
 Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
 Our puissance into the hand of God, 190
 Putting it straight in expedition.⁵
 Cheerly to sea; the signs of war⁶ advance:
 No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *London. Before "The Boar's
 Head" Tavern in Eastcheap.*

*Enter PISTOL, NYM, and BARDOLPH, with arms,
 wallets, &c., as going to join the army; Hostess,
 and Boy.*

Host. Prithce, honey-sweet husband, let me
 bring thee⁷ to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.⁸

¹ Earnest = earnest money.

² Dear, grievous.

³ Expedition, march.

⁴ Bring thee, go with thee.

⁵ Tender, cherish.

⁶ Rub, impediment.

⁷ Signs of war, banners.

⁸ Yearn, grieve, mourn.

Bardolph, be blithe: Nym, rouse thy vaunting
 veins:

Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is
 dead,

And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er
 he is, either in heaven or in hell! 8

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in
 Arthur's bosom,⁹ if ever man went to Arthur's
 bosom.¹⁰ (A' made a finer end and went away
 an it had been any christom child; a' parted
 even just between twelve and one, even at the
 turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble
 with the sheets and play with flowers and
 smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was
 but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a
 pen, and a' babbled of green fields.) "How
 now, Sir John!" quoth I: "what, man! be o'
 good cheer." So a' cried out "God, God,
 God!" three or four times. Now I, to comfort
 him, bid him a' should not think of God; I
 hop'd there was no need to trouble himself
 with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay
 more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into
 the bed and felt them, and they were as cold
 as any stone; [then I felt to his knees, and they
 were as cold as any stone, and so upward and
 upward, and all was as cold as any stone.] 28

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay, that a' did.

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that a' did; and said they were
 devils incarnate.

Host. A' could never abide carnation; 't was
 a colour he never liked.

Boy. A' said once, the devil would have
 him about women.

Host. A' did in some sort, indeed, handle
 women; but then he was rheumatic,¹⁰ and
 talked of the whore of Babylon. 41

Boy. Do you not remember, a' saw a flea
 stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was
 a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained
 that fire: that's all the riches I got in his ser-
 vice.

⁹ Arthur's bosom, a blunder for Abraham's bosom.

¹⁰ Rheumatic, a blunder for fanatic.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels and my movables: 50
Let senses rule; the word is "Pitch and Pay;"
Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:

Therefore, *caveto* be¹ thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals.² Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that's but unwholesome food, they say. 60

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her. Exit.*]

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu. [*Exit.*]

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command. [*Exit.*]

Host. Farewell; adieu. [*Exit into Tavern.*]

SCENE IV. France. The King's palace.

Flourish. Enter the FRENCH KING attended; the DAUPHIN, the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, the CONSTABLE, and others.

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,³
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,

To line⁴ and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant;
For England⁵ his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf. 10

[*It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.*]

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;

¹ Caveto be, i.e. Let "take care" be.

² Crystals, eyes.

³ Make forth, go forth.

⁴ Line, fortify. ⁵ England, the king of England.

For peace itself should not so dull⁶ a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,

But that defences, musters,⁷ preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
As were a war in expectation. 20

Therefore, I say 't is meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous⁸ youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin!

You are too much mistaken in this king: 30
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception,⁹ and withal
How terrible in constant¹⁰ resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent¹¹
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
[As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.]

Dau. Well, 't is not so, my lord high constable; 41

But though we think it so, it is no matter:

In cases of defence 't is best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems:

[So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.]

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
[The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain 51
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of
Wales;

⁶ Dull, make careless. ⁷ Musters, levies of troops.

⁸ Humorous, changeful, capricious.

⁹ In exception, in objection.

¹⁰ Constant, firm.

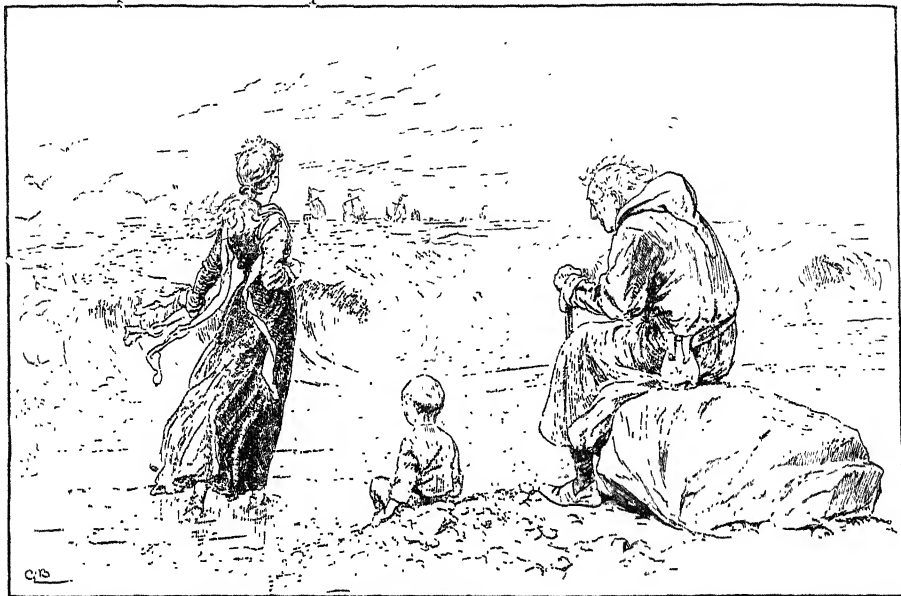
¹¹ Forespent, past.

Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain
standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him,
Mangle the work of nature and deface 60
The patterns that by God and by French
fathers

Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.]

Enter a Messenger.

*Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of
England*



Chor. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sterage of this navy,
And leave you England, as dead midnight still,

Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women,
Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance.
—(Act III. Prol. 17-21.)

Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present¹ audi-
ence. Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.*]

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for
coward dogs

Most spend their mouths² when what they
seem to threaten 70

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them
know

Of what a monarchy you are the head:

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and train.

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your
majesty.

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, long 80
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France. That you may
know

¹ Present, immediate.

² Spend their mouths, bark.

'T is no sinister¹ nor no awkward claim,
[Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd
days,

Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,]
He sends you this most memorable line,²
[In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook³ this pedigree:] 90
And when you find him evenly⁴ deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Eve. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the
crown

Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fiery tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring⁵ fail, he will compel; 101
[And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens'
groans,

For husbands, fathers and betrothed lovers.
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.]
This is his claim, his threatening and my mes-
sage; 110

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this
further:

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,

I stand herefor him: what to him from England?

Eve. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, con-
tempt,

And anything that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king; an if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large, 121
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass⁶ and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.⁷

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity, 130
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Eve. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake
for it,

Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe:
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters⁸ now: now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain: that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our
mind at full. 140

Eve. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our
king

Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed⁹ in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with
fair conditions:

A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT III.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift
scene flies

¹ *Sinister*, accent on second syllable.

² *Line*, pedigree.

⁴ *Evenly*, directly.

³ *Overlook*, examine.

⁵ *Requiring*, requesting.

In motion of no less *celerity*
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have
seen
The well-appointed¹⁰ king at Hampton pier

⁶ *Chide your trespass*, proclaim your offence.

⁷ *Ordinance*, ordnance.

⁸ *Masters*, possesses. ⁹ *Footed*, landed.

¹⁰ *Well-appointed*, well-equipped.

Embark his royalty,¹ and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fan-
ning:

Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think 13
You stand upon the rivage² and behold
A city on th' inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestic,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sternage³ of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
[Guarded with grandsires, babies and old
women,

Either past or not arriv'd to pith⁴ and puissance;⁵
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd 22
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to
France?]

Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a
siege;

Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose th' ambassador from the French comes
back;

Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms. 31
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum, and distant cannon heard.*

And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I. *France. Before the gates of Harfleur.*

A breach in the walls defended by the French.
Alarums. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER,
BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers with
scaling-ladders.

King. Once more unto the breach, dear
friends, once more;

Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect; 9
[Let it pry through the portage⁶ of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'er-
whelm it

As fearfully as doth a galled rock 12
O'erhang and jutty⁷ his confounded⁸ base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.⁹
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril
wide,]

Hold hard the breath and bend up every
spirit

To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet¹⁰ from fathers of war-
proof!

[Fathers that, like so many Alexanders, 10
Have in these parts from morn till even fought;
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argu-
ment: 11]

Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget
you.

Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good
yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us
here

The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I
doubt not;

For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes. 30
I see you stand like greyhounds in the
slips,

Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge
Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint
George!"

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and cannons heard:*
the English attack the walls.

¹ His royalty, his majesty.

² Rivage, shore.

³ Sternage, steerage.

⁴ Pith, strength.

⁵ Puissance, a dissyllable here.

⁶ Portage, port-hole. ⁷ Jutty, extend beyond.

⁸ Confounded, eaten by the waves.

⁹ Ocean, here a trisyllable.

¹⁰ Fet, fetched.

¹¹ Argument, business

SCENE II. *The same. Before another part of the walls.*

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not

a case of lives: [*Alarums*] the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound:

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,

In bloody field, 10

Doth win immortal fame. [*Alarums.*]



King. On, on, you noblest English.—(Act iii. l. 17.)

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety. [*Alarums.*]

Pist. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, 19
As bird doth sing on bough. [*Alarums.*]

*Enter FLUELLEN.*¹

Flu. Got's plood!—Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions!*

[*Driving them forward.*]

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould.

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,
Abate thy rage, great duke! •

Good bawcock,² bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck! 26

Nym. These be good humours! your honour wins bad humours. 28

[*Exeunt Nym, Pistol, Bardolph, and Fluellen, driving them off.*]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three swashers.³ I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-liver'd⁴ and red-fac'd; by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and thereof he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case,

¹ *Fluellen*, an approach to the Welsh pronunciation of *Llewellyn*.

² *Purcock*, an endearing epithet—*beau coy*.

³ *Swashers*, bullies.

⁴ *White-liver'd*, cowardly.

bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel. I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals.¹ They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines: the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you. 60

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines: by Cheshu, I think a' will plow up² all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith. 71

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his beard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

[Enter MACMORRIS and Captain JAMY.]

Gow. Here a' comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him. 80

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous faldrous gentlemen, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well

as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den³ to your worship, good Captain James. 90

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; 't ish give over: I would have blow'd up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done! 95

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point. 108

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you⁴ with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing: 't is shame for us all: so God sa' me, 't is shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la! 121

Jamy. By the mess,⁵ ere these eyes of mine takethemselves to slomber, ay'll do gud service, or ay'll lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and ay'll pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long.⁶ Marry, I wad full fain hear some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation— 181

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation?

³ God-den, good evening.

⁴ Quit you, answer you, requite you.

⁵ Mess, mass.

⁶ The breff and the long, i.e. the long and the short of it.

¹ Carry coals, put up with insults.

² Plow up, blow up.

Is a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation? 135

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities. 142

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. A! that's a foul fault.]

[*A parley sounded.*

Gow. The town sounds a parley. 149

[*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Before the gates.*

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls with a flag of truce; the English forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his train.

King. How yet resolves the governor of the town?

This is the latest parle¹ we will admit: Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves; Or like to men proud of destruction² Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier, A name that in my thoughts becomes me best, If I begin the battery once again, I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur Till in her ashes she lie buried.

[The gates of mercy shall be all shut up, 10 And the flesh'd³ soldier, rough and hard of heart,

In liberty of bloody hand shall range With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.

¹ Parle, parley.

² Destruction, metrically a quadrisyllable.

³ Flesh'd, fierce.

What is it then to me, if impious war, Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends, Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats⁴ Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause, If your pure maidens fall into the hand 20 Of hot and forcing violation?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness When down the hill he holds his fierce career? We may as bootless spend our vain command Upon th' enraged soldiers in their spoil As send precepts⁵ to the leviathan

To come ashore.] Therefore, you men of Harfleur,

Take pity of your town and of your people, Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command; [Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace 30

O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds Of heady⁶ murder, spoil and villany. If not, why, in a moment look to see The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;

Your fathers taken by the silver beards, And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls,

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes, Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused 39

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry⁷ At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.] What say you? will you yield, and this avoid, Or, guilty in defence,⁸ be thus destroy'd?

Gow. Our expectation hath this day an end: The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated, Returns us⁹ that his powers are yet not ready To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,

We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy. Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;

For we no longer are defensible. 50

King. Open your gates. [*The Governor and his train descend from walls.*] Come, uncle Exeter,

⁴ Fell feats, savage customs.

⁵ Precepts, accented on the second syllable.

⁶ Heady, impetuous, reckless.

⁷ Jewry, Judea.

⁸ In defence, in thus resisting.

⁹ Returns us, sends us back word.

Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we'll retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur we will be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we address.¹ 58
[*Flourish.* The King and his train enter
the town.

[SCENE IV. Rouen. A room in the palace.²

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu
parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que
j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la
main en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts? 8

Alice. Les doigts? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts;
mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense
qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; oui, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de
fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier;
j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vite ment. Com-
ment appelez-vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? nous les appelons de nails.

Kath. De nails. Ecoutez; dites-moi, si je
parle bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon
Anglois. 20

Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude?

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition
de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à
présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je
pense.

Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: de hand,
de fingres, de nails, de arm, de bilbow. 31

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! de
elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De nick. Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick; de menton,
de sin. 39

Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité,
vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les
natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la
grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez-vous pas déjà oublié ce que je
vous ai enseigné?

Kath. Non, je réciterai à vous promptement:
de hand, de fingres, de mails,—

Alice. De nail, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow. 50

Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-je; de elbow, de nick, et de
sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; et de coun.

Kath. De foot et de coun! O Seigneur Dieu!
ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros,
et impudique, et non pour les dames d'hon-
neur d'user: je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots
devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le
monde. P'oh! de foot et de coun! Néanmoins,
je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble:
de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow,
de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun. 63

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à
diner. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. The same. Another room in the
palace.

Enter the KING OF FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, the
DUKE OF BOURBON, the CONSTABLE OF
FRANCE, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the
river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my
lord,

Let us not live in France; let us quit all
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

[Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of
us,

The emptying of our father's luxury,³

¹ Address, prepared.

² The scene is translated in the notes, as the translation
would be rather too long for insertion here.

Our scions, put in wild and savage¹ stock,
 Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
 And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Nor-
 man bastards! 10

Mort de ma vie! if they march along
 Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
 To buy a slobbery² and a dirty farm
 In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they
 this mettle?

Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull,
 On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
 Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden
 water,
 A drench for sur-rein'd³ jades, their barley-
 broth,⁴ 19
 Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?



Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.—(Act iii. 4. 30, 31.)

And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
 Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
 Let us not hang like roping icicles
 Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty
 people
 Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!
 Poor we may call them in their native lords.]

Dau. By faith and honour,
 Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
 Our mettle is bred out [and they will give
 Their bodies to the lust of English youth 30
 To new-store France with bastard warriors.]

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-
 schools, 32
 And teach lavoltas⁵ high and swift corantos;⁵
 Saying our grace is only in our heels,
 And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald?
 speed him hence:

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
 Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edg'd
 [More sharper than your swords, hie to the
 field:
 Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;

¹ *Savage*, uncultivated.

² *Slobbery*, wet.

³ *Sur-rein'd*, exhausted, overriden.

⁴ *Barley-broth*, beer.

⁵ *Lavoltas* and *corantos*, the names of certain lively dances.

You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
 Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy; 42
 Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
 Foix, Lestrade, Bouciquault, and Charolois;
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and
 knights,
 For your great seats now quit you¹ of great
 shames.]

Bar Harry England,² that sweeps through our
 land

With pennons painted in the blood of Har-
 fleur;

Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow 50
 Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
 Go down upon him, you have power enough,
 And in a captive chariot into Rouen
 Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
 Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march,
 For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
 And for achievement offer us his ransom. 60

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste
 on Montjoy,
 And let him say to England that we send
 To know what willing ransom he will give.
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in
 Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain
 with us.

Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The English camp in Picardy.*

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN, meeting.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you
 from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent
 services committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe? 5

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous

as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and
 honour with my soul, and my heart, and my
 duty, and my life, and my living, and my
 uttermost power: he is not—God be praised
 and blessed!—any hurt in the world; but keeps
 the bridge most valiantly, with excellent dis-
 cipline. There is an aunchient there at the
 bridge, I think in my very conscience he is as
 valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a
 man of no estimation in the world; but I did
 see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not. 20

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
 The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited
 some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of
 heart,

Of buxom³ valour, hath, by cruel fate,
 And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
 That goddess blind, 30
 That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol.
 Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler⁴ afore
 her eyes, to signify to you, that Fortune is
 blind; and she is painted also with a wheel,
 to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that
 she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability,
 and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed
 upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls,
 and rolls: in good truth, the poet makes a most
 excellent description of it: Fortune is an ex-
 cellent moral. 40

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns
 on him:

For he hath stolen a pax,⁵ and hanged must
 a be:

A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free
 And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:
 But Exeter hath given the doom of death
 For pax⁵ of little price.

³ Buxom, lively.

⁴ Muffler, bandage.

⁵ Pax, a metal plate, with sacred figures on it, used in
 the Roman mass. See Note 181.

¹ Quit you, free yourselves.

² Harry England, i.e. Harry King of England.

Therefore, go speak: the duke will hear thy voice;

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:—
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite. 51

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd! and figo for thy friendship! 60



Pist. Die and be damn'd! and figo for thy friendship!
Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain!
Flu. Very good.—(Act iii. d. 50-63.)

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [Exit.

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a jawd, a cut-purse.

Flu. I'll assure you, a' utt'red as brave words at the bridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve. 60

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will

learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce,¹ at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook. 85

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would

¹ Sconce, bulwark.

gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge. 91

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, and *Soldiers*.

God pless your majesty!

King. How now, Fluellen, can'st thou from the-bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages;¹ marry, th' athversary has have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man. 101

King. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles,² and whelks,³ and knobs, and flames o' fire: and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out. 112

King. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compell'd⁴ from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French up-braided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner. 120

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.⁵

King. Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?⁶

Mont. My master's mind.

King. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king: Say thou to

Harry of England: Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleep: advantage⁷ is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuk'd him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue,⁸ and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion⁹ the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested,¹⁰ which in weight to re-answer,¹¹ his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc'd. So far my king and master; so much my office. 145

King. What's thy name? I know thy quality.¹²

Mont. Montjoy.

King. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy king I do not seek him now; 149
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment:¹³ for, to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,¹⁴
My people are with sickness much enfeebld,
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee,
herald,

I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yct, forgive me,
God, 159

That I do brag thus! This your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,

⁷ Advantage, opportunity. ⁸ Upon our cue, in our turn.

⁹ Proportion, correspond to. ¹⁰ Digested, put up with.

¹¹ In weight to re-answer, fully to make up for.

¹² Quality, profession.

¹³ Impeachment, hinderance (Fr. *empêchement*).

¹⁴ Of craft and vantage, wily and favoured by circumstances.

¹ Passages, acts, occurrences.

² Bubukles=carbuncles.

³ Whelks, pimples.

⁴ Compell'd, taken by force.

⁵ Habit, i.e. his herald's dress.

⁶ Of thee, from thee.

My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neigh-
bour

Stand in our way. There's for thy labour,
Montjoy.

Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red
blood 170

Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so.¹ Thanks to your
highness. [Exit.

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

King. We are in God's hand, brother, not
in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws towards
night:

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves, 180
And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *The French camp, near Agincourt.*

Enter the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, the LORD
RAMBURES, DUKE OF ORLEANS, DAUPHIN,
with others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the
world. Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let
my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

[Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high
constable, you talk of horse and armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any
prince in the world. 10

Dau. What a long night this is! I will not
change my horse with any that treads but on
four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* he bounds from the
earth, as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval*
*volant,*² the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!*³
When I bestride him, I soar; I am a hawk:

he trots the air; the earth sings when he
touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more
musical than the pipe of Hermes.⁴

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg. 20

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is
a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire;
and the dull elements of earth and water never
appear in him, but only in patient stillness
while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a
horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute⁵
and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh
is like the bidding of a monarch and his
countenance enforces homage. 31

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot,
from the rising of the lark to the lodging of
the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey;
it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands
into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argu-
ment⁶ for them all: 'tis a subject for a sover-
eign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sover-
eign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to
us and unknown, to lay apart their particular
functions and wonder at him. I once writ a
sonnet in his praise and began thus: "Wonder
of nature," 43

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's
mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I
composed to my course, for my horse is my
mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript⁷ praise
and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your
mistress shrewdly⁸ shook your back. 52

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O then belike she was old and gentle;
and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your
French hose off, and in your strait strossers.⁹

Con. You have good judgment in horseman-
ship. 59

⁴ *Hermes*, Mercury (his Greek name).

⁵ *Absolute*, without a fault.

⁶ *Argument*, subject.

⁷ *Prescript*, usual.

⁸ *Shrewdly*, unquestionably.

⁹ *Strossers*, tight dresses or breeches.

¹ *Deliver so*, say so.

² "The flying horse."

³ "Which has nostrils of fire," i.e. fiery nostrils.

Dau. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubrier:*¹ thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 't were more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises: who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself.

[*Exit.*]

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

[*Con.* Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one who knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any bodysaw it but his lackey:² 't is a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.³

[*Orl.* Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt⁴ is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish⁵ fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd⁶ followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension,⁷ they would run away.

² But his lackey, i.e. the only person he has had courage to beat is his lackey. ³ Bate, i.e. flutter, like a hawk.

⁴ Bolt, a blunt-headed arrow.

⁵ Peevish, foolish.

⁶ Fat-brain'd, stupid.

⁷ Apprehension, intelligence.

¹ i.e. "the dog is returned to his own vomit, and the washed sow to the mire."

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces. 149

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious¹ and rough

coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils. 152

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly² out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stopachs to eat and none to fight. Now it is time to arm: come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, —by ten

We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring³ dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of
night

The hum of either army stilly⁴ sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful
neighs 10

Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing⁵ the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation:
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty⁶ French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night 20
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned
English,

Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires

Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will
behold

The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to
tent, 30

Let him cry "Praise and glory on his head!"
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile
And calls them brothers, friends and country-
men.

Upon his royal face there is no note⁷
How dread an army hath enrounded⁸ him,
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched⁹ night,
But freshly looks and over-bears attain¹⁰
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty; 40
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;

⁷ No note, nothing to show.

⁸ Enrounded, surrounded.

⁹ All-watched, spent in watching.

¹⁰ Over-bears attain, conceals his anxiety

¹ Robustious, sturdy.

² Shrewdly, assuredly.

³ Poring, purblind.

⁴ Stilly, softly.

⁵ Accomplishing, furnishing.

⁶ Over-lusty, over merry.

Where—O for pity!—we shall much dis-
 grace 49

[With four or five most vile and ragged foils,¹
 Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,]

The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
 Minding² true things by what their mockeries
 be. [Exit.]

SCENE I. *The English camp at Agincourt.*
Night.

Enter KING HENRY and GLOUCESTER.

King. Gloucester, 't is true that we are in
 great danger;
 The greater therefore should our courage be.



Chor. Prond of their numbers, and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice.—(Act iv. Prol. 17-19.)

Enter BEDFORD.

{ Good morrow, brother Bedford.—[God
 Almighty!]

There is some soul of goodness in things
 evil,

Would men observingly distil it out.

For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful and good husbandry:

{ Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all, admonishing 9
 That we should dress us³ fairly for our end.

¹ *Foils*, swordsmen.

² *Minding*, thinking of.

³ *Dress us*, prepare ourselves.

Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself.]

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
 A good soft pillow for that good white head
 Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me
 better,

Since I may say, "Now lie I like a king."

King. 'T is good for men to love their present
 pains

Upon example; so the spirit is eas'd; 19

[And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt, }
 The organs, though defunct and dead before, }

Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
With casted slough and fresh legerity.¹ 23
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers
both,

Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire² them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt Gloucester and Bedford.*]

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

King. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate a while, 31
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble
Harry! [*Exit Erpingham.*]

King. God-a-mercy,³ old heart! thou speak'st
cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. *Qui va là?*⁴

King. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common, and popular?⁵

King. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike? 40

King. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

King. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock,⁶ and a heart of
gold,

A lad of life, an imp⁷ of fame;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant,

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string

I love the lovely bully.—What is thy name?

King. Harry le Roi.

Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of
Cornish crew? 50

King. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

King. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his
pate

Upon Saint Davy's day.

King. Do not wear your dagger in your cap
that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

King. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figo⁸ for thee, then! 60

King. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*]

King. It sorts⁹ well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak
lower. It is the greatest admiration in the
universal 'orld, when the true and auncient
prerogatifs and laws of the wars is not kept:
if you would take the pains but to examine
the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find,
I warrant you, that there is no tiddle-taddle¹⁰
nor pibble-pabble¹¹ in Pompey's camp; I war-
rant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the
wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it,
and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it,
to be otherwise. 75

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him
all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and
a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that
we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool
and a prating coxcomb? in your own con-
science, now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and pasesech you that you
will. [*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.*]

King. Though it appear a little out of fa-
shion,

There is much care and valour in this Welsh-
man.

*Enter three Soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER
COURT, and MICHAEL WILLIAMS.*

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the
morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great
cause to desire the approach of day. 90

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the
day, but I think we shall never see the end of
it. Who goes there?

¹ *Legerity*, alacrity (Fr. *légereté*). ² *Desire*, invite.

³ *God-a-mercy*, God have mercy.

⁴ *Qui va là?* "who goes there?"

⁵ *Popular*, plebeian.

⁶ *Bawcock*, from Fr. *beau cog.* = fine cock.

⁷ *In-p*, youngster.

⁸ *Figo*, a gesture of contempt.

⁹ *Sorts*, agrees.

¹⁰ *Tiddle-taddle* = tittle-tattle.

¹¹ *Pibble-pabble*, a coined word = idle prattle.

King. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

King. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate? 99



King.

What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.—(Act iv. 1. 41, 42.)

King. Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

King. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element¹ shows to him

as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions:² his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army. 117

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck;—and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will speak my conscience³ of the king: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved. 128

King. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish⁴ him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know. 135

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all loose legs and arms and heads, chopp'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter⁵ day and cry all "We died at such a place;" some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left.⁶ I am afraid⁷ there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men

² Conditions, qualities.

³ My conscience, my opinion.

⁴ To wish, as to wish.

⁵ Latter, last.

⁶ Rawly left, i.e. prematurely left alone, or, perhaps, left unprovided for.

⁷ Afraid, afraid.

¹ Element, the sky.

do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.¹ 153

King. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea,² the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: [Or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:] but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son,³ nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. [Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords,⁴ can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived³ murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native⁴ punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punish'd for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited.] Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so

free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see his greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it. 199

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

King. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after. 208

Will. You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun⁵ that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about⁶ to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 't is a foolish saying.

King. Your reproof is something too round:⁷ I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live. 220

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

King. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee⁸ a box on the ear. 232

King. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hanged.

King. Well, I will do it, though I take⁹ thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

¹ Proportion of subjection, reasonable service.

² Miscarry upon the sea, be lost at sea.

³ Contrived, preconcerted.

⁴ Native, in their own country.

⁵ Elder-gun, pop-gun.

⁶ Go about, undertake.

⁷ Too round, too blunt, too plain-spoken.

⁸ I will take thee, i.e. as we say, I will take and give thee.

⁹ Take, catch, find.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow,¹ if you could tell how to reckon. 241

[*King.* Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for



King. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing!—(Act iv. 1. 250–253.)

they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.]

[*Exeunt the three Soldiers.*

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful² wives,

Our children and our sins lay on the king!
We must bear all. O hard condition,³ 250
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing!⁴ What infinite heart's-
case

Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that private have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
[What kind of God art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth! 261
What is thy soul of adoration?]
Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.

[What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage
sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great great-
ness,]

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
[Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out 270
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?]
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's
knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud
dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee, and I know
[Tis not the balm,⁵ the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
[The intertissu'd robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,] 280
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful⁶

"bread"
[Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,

³ Condition, metrically a quadrisyllable.

⁴ Wringing, suffering.

⁵ Balm, the anointing oil used at coronations.

⁶ Distressful, laboriously earned.

¹ Enow, enough (used with plural nouns).

² Careful, anxious.

But, like a lackey, from the rise to set 289
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,¹
 And follows so the ever-running year,
 With profitable labour, to his grave;²
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil and nights with
 sleep,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
 [The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots³
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the
 peace, 300
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.³]

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your
 absence,
 Seek through your camp to find you.
King. Good old knight,
 Collect them all together at my tent:
 I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*
King. [*Kneeling*] O God of battles! steel my
 soldiers' hearts;
 Possess them not with fear; take from them
 now
 The sense of reckoning, if th' opposed numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day,
 O Lord,
 O, not to-day, think not upon the fault 310
 My father made in compassing the crown!
 I Richard's body have interred new;
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
 Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood:
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
 Towards heaven, to pardon blood; and I have
 built
 Two chantries, where the sad⁴ and solemn priests
 Sing still⁵ for Richard's soul. More will I do
 Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
 Since that my penitence comes after all, 321
 Imploring pardon.

¹ Help Hyperion to his horse, is up before sunrise.

² Wots, knows.

³ The peasant best advantages, i.e. benefit the peasant most.

⁴ Sad, serious, grave. ⁵ Still, constantly.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo. My liege! [*The King rises.*]
King. My brother Gloucester's voice? Ay;
 I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
 The day, my friends and all things stay for me.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The French camp. Sunrise.*

*Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and
 others.*

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my
 lords!

Dau. *Montez à cheval!* My horse! *varlet!*⁶
laquais! ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. *Vive les eaux et la terre.*—

Orl. *Rien puis? l'air et le feu.*—

Dau. *Ciel!* cousin Orleans.

Enter CONSTABLE.

Now, my lord constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service
 neigh!

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in
 their hides, 9

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
 And dout⁷ them with superfluous courage, ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our
 horses' blood?

How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled,⁸ you French
 peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight
 to horse!

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
 [And your fair show shall suck away their
 souls,

Leaving them but the shales⁹ and husks of men.]

There is not work enough for all our hands;

Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins

To give each naked curtle-axe¹⁰ a stain, 21

[That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,

⁶ Varlet (Old French)=page.

⁷ Dout, do out, i.e. extinguish.

⁸ Embattled, i.e. in battle array.

⁹ Shales, shells.

¹⁰ Curtle-axe, cutlass.

And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow
 on them, 23
 The vapour of our valour will o'eturn them.]
 'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
 That our superfluous lackeys [and our peasants,
 Who in unnecessary action swarm
 About our squares¹ of battle,] were enow
 To purge this field of such a hilding² foe,
 Though we upon this mountain's basis by 30
 Took stand for idle speculation:
 But that our honours must not. What's to say?
 A very little little let us do,
 And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
 The tucket sonance³ and the note to mount;
 For our approach shall so much dare the field
 That England shall couch down in fear and
 yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords
 of France?
 Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,⁴
 Ill-favour'dly become the morning field: 40
 Their ragged curtains⁵ poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully:
 Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host
 And faintly through a rusty beaver⁶ peeps:
 [The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
 With torch-staves in their hand; and their
 poor jades
 Lob⁷ down their heads, dropping the hides and
 hips,
 The gum down-roping⁸ from their pale-dead
 eyes,
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit⁹
 Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motion-
 less;] 50
 And their executors, the knavish crows,
 Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
 [Description cannot suit itself in words
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself.]
Con. They've said their prayers, and they
 stay for death.

¹ Squares, squadrons. ² Hilding, base, cowardly.

³ The tucket sonance, a flourish on a trumpet.

⁴ Desperate of their bones, reckless of their fate.

⁵ Ragged curtains, torn banners.

⁶ Beaver, the visor of a helmet. ⁷ Lob, hang heavily.

⁸ Down-roping, i.e. dripping down (Fr. *roupie*).

⁹ Gimmal bit, a bit with double rings.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and
 fresh suits
 And give their fasting horses provender,
 And after fight with them?
Con. I stay but for my guidon;¹⁰ to the field!
 I will the banner from a trumpet take, 61
 And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
 The sun is high, and we outwear¹¹ the day.
 [Exit.

SCENE III. *The English camp.*

*Enter the English host; GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD,
 EXETER, SALISBURY and WESTMORELAND.*

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their
 battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full three
 score thousand.

Eve. There's five to one; besides, they all
 are fresh.

Sal. God's arm, strike with us! 't is a fearful
 odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
 If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
 Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
 My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord
 Exeter, 9

And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good
 luck go with thee!

[*Eve.* Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-
 day:

And yet I do thee wrong to mind¹² thee of it,
 For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.]

[Exit Salisbury.

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
 Princely in both.

Enter the KING.

Wes. O that we now had here
 But one ten thousand of those men in England
 That do no work to-day!

King. What's he that wishes so?
 My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enow¹³ 20
 To do our country loss; and if to live,

¹⁰ Guidon, ensign, standard.

¹¹ We outwear, we are wasting.

¹² Mind, remind.

¹³ Enow, enough.



The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
 God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
 By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
 It yearns¹ me not if men my garments wear;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
 But if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive. 29

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
 God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
 As one man more, methinks, would share from
 me 32
 For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one
 • more!
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my
 host,



*King. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
 Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.—(Act iv. 3. 90, 91.)*

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
 Let him depart; his passport shall be made
 And crowns for convoy² put into his purse:
 We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.
 This day is called the feast of Crispian: 40
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil³ feast his neighbours,
 And say "To-morrow is Saint Crispian:"
 Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,

And say "These wounds I had on Crispian's day."
 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember with advantages⁴ 50
 What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words,
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son;
 And Crispian Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered; 59
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me

¹ *Yearns*, grieves.

² *Convoy*, conveyance, travelling expenses.

³ *Vigil*, the day preceding a holy day.

⁴ *With advantages*, with profit.

Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile, 62
 This day shall gentle his condition:¹
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not
 here;
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles ^{any}
 speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself²
 with speed:

The French are bravely³ in their battles⁴ set,
 And will with all expedience⁵ charge on us. 70

King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is back-
 ward now!

King. Thou dost not wish more help from
 England, coz?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and
 I alone,

Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

King. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five
 thousand men:

Which likes me better than to wish us one.

You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY and Attendants.

Mont. "Once more I come to know of thee,
 King Harry, 79

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
 Before thy most assured overthrow:

[For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
 Thou needs must be englutted.⁶ Besides, in
 mercy,

The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
 Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
 May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
 From off these fields, where, wretches, their
 poor bodies

Must lie and fester.]

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

King. I pray thee, bear my former answer
 back: 90

Bid them achieve⁷ me and then sell my bones.
 Good God! why should they mock poor fellows
 thus? 92

The man that once did sell the lion's skin
 While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting
 him.

A many of our bodies shall no doubt
 Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
 Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
 And those that leave their valiant bones in
 France,

Dying like men, though buried in your dung-
 hills,

They shall be fam'd; [for there the sun shall
 greet them, 100

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in
 France.

Mark then abounding valour in our English,
 That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
 Break out into a second course of mischief,
 Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly: tell the constable 108

We are but warriors for the working day;
 Our gayless and our gilt⁸ are all besmirch'd

With rainy marching in the painful field;
 There's not a piece of feather in our host—

Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
 And time hath worn us into slovenry.⁹

But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night

They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads

And turn them out of service. If they do this,—
 As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then

Will soon be levied.] Herald, save thou thy
 labour; 121

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my

joints;

Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
 Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee
 well:

Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

[*Exeunt Montjoy and Attendants.*

¹ Gentle his condition, make him a gentleman.

² Bestow yourself, return to your post.

³ Bravely, with much display. ⁴ Battles, battalions.

⁵ Expedience, haste.

⁶ Englutted, swallowed up, absorbed.

⁷ Achieve, capture.

⁸ Gilt, fine trappings.

⁹ Slovenry, slovenliness.

King. I fear thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.¹ 130

King. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers,
march away:
And how² thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. *The field of battle.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter PISTOL, French Soldier, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sol. *Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*³

Pist. *Qualitie calmeie custure me!*⁴ Art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O Seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentle man:

Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark;

O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,⁵
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me 10
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!*⁶

Pist. Moy⁷ shall not serve; I will have forty moys;

Or I will fetch thy rim⁸ out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?*⁹

Pist. Brass, cur! 19
Thou damned and luxurious¹⁰ mountain goat,

Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moi!*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?

Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French
What is his name.

Boy. *Ecoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?*¹¹

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and fir¹² him,
and ferret¹³ him: discuss the same in French
unto him. 31

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and fir.

Pist. Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.*¹⁴

Pist. *Ouy, cuppele gorge, pernafoy.*¹⁵
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns; 40

Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.*¹⁶

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take. 51

Fr. Sol. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*¹⁷

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le*

¹¹ "Listen; how are you called?" ("what's your name?")

¹² Fir, beat.

¹³ Ferret, worry.

¹⁴ "He orders me to tell you to make yourself ready; for this soldier here is disposed this very hour to cut your throat."

¹⁵ This is Pistol's idea of French. He means, "O yes, cut his throat, by my faith."

¹⁶ "O, I entreat you for the love of God to pardon me! I am a gentleman of good family: preserve my life, and I will give you two hundred crowns."

¹⁷ "Although it is against his oath to pardon any prisoner, nevertheless (in return) for the crowns you have promised him, he is content to give (you) your liberty, your release."

¹ Vaward, vanguard.

² How, as.

³ "I think that you are a gentleman of good quality."

⁴ See note 233.

⁵ Point of fox, point of sword.

⁶ "O, take compassion! have pity on me!"

⁷ Moy. See note 237.

⁸ Rim, the peritoneum; or, perhaps, the diaphragm.

⁹ "Is it impossible to escape the force of thy arm?"

¹⁰ Luxurious, lustful.

*plus brave, vaillant, et tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*¹

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Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signior of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show. Follow me!

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Boy. *Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.*² [*Exeunt Pistol, and French Soldier.*] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil in the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously.³



Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house.—(Act iv. 4. 47, 48.)

I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. Another part of the field.

Enter CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, BOURBON, DAUPHIN, RAMBURES, and others in confusion.

Con. *O diable!*

¹ "Upon my knees I give you a thousand thanks; and I esteem myself happy to have fallen into the hands of a knight, I think, the most brave, valiant, and highly distinguished lord in England."

² "Follow the great captain." ³ *Adventurously*, boldly.

Orl. *O seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*⁴

Dau. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all! Reproach and everlasting shame Sits mocking in our plumes. *O méchante fortune!*⁵

Do not run away. [*A short alarm.*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. *O perdurable*⁶ shame! let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

⁴ "O my lord, the day is lost, all is lost!"

⁵ "O wicked fortune!"

⁶ *Perdurable*, enduring, lasting.

Orl.^c Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame! 10

Let's die in honour: once more back again;
[And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.]

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend¹ us now!

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow² yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon. 21

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng:

~~Let life be short; else shame will be too long.~~
[Exeunt.]

[SCENE VI. Another part of the field.]

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY and Forces,
EXETER, and others.

King. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen:

But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

King. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,

Larding³ the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow, to his honour-owing⁴ wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies. 10

Suffolk first di'd; and York, all haggled⁵ over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

And cries aloud "Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;

¹ Friend, befriend.

² Enow, enough.

³ Larding, enriching.

⁴ Honour-owing, honour-owning, honourable.

⁵ Haggled, mangled.

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!" 19

Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up:
He smil'd me in the face, raught⁶ me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says "Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign."
So⁷ did he turn and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips;

And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me which I would have
stopp'd;

But I had not so much of man in me, 30
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

King. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce⁸ compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

[Alarum.]

But, hark! what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd
men:

Then every soldier kill his prisoners: 37
Give the word through [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. Another part of the field.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis
expressly against the laws of arms: 'tis as
arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as
can be offer't; in your conscience, now, is it
not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left
alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from
the battle ha' done this slaughter: besides,
they have burn'd and carried away all that
was in the king's tent; wherefore the king,
most worthily, hath caus'd every soldier to
cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant
king! 11

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Cap-
tain Gower. What call you the town's name
where Alexander the Pig was porn!

Gow. Alexander the Great.

⁶ Raught, reached. ⁷ So, then. ⁸ Perforce, necessarily.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations. 19

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it?

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the world, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander,—God knows, and you know, —in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Cleitus. 41

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finish'd. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and good judgements, turn'd away the fat knight with the great-belly doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I'll tell you there is good men born at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, and forces; WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, and others.

King. I was not angry since I came to France

Until this instant. Take a trumpet,¹ herald; Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:

If they will fight with us, bid them come down, 61

Or void² the field; they do offend our sight: If they'll do neither, we will come to them, And make them skirr³ away, as swift as stones Enforced⁴ from the old Assyrian slings: Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have, And not a man of them that we shall take Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY and Attendants.

Exc. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be. 70

King. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?

Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. [*Knéeing*] No, great king: I come to thee for charitable license,⁵ That we may wander o'er this bloody field To book⁶ our dead, and then to bury them; To sort our nobles from our common men.

For many of our princes—woe the while!— Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;⁷ [So do our vulgar⁸ drench their peasant limbs; In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds 81

Fret fetlock deep in gore and with wild rage Yerk⁹ out their armed heels at their dead masters,

Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,

To view the field in safety and dispose Of their dead bodies!]

King. I tell thee truly, herald, I know not if the day be ours or no; For yet a many of your horsemen peer And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. [*Rising*] The day is yours.

¹ *Trumpet*, i.e. trumpeter. ² *Void*, leave.

³ *Skirr*, hurry. ⁴ *Enforced*, hurried.

⁵ *License*, permission. ⁶ *To book*, i.e. to register.

⁷ *Mercenary blood*, i.e. the blood of mercenaries.

⁸ *Our vulgar*, i.e. our common soldiers.

⁹ *Yerk*, thrust.

King. Praised be God, and not our strength,
for it! 90

What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

King. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,

Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*]

[*Flu.* Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Black Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

King. They did, Fluellen. 100

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day. 108

King. I wear it for a memorable honour; For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye can't wash your majesty's Welsh blood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

King. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man. 120

King. God keep me so! Our heralds go with him:

Bring me just notice¹ of the numbers dead
On both our parts. [*Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy.*] Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to Williams.*]

Exe. [*To Williams*] Soldier, you must come to the king. [*Williams advances, having the King's glove in his cap.*]

King. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 't is the

gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

King. An Englishman? 129

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swagger'd with me² last night; who, if alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box, o' th' ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

King. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience. 140

King. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort,³ quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: [if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jacksauce,⁴ as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la!] 150

King. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

King. Who serv'st thou under? "

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literated in the wars.

King. Call him hither to me, soldier. 158

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*]

King. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap; when Alençon and myself were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love. 166

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours as can be desir'd in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs; that shall find himself aggriev'd at this glove; that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

² Swagger'd with me, bullied me.

³ Great sort, high rank.

⁴ Jacksauce, Fluellen's blunder for Saucy Jack.

¹ Just notice, true information.

King. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

King. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. *[Exit.]*

King. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels: 179
The glove which I have given him for a favour
May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear;
It is the soldier's; I by bargain should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin War-
wick:

If that the soldier strike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant¹
And touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury: 189
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII. Before King Henry's pavilion.

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain,
I beseech you now, come apace to the king.
there is more good toward you peradventure
than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is
a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.
[Strikes him.]

Flu. 'S blood! an arrant traitor as any is
in the universal world, or in France, or in
England! 11

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give
treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge
you in his majesty's name, apprehend him:
he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's. 19

Enter WARWICK and GLOUCESTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised
be Got for it!—a most contagious treason
come to light, look you, as you shall desire in
a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.

King. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor,
that, look your grace, has struck the glove
which your majesty is take out of the helmet
of Alençon. 28

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is
the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in
change promis'd to wear it in his cap: I pro-
mis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man
with my glove in his cap, and I have been as
good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your
majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally,
beggarily, lousy knave it is: I hope your
majesty is pear me testimony and witness,
and will avouchment, that this is the glove
of Alençon, that your majesty is give me; in
your conscience, now? 40

King. Give me thy glove, soldier; look,
here is the fellow of it.

'T was I, indeed, thou promis'd'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.²

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck
answer for it, if there is any martial law in
the world.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the
heart: never came any from mine that might
offend your majesty. 51

King. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself:
you appear'd to me but as a common man;
witness the night, your garments, your low-
liness,³ and what your highness suffer'd under
that shape, I beseech you take it for your own
fault and not mine: for had you been as I
took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I
beseech your highness, pardon me. 60

¹ Valiant, metrically a trisyllable.

² Bitter terms, bitter words.

³ Lowliness, humble appearance.

King. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove
with crowns, 61
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
And, captain, you must needs¹ be friends with
him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow
has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there
is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to
serve. Got, and keep you out of prawls, and
prabbles,² and quarrels, and dissensions, and,
I warrant you, it is the better for you. 71

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you,
it will serve you to mend your shoes: come,
wherefore should you be so pashful? your
shoes is not so good: 't is a good silling, I
warrant you, or I will change it. "

Enter an English Herald.

King. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?
Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd
French.

King. What prisoners of good sort³ are taken,
uncle? 80

Eve. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to
the king;

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciquart:
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

King. This note doth tell me of ten thousand
French

That in the field lie slain; of princes, in this
number,

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
{ Eight thousand and four hundred; [of the
which, 90

{ Five hundred ~~were~~ but yesterday dubb'd
knights:

{ So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
{ There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries,⁴
{ The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights,
squires,

And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their nobles that lie dead:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
Jacques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;
Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guich-
ard Dolphin, 100

John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of
Brabant,

The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and
Lestrale.]

Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?

[*Herald shows him another paper.*

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:
None else of name;⁵ and of all other men 110
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was
here;

And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on th' other? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!

Eve. 'T is wonderful!

King. Come, go we in procession to the
village:

And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take that praise from God
Which is his only. 121

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your
majesty, to tell how many is killed?

King. Yes, captain; but with this acknow-
ledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great
goot.

King. Do we all holy rites;
Let there besung "Non nobis" and "Te Deum;"
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay: 129
And then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy
men. [*Exeunt.*

¹ Needs, of necessity. ² Prabbles, petty disputes.

³ Sort, rank. ⁴ Mercenaries, hired soldiers.

⁵ Of name, of note or rank.

ACT V.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not
 read the story,
 That I may prompt them: [and of such as have,
 I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
 Of time, of numbers and due course of things,
 Which cannot in their huge and proper life
 Be here presented.] Now we bear the king
 Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
 Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
 Athwart¹ the sea. Behold, the English beach
 Pales in² the flood with men, with wives, and
 boys, 10
 Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-
 mouth'd sea,
 Which, like a mighty whiffler³ fore the king,
 Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
 And solemnly see him set on to London.
 So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
 You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
 [Where that his lords desire him to have
 borne
 His bruised helmet and his bended sword
 Before him through the city: he forbids it,
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious
 pride; 20
 Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
 Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
 In the quick forge and working-house of
 thought,]
 How London doth pour out her citizens!
 The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,⁴—
 Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
 Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
 [As, by a lower but loving likelihood,⁵
 Were now the general of our gracious em-
 press, 30
 As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
 Bringing rebellion broached⁶ on his sword,

How many would the peaceful city quit,
 To welcome him! much more, and much more
 cause, 31
 Did they this Harry.] Now in London place
 him;
 As yet the lamentation of the French
 Invites the King of England's stay at home;
 The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
 To order peace between them; and omit
 All the occurrences, whatever chanced, 40
 Till Harry's back-return again to France:
 There must we bring him: and myself have
 play'd
 The interim, by remembering you⁷ 't is past.
 Then brook abridgment, and your eyes ad-
 vance,
 After your thoughts, straight back again to
 France. [Exit.

SCENE I. *France. The English camp.**Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

Gow. Now, thaf's right; but why wear you
 your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is
 past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and
 wherefore in all things: I will tell you, asse
 my friend, Captain Gower: the rascally, scald,⁸
 peggary, lousy, praggng knave, Pistol, which
 you and yourself and all the world know to
 be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of
 no merits, he is come to me and prings me
 pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid
 me eat my leek: it was in a place where I
 could not preed no contention with him; but
 I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till
 I see him once again, and then I will tell him
 a little piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a
 turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor
 his turkey-cocks. Got pless you, Aunchient

¹ *Athwart*, across. ² *Pales in*, encircles.
³ *Whiffler*, a person who goes before a procession to
 clear the way. ⁴ *Sort*, style or manner.
⁵ *Likelihood*, similitude. ⁶ *Broached*, transfixd.

⁷ *Remembering you*, reminding you. ⁸ *Scald*, scurvy.

Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan, 20

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?

Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy

knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader¹ and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes*



Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge:
I eat and eat, I swear.—(Act v. 1. 49, 50.)

him.] Will you be so good, scald² knave, as eat it? 31

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished³ him. 41

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part

of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. —Pite, I pray you: it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge:

I eat and eat, I swear— 50

Flu. Eat, I pray you; will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good to you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your proken coxcomb.

¹ Cadwallader, the last of the Welsh kings.

² Scald, scurvy. ³ Astonished, stunned.

When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good. 60

Flu. Ay, leeks is good: hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

[*Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this. 72

Cow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking¹ and galling² at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition.³ Fare ye well.

[*Exit.*

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife⁴ with me now?

[News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital⁵

Of malady of France;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.]

Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs Honour is cudgell'd. [Well, bawd I'll turn, And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.] 91

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:

And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,

And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Troyes in Champagne. An apartment in the King's palace.*

Enter, at one door, KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another, the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, ALICE, and other Ladies; the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and his train.

King. Peace to th^{is} meeting, wherefore⁶ we are met!

Unto our brother France, and to our sister, Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes

To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine; -

And, as a branch and member of this royalty, By whom this great assembly is contriv'd, We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy; And princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face, 9

Most worthy brother England; fairly met:— So are you, princes English, every one.

Queen. So happy be the issue, brother England,

Of this good day and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes; Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them Against the French, that met them in their bent,

The fatal balls⁷ of murdering basilisks:⁸

The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,

Have lost their quality, and that this day

Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

King. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Queen. You English princes all, I do salute you. 22

Bur. My duty to you both on equal love, Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd,

With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavours,

To bring your most imperial majesties

Unto this bar and royal interview,

¹ Gleeking, sneering.

² Galling, scoffing.

³ Condition, temper.

⁴ Huswife, hussy.

⁵ Spital, hospital.

⁶ Wherefore, for which.

⁷ Balls, eyeballs.

⁸ Basilisks; a pun on basilisks=snakes and basilisks, large cannon.

Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That, face to face and royal eye to eye, 30
You have congreeted,¹ let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub² or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
[Alas, she hath from France too long been
chas'd,

And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility. 40
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,³
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas,
The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate⁴ such savagery;⁵
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly
forth

The freckl'd cowslip, burnet and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness and nothing teems 51
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies,⁶
burs,

Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and
hedges,

Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;

But grow like savages,—as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood,— 60

To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire
And every thing that seems unnatural.

Which to reduce into our former favour⁷

You are assembl'd: and my speech entreats
That I may know the let,⁸ why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities:

King. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would⁹
the peace
Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands; 71



King. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?—(Act v. 2. 98-101.)

Whose tenours and particular effects
You have enschedul'd briefly in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the
which as yet

There is no answer made.

King. Well then the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.]

[Burgundy gives the French King a scroll.]

Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye

¹ Congreeted, met with friendliness. ² Rub, obstacle.

³ Even-pleach'd, smoothly interwoven.

⁴ Deracinate, uproot.

⁵ Savagery, wild growth

⁶ Kecksies, dry hemlock stems.

⁷ Favour, appearance. ⁸ Let, hinderance.

⁹ Would, wish.

O'erglanced the articles: pleaseth your grace
 T' appoint some of your council presently
 To sit with us once more, with better heed
 To re-survey them, we will suddenly 81
 Pass our accept¹ and peremptory answer.

King. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
 And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,

Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king;
 And take with you free power to ratify,
 Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
 Shall see advantageable² for our dignity,
 Any thing in or out of our demands,
 And we'll consign³ thereto. Will you, fair
 sister, 90

Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Queen. Our gracious brother, I will go with
 them:

Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
 When articles too nicely⁴ urg'd be stood on.

King. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here
 with us:

She is our capital demand, compris'd
 Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Queen. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine,
 and Alice.*]

King. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
 Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
 Such as will enter at a lady's ear 100
 And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I
 cannot speak your England.

King. O fair Katharine, if you will love
 me soundly with your French heart, I will
 be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with
 your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez-moi*, I cannot tell vat is
 "like me."

King. An angel is like you, Kate, and you
 are like an angel. 111

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à
 les anges?*⁵

Alice. *Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi
 dit-il.*⁶

King. I said so, dear Katharine; and I
 must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes
 sont pleines de tromperies.*⁷

King. What says she, fair one? that the
 tongues of men are full of deceits? 121

Alice. *Oui*, dat de tongues of de mans is be
 full of deceits: dat is de princess.⁸

King. The princess is the better English-
 woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for
 thy understanding: I am glad thou canst
 speak no better English: for, if thou couldst,
 thou wouldst find me such a plain king that
 thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy
 my crown. I know no ways to mince it in
 love, but directly to say "I love you:" then
 if you urge me farther than to say "do you
 in faith?" I wear out my suit. Give me your
 answer; i' faith do: and so clap hands and a
 bargain: how say you, lady? 134

Kath. *Sauf votre honneur*, me understand
 vell.

King. Marry, if you would put me to verses
 or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you un-
 did me:⁹ for the one, I have neither words nor
 measure, and for the other, I have no strength
 in measure,¹⁰ yet a reasonable measure in
 strength. If I could win a lady at leap-
 frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my
 armour on my back, under the correction
 of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly
 leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet¹¹ for
 my love, or bound my horse for her favours,
 I could lay on like a butcher and sit like
 a jack-an-apes,¹² never off. But before God,
 Kate, I cannot look greenly¹³ nor gasp out
 my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in
 protestation: only downright oaths, which I
 never use till urged, nor never break for
 urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this
 temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-
 burning, that never looks in his glass for love
 of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be
 thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if
 thou canst love me for this, take me; if not,

¹ Pass our accept, declare our acceptance.

² Advantageable, profitable.

³ Consign, agree.

⁴ Nicely, sophistically.

⁵ "What says he? that I am like the angels?"

⁶ "Yes, truly, save your grace, so he says."

⁷ "O good God! the tongues of men are full of deceits."

⁸ Dat is de princess, i.e. that is what the princess says.

⁹ You undid me, i.e. you would undo me.

¹⁰ In measure, in dancing.

¹¹ Buffet, box.

¹² Jack-an-apes, a monkey.

¹³ Greenly, foolishly.

to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall: a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France? 179

King. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat. 187

King. No, Kate? [I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ai le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi*,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—*donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne*.² It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle*.³ 201

¹ *Fall*, shrink.

² "When I have possession of France and you have the possession of me—then France is yours and you are mine."

³ "Saving your honour, the French that you speak, it is better than the English which I speak."

King. No, faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one.] But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell. 207

King. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart; but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells methou shalt, [I get thee with scrambling,⁴ and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder:] shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis⁵ and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce? 224

[*Kath.* I do not know dat.

King. No; 't is hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor.] How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et divin déesse*?⁶

Kath. Your majesté ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France. 235

King. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. [Now, be-shrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them.] But, in faith, Kate,

⁴ *Scrambling*, struggling.

⁵ *Saint Denis*, the French patron saint.

⁶ "The most beautiful Katharine in the world, my very dear and divine goddess."

the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say "Harry of England, I am thine:" which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud "England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine:" who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English; wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.

King. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me. 270

King. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.*¹

King. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur nocces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.*² 281

King. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell vat is *baiser* en English.

King. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* better *que moi*.

King. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say? 291

Alice. *Oui, vraiment.*

King. O Kate, nice customis curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list³ of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults;⁴ as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father. 308

Re-enter the FRENCH KING and his QUEEN, BURGUNDY, and other Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

King. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

King. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition⁵ is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness. 317

[*Bur.* Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign⁶ to.

King. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

¹ "Let be, my lord, let be, let be: my faith, I do not wish that you should abase your greatness in kissing the hand of one of your lordship's unworthy servants; excuse me, I entreat you, my very powerful lord."

² "For ladies and girls to be kissed before their marriage, it is not the custom in France."

³ List, compass, confine.

⁴ Find-faults, fault-finders.

⁵ Condition, temper. ⁶ Consign, agree.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do. 330

King. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning; for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide,¹ blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end and she must be blind too. 341

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

King. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspective, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.] 350

King. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

King. I am content; [so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

King. Is't so, my lords of England?] 359

West. The king hath granted every article: His daughter first, and then in sequel all, According to their firm proposed natures.

[*Eve.* Only he hath not yet subscribed this: Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion, to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition, in French, *Notre très-cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de France;*² and thus in Latin, *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ.*³ 370

¹ Bartholomew-tide, the 24th of August.

² "Our very dear son Henry, King of England, heir (apparent) of France."

³ "Our most illustrious son Henry, King of England, and heir (apparent) of France."

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,

But your request shall make me let it pass.

King. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest;
And thereupon give me your daughter.]

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up

Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores
look pale

With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction 380

Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like
accord

In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair
France.

All. Amen!

King. Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

[*Flourish.*

[*Queen.* God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in
one! 389

As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdom such a
spousal,

That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,

Thrust in between the paction⁴ of these kingdoms,

To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French English-
men,

Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

King.] Prepare we for our marriage: on
which day, 398

My lord of Burgundy, we'll take our oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our league.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous
be! [Sennet. Exeunt.

⁴ Paction, alliance.

[EPILOGUE.]

Enter Chorus.

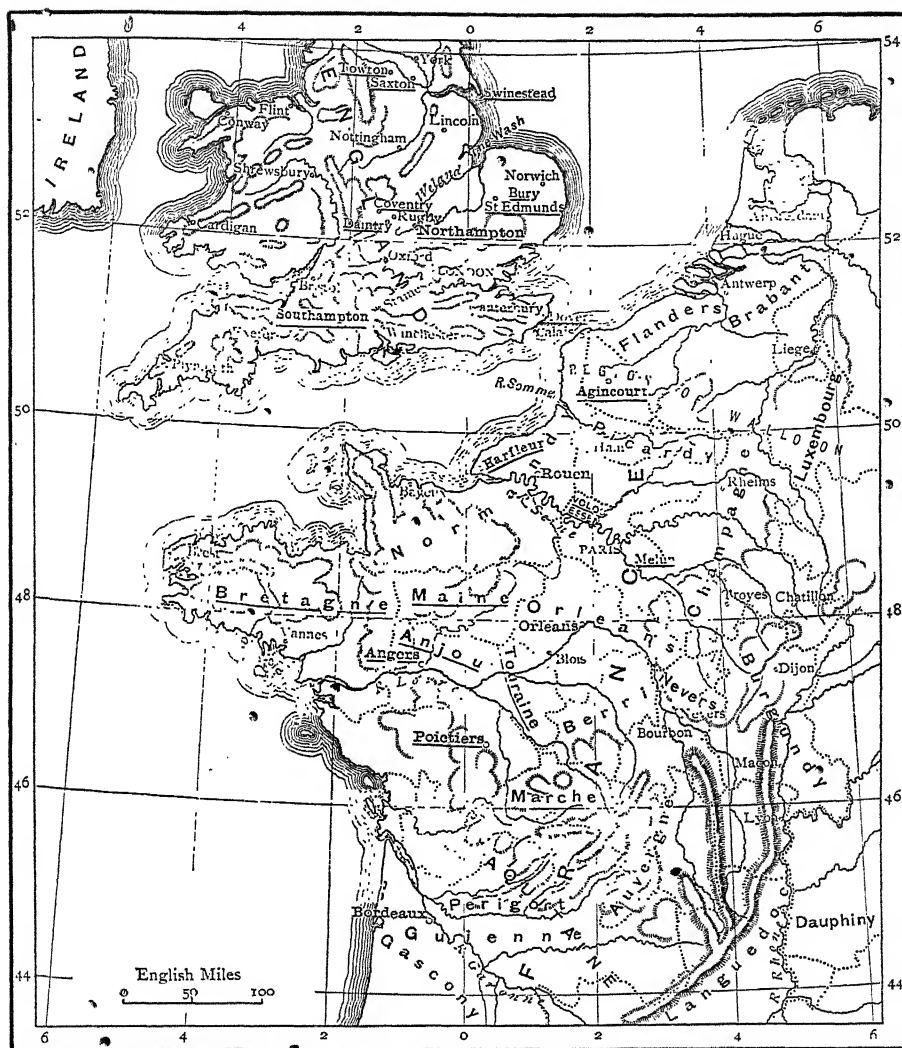
Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable¹
pen,
Our bending author hath pursu'd the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts² the full course of their
glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
This star of England: Fortune made his
sword;

¹ *All-unable*, weak.² *By starts*, by fragmentary and imperfect representation.

By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd
King
Of France and England, did this king suc-
ceed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his Eng-
land bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for
their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.³
[*Exit.*]

³ *Let this, &c.*, let this play find favour.

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE KING HENRY V.



NOTES TO KING HENRY V.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. KING HENRY THE FIFTH. For some account of Henry's earlier years see note 2, I. Henry IV. and note 3, II. Henry IV. With reference to his marriage it may be noted that the king had been a suitor for the hand of Isobel of France, the young widow of Richard II., and

subsequently for that of her next sister Marie, who went into a convent. He then sought to win their youngest sister, Katharine, but it was not till some years later that his wooing proved successful. They were married at Troyes on the 3rd of June, 1420. Their only issue was Henry of Windsor, born in that town on the 6th of December, 1421. The king, while engaged in preparations for

fresh wars, was taken sick with pleurisy, and died August 31st, 1422, of the fever that followed this attack. His body was taken to England with great pomp and ceremony, and finally entombed in Westminster Abbey on the 11th of November in the same year.

2. DUKE OF GLOUCESTER. This was Prince Humphrey Plantagenet, the only one of Henry's brothers who was actually present at Agincourt, where he fought bravely and was wounded, his royal brother coming to his rescue and defending him until he could be borne from the field. He was also at the meeting of the French and English princes at Troyes. See note 3, I. Henry VI.

3. DUKE OF BEDFORD. This is the person who figured as Prince John of Lancaster in I. and II. Henry IV. (See note 3, I. Henry IV.) Henry created him Earl of Kendal and Duke of Bedford on the 6th of May, 1414. He also appointed him to be "Lieutenant of the whole realm of England" during his own absence in France. The dramatist is therefore at fault in representing the duke as present before Harfleur and at Agincourt. For a fuller account of this character see note 2, I. Henry VI.

4. DUKE OF EXETER. This was Thomas Beaufort, for an account of whom see note 4, I. Henry VI. At the time of the battle of Agincourt he was only Earl of Dorset and not Duke of Exeter, as Shakespeare calls him. As French remarks, he was not present at Agincourt, although nearly all writers agree with Shakespeare in putting him in command of the rear-guard there. It is remarkable that the poet has given a sufficient reason for his absence in iii. 3. 51-53:

Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French.

This is true to history, Dorset having remained in charge of Harfleur after its capture. The town was twice attacked by the Count of Armagnac, who was in both instances repulsed by the garrison under the command of Dorset.

5. DUKE OF YORK. This is the Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Rutland and Duke of Aumerle, who appears in Richard II. (See note 5 of that play.) He was restored to his father's former title by Henry IV. in 1406. He fell at Agincourt, fighting bravely in command of the van. "He was very corpulent, and having been struck down by the Duke of Alençon, it was in stooping to assist his cousin that the king himself was assailed by that French prince, who struck off Henry's jewelled coronet" (French).

6. EARL OF SALISBURY. This was Thomas Montacute, eldest son of the Earl of Salisbury who appears in the play of Richard II. (See note 8 of that play, vol. iv. p. 64.) Henry IV. restored him to the title his father had forfeited. For an account of him see note 9, I. Henry VI. vol. ii. p. 140.

7. EARL OF WESTMORELAND. This is the Ralph Neville of the preceding plays. (See note 4, I. Henry IV. vol. v. p. 237, and note 8, II. Henry IV. p. 66 of this volume.) He could not have been at Agincourt, since his duties as one of the council to the Regent Bedford, and also as warden of the West Marches towards

Scotland, would require his presence in England. Compare what Henry says in i. 2. 136-137:

We must not only arm t' invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

8. EARL OF WARWICK. This was Richard Beauchamp, some account of whom will be found in note 7, II. Henry IV., and note 8, I. Henry VI. He was at Harfleur, but not at Agincourt, having returned to England after the capture of the former city. He subsequently returned to France, and was made governor of Caen after it was taken by Henry. He was one of the ambassadors sent to treat of the king's marriage, and was present at Troyes, as represented in the play (act v. scene 2). Henry, on his death-bed, appointed him tutor to his infant son, on the ground that "no fitter person could be provided to teach him all things becoming his rank."

9. ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. Henry Chicheley, who was born about 1362, at Higham Ferrars, where in 1415 he founded and endowed a college for secular priests. He had been archdeacon of Salisbury and bishop of St. David's before his appointment to the see of Canterbury in 1414. He founded All Souls' College at Oxford, and enlarged and adorned Lambeth Palace. He died April 12, 1443.

10. BISHOP OF ELY. John Fordham, who, after being Dean of Wells, was promoted to the see of Durham, and subsequently transferred to Ely. He died in 1425.

11. EARL OF CAMBRIDGE. Richard Plantagenet, brother of the Duke of York in this play, and second son of the Duke of York in Richard II. He married Anne, daughter of Roger Mortimer, fourth earl of March; and their son, Richard Plantagenet, became the head of the Yorkists, or party of the White Rose in the subsequent reign. (See note 7 of I. Henry VI. and note 4 of II. Henry VI.) Having been engaged in the conspiracy against Henry V., he was beheaded at Southampton on the 5th of August, 1415. The plan of the conspirators was to put his brother-in-law, Edmund Mortimer, on the throne; but the latter disclosed the plot to the king, who was his intimate friend.

12. LORD SCROOP. Henry Scroop was the eldest son of Sir Stephen Scroop or Scrope. (See note 21, Richard II.) He was employed by Henry V. on certain embassies to Denmark and France; but, under the influence of French bribes, he plotted the destruction of his sovereign, and drew the Earl of Cambridge and Sir Thomas Grey into the conspiracy. He was tried, attainted, and beheaded on the same day with his confederate Cambridge.

13. SIR THOMAS GREY. He was the son of Sir Thomas Grey of Berwick, Constable of Norham Castle. He was executed at Southampton on the 2nd of August, 1415. His eldest brother, Sir John Grey, distinguished himself in the wars of Henry V., from whom he received the earldom of Tancarville.

14. GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, AND JAMY. As French remarks: "Shakespeare probably selected these names to represent the four nations which sent contingents to Henry's army in France." He calls attention also

to the fact that Rhellen (as the Welsh *Llewellyn* is pronounced) was the name of a townsman of the dramatist at Stratford.

15. **NYM, BARDOLPH, AND PISTOL.** Bardolph was also a Stratford name in the time of Shakespeare. Pistol appears to have been a favourite character, as his name is given in the titles of some editions of *II. Henry IV.* (see the Introduction to that play); and "*Ancient Pistol*" is also mentioned in the title-pages of the quartos of the present play.

16. **CHARLES THE SIXTH, KING OF FRANCE.** The monarch was not at Agincourt, having been urged to keep away by his uncle, the Duc de Berry, who had served at Poitiers, and who told Charles that it was better to lose a battle than a king also. Neither was he at Troyes at the time of the betrothal of his daughter, being then the victim of one of the fits of insanity to which he had long been subject. Charles had come to the throne in 1380 as successor to his father, Charles V. He married Isabel, daughter of Stephen II, of Bavaria, by whom he had three sons and five daughters. Of the latter the eldest was Isabel, who became the second queen of Richard II. (see note 23, Richard II.); and the fifth was Katharine the Fair, who figures in this play. Charles died on the 21st of October, 1422, a few weeks after Henry V.

17. **LEWIS, THE DAUPHIN.** He is called simply "the Dolphin" by Shakespeare. At the beginning of the play, Louis, the eldest son of Charles, was Dauphin, but he died soon after the battle of Agincourt. He was succeeded by his next brother, John, who died in 1417, and was in turn succeeded by his brother Charles, afterwards King Charles VII., who is a character in *I. Henry VI.* See note 22 of that play.

18. **DUKE OF BURGUNDY.** During the time of act i. this would be John Sans-Peur, or the Fearless, who was assassinated September 10th, 1418. His son, Philip, Count of Charolois, is the Duke of Burgundy in act v. of the play. He was not at Agincourt, though he visited the field soon after the battle, in which his uncles, the Duke of Brabant (mentioned in iv. 8. 101) and the Duke of Nevers, had been killed. He was present at Troyes during the negotiations for peace (act v. scene 2).

19. **DUKE OF ORLEANS.** Son of Louis, Duke of Orleans, brother to Charles VI. In 1408 he married his cousin Isabel, widow of Richard II. After the battle of Agincourt he "was discovered by an English esquire, Richard Waller, under a heap of slain, showing but faint signs of life, and after a captivity of twenty-five years in England he was released on payment of 80,000 crowns, in part of the sum fixed for his ransom, April, 1440" (French, p. 113). While imprisoned in the Tower of London he wrote several poems of no mean character. He died in 1465, and his son became King Louis XII. of France.

20. **DUKE OF BOURBON.** John, Duke of Bourbon, who served at Agincourt, was taken prisoner, and carried to England, where he died in 1433. He was buried at Christ Church, Newgate, London.

21. **THE CONSTABLE OF FRANCE.** Charles d'Albret, a natural son of Charles le Mauvais, King of Navarre, and half-brother to Queen Joan, stepmother of Henry V. He led the van at Agincourt, was wounded, and died the next day.

22. **RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ.** The former French lord was "Master of the Crossbows," and had a high command in the van at Agincourt; the latter was a leader in the main body with the Dukes of Alençon and Bar. Both fell in the battle.

23. **GOVERNOR OF HARFLEUR.** This was Jean, Lord d'Estouteville, at the time when the siege began; but on the arrival of reinforcements under Raoul, Sieur de Gaucourt, that general appears to have taken charge of the defence. Both these lords were sent as prisoners to England, and Gaucourt wrote a narrative of the siege.

24. **MONTJOY, A FRENCH HERALD.** "The principal king at arms was taken prisoner at Agincourt, and it was from him that Henry V. learned that he had gained the field, and the name of the place, as stated in the play" (French, p. 117).

25. **AMBASSADORS TO THE KING OF ENGLAND.** According to Rymer the ambassadors on the present occasion were "Louis, Earl of Vendôme; Monsieur William Bouratin, the archbishop of Bourges; the bishop of Lisieux; the lords of Ivry and Braguemont, with Jean Andrée and Master Gualtier Cole, the king's secretaries."

26. **ISABEL, QUEEN OF FRANCE.** See note 16 above. She died September 24, 1435, three days after the ratification of the second treaty of Troyes, in bringing about which she had been largely instrumental.

27. **THE PRINCESS KATHARINE.** She was born at Paris, October 27th, 1401. After the betrothal at Troyes she was committed by Henry V. to the care of Sir Louis Robert, who was likewise her escort to England after her husband's death. She subsequently married Owen Tudor, a Welsh gentleman of excellent family but small estates. He is said to have saved the life of Henry V. at Agincourt, and the king made him one of his "esquires of the body." The marriage with the widow of Henry, nevertheless, gave offence to her high-born kindred in both countries, and she passed the remainder of her life in obscurity. (See Introduction to *II. Henry VI.* vol. ii. p. 183.) Her death occurred at Bermondsey Abbey, January 3rd, 1437. Edmund, the eldest son of Owen Tudor and Katharine, was made Earl of Richmond in 1452 by his half-brother, Henry VI., and subsequently married Margaret Beaufort, heiress of the Dukes of Somerset. Their only child came to the throne of England as Henry VII.

PROLOGUE.

28. In the Folios the play is divided into acts but not into scenes, although to the first is prefixed *Actus Primus, Scena Prima*. The division into scenes was first made by Pope.

29. Lines 1, 2.—Warburton sees here an allusion to the Peripatetic system with its several heavens, "the highest

of which was one of fire;" but, as Douce remarks, the poet "simply wishes for poetic fire and a due proportion of inventive genius" (Illustrations of Shakespeare, p. 295).

30. Line 7: *Leash'd in like hounds*, &c.—Holinshed tells us that Henry V. announced to the people of Rouen "that the goddess of battell, called Bellona, had three hand-maidens, euer of necessitie attending vpon hir, as blood, fire, and famine" (vol. iii. p. 104).

31. Line 13: *this wooden O*.—The reference is to the Globe Theatre, which was of wood and circular in shape. Built in 1599 (or 1598), it was burnt down on the 29th June, 1613. In the Prolegomena to the Var. Ed. (vol. iii. p. 64) there is a woodcut of the Globe Theatre, and in Dancker's large map of London, published at Antwerp in 1647, there is also a tolerably good representation of this theatre as it then appeared. Malone says that he believes the house was called the Globe, not from its circular shape, but from its sign, "which was a figure of Hercules supporting the Globe, under which was written *Totus mundus agit histrionem*" (ut supra, p. 67). Compare note on As You Like It, II. 7. 130-143. For *wooden O*, cf. Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 80, 81:

And lighted
The little O, the earth.

32. Line 22: *The PERILOUS narrow ocean*.—Steevens would make *perilous* an adverb=very, as in Beaumont and Fletcher, Humorous Lieutenant: "She is *perilous* crafty," &c.; but it is clearly an adjective. M. Mason cites Merchant of Venice, iii. 1. 4: "wrecked on the *narrow seas*; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very *dangerous* flat," &c. See Merchant of Venice, note 203.

33. Line 30: *Turning th' accomplishment*, &c.; i.e. "representing the work of many years within the time of an hour-glass."

34. Line 33: *prologue-like*.—Like one who delivers a *prologue*. The prologue was formerly ushered in by trumpets. (See Midsummer Night's Dream, note 202.) The Folio heads this division of the play with "Enter Prologue;" but compare line 32: "Admit me *Chorus*."

ACT I. SCENE 1.

35.—The events narrated in this scene took place in Leicester, where the king held a parliament in 1414, but Shakespeare has chosen to make London the scene of the first act.

36. Line 1: *that SELF bill*.—The bill here referred to was one brought before parliament in the reign of Henry IV., providing that the temporal lands bequeathed to the church should revert to the crown, as is explained in lines 9-19. This measure naturally excited much commotion among the religious orders, whom, as Holinshed says, "suerlie it touched verie neere, and therefore to find remedie against it, they determined to assaie all waies to put by and overthrow this bill" (vol. iii. p. 65). It is in pursuance of this determination that the Archbishop in scene 2 opposes the Salic law. *Self* is here used in the sense of selfsame, and the literal rendering of the passage is that "the bill now urged is one and the same with that brought forward in the eleventh year," &c.

37. Line 4: *the SCAMBLING and vniquiet time*.—For *scambling* see King John, note 252.

38. Line 8: *of our POSSESSION*.—Hammer and Dyce read *possessions*.

39. Line 24: *The courses of his youth*, &c.—The habits of his youth gave no evidence of what was in him. The change in the character of Henry, great as it is, is not in itself an unusual one. Many a careless, free-living young man, who has beneath all his frivolities "a solid base of temperance," has made just such a radical change in his practices when suddenly brought face to face with the responsibilities of life. The archbishop, however, speaking in the true constrictor spirit, persists in thinking that so remarkable a conversion was never known before.

40. Line 28: *Consideration*, &c.—"As paradise, when sin and Adam were driven out by the angel, became the habitation of celestial spirits, so the king's heart, since *consideration* has driven out his follies, is now the receptacle of wisdom and of virtue" (Johnson).

41. Line 33: *in a flood*.—Probably an allusion to the cleansing of the Augean stables by Hercules, who turned a river through them.

42. Line 34: *a heady CURRANCE*.—This is the reading of F. 1, and may well stand, as *currance* (=flux, flow) is found in writers of the time. F. 2 has *current*, which many editors prefer.

43. Line 36: *all at once*.—"And all the rest, and everything else" (Schmidt). Compare As You Like It, iii. 5. 35-37:

Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and *all at once*,
Over the wretched!

Staunton says it was a trite phrase in the time of Shakespeare, and quotes F. Sable, Fisherman's Tale, 1594: "She wept, she cride, she sob'd, and *all at once*;" and Middleton, Changeling, iv. 3:

Does love turn fool, run mad, and *all at once*!
—Works (Dyce's edn.), vol. iv. p. 273.

44. Line 51: *practic*.—Used by Shakespeare nowhere else. The passage 51-59 is thus explained by Johnson: "His theory must have been taught by art and practice; which, says he, is strange, since he could see little of the true art or practice among his loose companions, nor ever retired to digest his practice into theory."

45. Line 52: *theoric*.—Theory. This word occurs in All's Well That Ends Well, iv. 3. 162, 163: "that had the whole *theoric* of war in the knot of his scarf;" and in Othello, i. 1. 24: "the bookish *theoric*." Some editors adopt *his theoric*, the reading of F. 3.

46. Line 60: *The strawberry grows*, &c.—"It was a common opinion in the time of Shakespeare that plants growing together imbibed each other's qualities. Sweet flowers were planted near fruit-trees with the idea of improving the flavour of the fruit, while ill-smelling plants were carefully cleared away lest the fruit should be tainted by them. But the strawberry was supposed to be an exception to the rule, and not to be corrupted by the 'evil communications' of its neighbours" (Kölfe).

47. Line 74: *Thou cherishing th'* EXHIBITERS.—*Exhibiter* was used technically of those who introduced a bill. The verb *exhibit* occurs in this sense in *Merry Wives*, ii. 1. 2): "Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting-down of fat men." So *Measure for Measure*, iv. 4. 11. The archbishop in effect says that the king, if not wholly indifferent, is at least more inclined to listen to the clergy than to those who would strip the church of its possessions.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

48. Line 3: *Shall we*, &c.—The Qq. make the play begin here.

49. Line 11: *the law Salique*.—See the archbishop's own explanation below, lines 38–50.

50. Line 15: *Or nicely charge*, &c.—The king warns the archbishop against knowingly burdening his conscience with the guilt of proclaiming, by fallacious reasoning, a title which may possibly be false.

51. Line 27: *gives edge unto the* SWORDS.—Dyce and some others read *sword*.

52. Line 37: *Pharamond*.—A king of the Franks who instituted the Salic law in 424, which was afterwards ratified by Clovis I. in a council of state.

53. Line 57: *four hundred one and twenty years*.—Rolfé remarks, "No commentator has called attention to the error in subtracting 426 from 805, which leaves 379, not 421. Shakespeare follows Holinshed, who appears to have taken 405 from 826."

54. Line 72: *To FIND his title*.—So Ff.; the Qq. have *fine*, which Dyce adopts. Johnson proposed *line* (that is, strengthen, fortify). Retaining *find* we may explain it, either = "find out," or—which is more probable, = "furnish with." In the latter sense *find*, though now it is rather a colloquialism, was very regularly used.

55. Line 74: *the Lady Lingare*.—No such person appears in French history. Holinshed has *Lingard*.

56. Line 94: *imbar*.—The reading of F. 3, F. 4; F. 1, F. 2 read *imbarre*; Q. 1, Q. 2, *imbace*; and Q. 3, *embrace*. *Imbare*, the suggestion of Warburton, was adopted by Theobald and has been followed by Halliwell and others. *Imbar* means "to bar in," "to secure."

57. Lines 99, 100:

*When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter.*

The meaning obviously is, when he dies *without* a son. The Qq. have *sonne* for *man*; but the wording of Numbers xxvii. 8, "And thou shalt speak unto the children of Israel, saying, If a man die, and have no son, then ye shall cause his inheritance to pass unto his daughter," favours the Folio reading.

58. Line 108: *Whiles his most mighty father on a hill*, &c.—Allusion is here made to an incident at the battle of Cressy, thus described by Holinshed: "The earle of Northampton and others sent to the king, where he stood aloft on a windmill hill, requiring him to advance forward, and come to their aid, they being as then sore laid to of their

enimies. The king demanded if his sonne were slaine, hurt, or felled to the earth. "No," said the knight that brought the message, "but he is sore matched." "Well," (said the king,) "returne to him and them that sent you, and saie to them that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, so long as my son is alive, for I will that this iourne be his, with the honour thereof" (Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 639).

59. Line 114: *cold for action*.—"The unemployed forces seeing the work done to their hands, stood laughing by and indifferent for action—*unmoved to action*" (Knight).

60. Line 125: *They know your grace hath cause and means and might*.—Dyce, adopting Walker's suggestion, transfers this line to the preceding speech; but *hath* in the next line is to be emphasized, as Malone suggested: "your highness *hath* indeed what they think and know you have."

61. Line 129: *pavilion'd*.—Tented. The eagerness of the English to engage in conflict with the French is well brought out in the imaginative words of Westmoreland. Although their bodies yet remain here, he seems to say, their hearts are already in the tents on the French fields ready for battle on the morrow.

62. Line 161: *The King of Scots*.—David II., who was taken prisoner by Queen Philippa at the battle of Neville's Cross, Oct. 1346, and held in captivity for eleven years.

63. Line 163: *HER chronicle*.—The Qq. have *your*, and the Ff. *their*.

64. Lines 166–173.—The Folio assigns this speech to the Bishop of Ely; but on examination of Holinshed it will be readily seen that it belongs to the Earl of Westmoreland. For *tear* in 173 the Qq. have *spoile*, and the Ff. *tame*. Rowe made the correction.

65. Line 175: *crush'd*.—The Folio reading, followed by Cambridge editors, and explained by Schmidt to mean "forced" or "strained." The Quarto reading is *curst*, which some editors retain and explain variously as "perverse," "froward," or "sharp," "bitter."

66. Line 187.—Malone pointed out that, in the description which follows, Shakespeare may have had in his mind's eye a similar picture drawn by Lyly, in his *Euphues* (pp. 262–264, Arber's ed.).

67. Line 189: *The ACT of order*.—That is, "orderly action." Pope substitutes *art*, which Dyce adopts.

68. Line 208: *as many WAYS meet in one town*.—Both the Qq. and Ff. have *wayes* (with some variations in the context), but Dyce adopts Lettsom's conjecture of *streets*.

69. Line 224: *bend it to our awe*; i.e. "force it to acknowledge our supremacy."

70. Line 233: *worshipp'd with a waven epitaph*.—The reading of the Folio; the Quarto has "paper," the meaning in either case being "easily effaced," as Schmidt explains it. As Hunter remarks, *worshipp'd* is used in the sense of *honoured*, and the passage perhaps means "a grave without any inscription, not even one of the meanest and most fugitive." More probably, however, Shake-

speare is referring to the now obsolete custom of fastening laudatory stanzas, epitaphs, &c., to the hearse, or grave, of a distinguished man. For a full and interesting note on the practice, the student must turn to Gifford's Ben Jonson, ix. 58, where the editor goes out of his way to explain the present passage. Compare also Bullen's Middleton, v. 109, and see Much Ado About Nothing, note 363.

71. Line 252: *galliard*.—Compare Twelfth Night, i. 3. 127: "What is thy excellence in a *galliaré*, knight?" Sir John Davies, in his Orchestra (stanzas 67 and 68, Grosart's edition, 1869), describes the dance thus:

But, for more divers and more pleasing show
A swift and wandering daunce she did invent,
With passages uncertaine, to and fro,
Yet with a certaine answer and consent
To the quicke musick of the instrument.
Five was the number of the Musick's feet,
Which still the daunce did with five paces meet.
A gallant daunce, that lively doth bewray
A spirit, and a vertue masculine,
Impatient that her house on earth should stay,
Since she herselfe is fiery and divine:
Oft doth she make her body upward flie;
With lofty turnes and capriols in the ayre,
Which with the lusty tunes accordeth faire.

Halliwell quotes Lanquettes Chronicle: "About this time [1541] a new trade of daunsyng *galiardes* upon five paces, and vaunting of horses, was brought into the realme by Italians, which shortly was exercised commonly of all yonge men, and the old facon left."

72. Line 258: *Tennis-balls*.—In the old play of The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth the Dauphin's present is a gilded ton of *tennis-balls*.

73. Line 259: *So pleasant with us*.—The fine irony of this speech of the king's can best be appreciated when one contrasts the natures of the two men, Henry V. and the Dauphin. Up to a certain period, the death of Henry IV., their lives appear to have run in similar channels. But the occasion for independent action has arrived, and Henry has successfully summoned up all his powers to meet it, while the Dauphin is still held captive by the "pleasant vices" of his youth. It is easy to call up the picture of the French ambassadors shrinking back from the king's presence, as they listen to the scorching words they are commissioned to deliver to their master, their "pleasant prince," who had so imperfectly comprehended the nature of the man with whom he had to deal. "This mock of his" is to recoil with terrible emphasis upon his own head.

74. Line 263: *strike his father's crown into the hazard*.—This expression, like many of those in the first part of this speech, is taken from the game of *Tennis*, a game, as is well known, of great antiquity, though it was originally played, as its French name *jeu de paume* indicates, with the hand only, like our modern game of *Fives*. Afterwards a kind of glove was introduced, and later still a *racket*; though the introduction of this instrument took place very early, for Chaucer, in his Troilus and Creseide, bk. iv., mentions it:

But thou canst plaien *raket* to and fro.

—Minor Poems, vol. ii. p. x64.

The exact date when the game was introduced into England is not known; but it was among the games against which an act was passed in the reign of Edward III. 1365. The object of this and other similar restrictive measures was to encourage archery at the expense of all other pastimes. As to the exact meaning of *hazard* in this passage there is some uncertainty. In the *Tennis Court* of the present day the *hazard* side is that side opposite the *dedans*, or the opposite side of the court to the server; and it is on this side of the court that there are two openings called respectively the *grille* and "the last gallery," into either of which, if the ball be struck by the player on the opposite side, it counts as a stroke. But in Howell's Dictionary, 1660 (known as the Lexicon Tetraglotton), we find under *hazard*: "The *Lower Hazard* of a Tennis Court; *Pelouse*." *Pelouse* in Cotgrave, among other synonyms, is explained as in Howell; and the synonyms given by the latter, in Italian and Spanish, leave no doubt that *hazard* meant a little hole in the wall, and that it is the same as what was called *le petit trou*, which was a little hole close to the floor in the service or *dedans* side of the court. In Mr. Julian Marshall's Annals of Tennis, plate 10, is seen a *hazard*; it is lettered L, and at page 82 of the same work there is a copy of the print of James Duke of York, son of Charles I. (in a *Tennis court*), which is taken from a rare quarto pamphlet published in 1641. In this plate the young prince is represented as standing with his back to the *dedans*, and in the wall there are two holes, one high up on his left-hand side, and the other on the ground on his right-hand side. This latter was the *petit trou* or *lower hazard*; and there is very little doubt that the meaning of the phrase in our text is that Henry would strike the king's crown into the *lower hazard*, there being no doubt also a play upon the word *hazard*=danger. A stroke into the *lower hazard* would be a winning stroke; so the meaning of the passage is quite clear, namely, that he would "win the crown of France." The word *hazard* is now used for a *pocket* in a billiard-table, and is commonly applied to a stroke which puts one of the balls into a pocket, a stroke which is described by billiard players as a losing or a winning *hazard*, accordingly as it is your own ball or one of the other balls that is put into the pocket. At what time, exactly, *hazard* came to be used in this sense is uncertain; but we find in Phillips's World of Words (1706) "*Hazard* (Fr.) . . . at Billiards, Hazards, are the Holes in the sides and Corners of the Table, into which the Gamesters endeavour to strike their Adversaries Ball."—F. A. M.

75. Line 266: *chases*.—[Scaino in his Trattato della Palla, Venice, 1560, thus explains the word *caccia* "as being equivalent to the mark, or marking, of a ball that is sent, or pursued (*cacciata*); and he defines it as the point at which the ball terminates its flight, when struck, neither out of court nor in a manner contrary to any other rules (*senza commissione di fallir*." (Annals of Tennis, p. 133). He uses the word *caccia* indifferently for both "strokes" and *chases* as we understand the latter word nowadays. Anyone who has been in a Tennis Court will have noticed upon the floor a number of lines on the server's side or side of the *dedans*. There are six a yard apart beginning from the end wall, with intermediate lines beginning at

every half-yard. Besides these there are other lines not numbered which are called respectively Last Gallery, Second Gallery, Door and First Gallery, the latter being nearest to the net which divides the court into two parts. On the *hazard* side there are only seven lines, the first commencing four yards from the end wall. A full explanation of them will be found in the Annals of Tennis, p. 118.—F. A. M.] Compare Sidney's *Arcadia* (book iii. p. 443, London, 1774): "Then Fortune (as if she had made *chases* enow on the one side of the bloody Tennis-court) went of the other side of the line," &c. Halliwell quotes a dialogue from the Marow of the French Tongue, 1625: "I have thirty, and a *chase*. . . And I, I have two *chases*.—Sir, the last is no *chase*, but a *losse*."

76. Line 276: *For THAT I have laid by my majesty*.—The Folio reading. The Qq. have *For this*, and Collier's MS. corrector has *For here*.

77. Line 282: *gun-stones*.—Cannon-balls were originally made of stone. Steevens quotes Holinshed: "About seven of the clocke marched forward the light pieces of ordinance, with stone and powder." In the *Brut* of England, it is said that Henry "anone lette make tenes balles for the Dolfin in all the haste that they myght, and they were great gonnestones for the Dolfin to playe with alle. But this game at tenes was too rough for the besieged, when Henry playede at the tenes with his hard gonnestones," &c.

78. Line 306: *with REASONABLE swiftness*.—Both Collier's and Singer's MS. correctors have *seasonable*.

ACT II. PROLOGUE.

79. Line 2: *silken dalliance*, &c.; i.e. that with the prospect of war all effeminacy is put aside with the *silken* suits of peaceful times.

80. Line 26: *for the GILT of France*.—O GUILT indeed!—We are reminded at once of Lady Macbeth's (ii. 2. 55-57) ghastly jest:

If he do bleed,
I'll *gild* the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their *guilt*.

81. Lines 31, 32:

*Linger your patience on; and we'll digest
The abuse of distance; force a play.*

A corrupt passage, which is variously rendered by commentators. Steevens explains *force a play* as "to produce a play by compelling many circumstances into a narrow compass." Pope and Dyce read *well digest*. The lines seem out of place, and Knight believes that the author intended to erase them.

[In Charles Kean's revival of the play at the Princess's Theatre (in March, 1859), immediately before these two lines were spoken, the scene opened and discovered a tableaut, representing the three conspirators receiving the bribe from the emissaries of France." The chorus in this revival was represented by Mrs. Charles Kean, who appeared as Clio, the Muse of History. Shakespeare has assigned no personality to the chorus of this play, and it was generally represented under the figure of Time; but Charles Kean's alteration was a very sensible

one, especially as it enabled Mrs Charles Kean to take part in the revival.—F. A. M.]

82. Line 40: *We'll not offend*, &c.; i.e. "You shall cross the sea without being sea-sick."

83. Line 41: *till the king come*, &c.; i.e. "until the appearance of the king the scene will not be shifted to South ampton." Hammer reads, *But when the king comes*, &c.; and Malone suggests:

Not till the king come forth, and but till then.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

84. Line 2: *Lieutenant Bardolph*.—It appears from an old MS. in the British Museum, that Wm. Pistail and E. Bardolf were among the cannoniers serving in Normandy in 1435.

85. Line 3: *What, are ANCIENT Pistol and you friends yet?*—For *ancient* (defined by Cotgrave "An Ensigne, Auntient, Standard bearer") cf. The Knight of the Burning Pestle, v. 2: "March fair, my hearts! Lieutenant, beat the rear up—*Ancient*, let your colours fly" (Beaumont and Fletcher, Dyce's ed. ii. 218). But the best known of all *ancients* is of course Othello's *ancient*, Iago.

86. Line 6: *there shall be SMILES*.—It is rash to correct Nym's nonsense; but Dyce adopts Farmer's conjecture of *smiles*. Nym may, however, be looking forward to the end of the war, which seems to be more in his thoughts than his quarrel with Pistol.

87. Line 16: *I will do as I may*.—Dyce follows Mason in the needless change to *die*. Nym means to say that he will make the best of it, or submit to his fate.

88. Line 17: *that is my REST*.—A term taken from the old game of primero, equivalent to, "that is my stake, wager=resolve." Compare Comedy of Errors, iv. 3. 27: "he that sets up his *rest* to do more exploits," and All's Well that Ends Well, ii. 1. 138: "Since you set up your *rest* 'gainst remedy." See Romeo and Juliet, note 186.

Outside Shakespeare note the Spanish Gipsy, iv. 2. 13, 14:

Could I set up my *rest*
That he were lost, or taken prisoner;

and same play, iv. 3. 138:

Set up thy *rest*, her marriest thou or none.
—Works (Dyce's edn.), vol. iv. pp. 171, 180

89. Line 31: *Base TKE*.—For *tike* (a Scandinavian word, Swedish *tik*=a bitch) cf. Lear, iii. 6. 73:

Or bobtail *tike* or trundle-tail.

Tyke, in Yorkshire, is a common word for a hound (used also of a churlish fellow).

90. Line 43: *IOELAND DOG*.—Nares describes these animals as "shaggy, sharp-eared, white dogs, much imported formerly as favourites for ladies," and refers us to various passages where they are alluded to; e.g. Swetnam's Arraignment of Women, 1615: "But if I had brought little *dogges* from *Island*, or fine glasses from Venice, then I am sure that you would either have wooed me to have them, or wished to see them." So Massinger, the Picture, v. 1:

So I might have my belly full of that
Her *Iceland cur* refuses.
—Works, p. 314.

The folios have *Island*, the old spelling of the word. In *The Queen of Corinth*, iv. 1, we find the form *Isling*:

- Hang hair like hemp, or like the *Isling* cures.
- Beaumont and Fletcher, *Works* (Dyce's edn.), vol. v. p. 455.

91. Line 48: *Will you SHOG off?*—Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Coxcomb*, ii. 2:

Come, prythee let's *shog* off,
And bowze an hour or two. —*Works*, vol. ii. p. 289.

Shog is a form of "jog"; it means "to shake" (Palsgrave); but in Westmoreland it means "to slink away."

92. Line 57: *Barbason*.—The name of this particular fiend or devil occurs in *Merry Wives* in the speech of Ford, ii. 2. 310-313, where he says: "Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; *Barbason*, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends." In the list of devils given in Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, bk. 15, chap. 2, no such fiend as *Barbason* appears; but there is *Barbato*, who is said to be "a great countie or earle, and also a duke, he appeareth in *Signo sagittarii sylvestris*, with foure kings, which bring companies and great troups" (Dr. B. Nicholson's reprint, p. 314). He is the fifth, and he comes next after "*Amon*, or *Aanon*," who was probably the same as "*Amaynon*, king of the east," who is mentioned in the next chapter.—F. A. M.

93. Line 66: *Therefore EXHALE*; i.e. "die," says Steevens; but Shakespeare, according to Mr. Aldis Wright, always uses the word in the sense of "draw out." For the latter we may compare Ben Jonson's *The Poetaster*, iii. 1: "Nay, I beseech you, gentlemen, do not *exhale* me thus" (*Works*, vol. ii. p. 444).

94. Line 78: *to the SPITAL go*.—For *spital* (spelt "spittle" in the folios), cf. *The Little French Lawyer*, iii. 2: "Thou *spital* of lame causes" (Beaumont and Fletcher (Dyce), vol. iii. p. 508).

95. Line 80: *the lazar kite*, &c.—Steevens quotes Gascoigne, Dan Bartholomew of Bathe, 1587: "Nor seldom seene in *kites* of Cressid's kind;" and Greene, *Card of Fancy*, 1601: "What courtesy is to be found in such *kites* of Cressid's kind?"

96. Line 86: *and you, hostess*.—The Fl. have *and your Hostesse*. The Qq. read, "*Boy*. Hostes you must come straight to my maister, and you Host Pistole."

97. Line 91: *yield the crow a pudding*.—Literally "become food for crows;" but by this extravagant expression the Hostess merely means to convey the idea that Falstaff's days are numbered.

98. Line 100: *Base is the slave that pays*.—Steevens pointed out that this irreproachable sentiment was apparently a proverb; or at least became one. He refers us to Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, 1631: "My motto shall be, *Base is the man that pays*."

99. Line 122: *As ever you CAME of WOMEN*, &c.—The Folio has "*come of women*," and the Qq. "*came of men*." Knight and Collier follow the Folio.

100. Line 124: *quotidian tertian*.—The dame mixes up the *quotidian* fever, the paroxysms of which recurred daily, and the *tertian*, in which the interval was three days.

101. Line 132: *he PASSES some HUMOURS and CAREERS*.—Curiously enough a double parallel to this line occurs in a single scene in *The Merry Wives*, where we have, i. 1. 169: "Be avised, sir, and *pass* good *humours*;" and line 184: "and so conclusions *passed* the *careires*." The second phrase is perhaps a term borrowed from horsemanship, which Nares (under *Careires* or *Cargers*) illustrates by a passage in Harington's translation of Ariosto, xxxviii, 35:

To stop, to start, to *pass* *carier*, to bound,
To gallop straight, or round, or any way.

[The only difficulty in explaining this phrase lies in the fact that the word *careire*, *cargier*, or *carree* (the word being very variously spelt), must have had two distinct meanings. Baret (1573) gives under "*a Carryre*, the short tounring of a nimble horse now this waie, now that waie;" while Minshew (edn. 1617) gives *Carriere* . . . a Lat: *currere: est propria locus cursibus equorum destinatus*, because it is a place of running. Later it was used simply = "a course, a race, a running full speed" (Phillips, 1706). Nares and Douce both say that to *run a career* was the same expression as to *pass a career*; but this may be doubted; for in the former phrase *carree* probably has the more usual meaning of "a race at full speed." The meaning of the phrase to *pass a career* may be best explained by the following passage from Blundevill's *The foure chiefest offices belonging to Horsemanship*, &c., the first edition of which was published in 1580. In *The Second Booke of the Art of Riding*, ch. xxiii. "How and when to teach your horse to *gasse* a swift *carriere*," Blundevill recommends: When a horse is "better broken, and made meet to be run, ride him into some fair plain sandy way void of all stibbling stones & to acquaint him with y^e way pase him fair and softly y^e length of a good *Carriere*, which must be measured, according as the horse is made. For if he be a mightie puissant horse, and great of stature: then the *Carriere* would be the shorter. So likewise must it be, when you would haue him to hold aloft in his *Carriere*; but if he be made like a jennet, or of a middle stature, then the *Carriere* path may be y^e longer, yet not overlong. At the end wherof let him stoppe and aduance, and at the second bound turn him faire and softly on the right hand, and so stay a little while. Then suddenly saying with a lively voice, *Hee*, or *Now*, put him forward with both spurs at once, forcing him all y^e way to run so swiftly and so roundly as he can possibly, even to the end, to the intent, he may stop on his *buttocks*. That done, turne him out on y^e left hand, and pase him forth faire and softly vnto the other end of the *Carriere* path, and there stop him and turn him againe on the right hand, as you did before, and so leaue" (edn. 1609, p. 33).

The derivation of the word is most probably from the French *Carrière*, which Cotgrave explains: "An high way, rode, or streete (Langued); also, a quarry of stones; also, a *careere*, on horse-backe; and (more generally) any exercise, or place for exercise, on horse-backe; as, a horse race, or a place for horses to run in; and, their course, running, or full speed therein." (Nearly all these meanings are given to the word *Carriere* in the above passage from Blundevill.) Cotgrave also gives the phrase: *Donner carriere à son esprit*, which he explains: "To recreate his

spiri'; or, to set hi; wits a running, his conceit a gad-ding, his thoughts on a gallop;" which seems to be very near the meaning of Nym in this passage.—F. A. M.]

102. Line 134: *for, LAMBKINS, we will live.*—The folios have: "for (*Lambekins*) we will live;" the quartos: "for *lamkins* we . . ." The latter must mean "as *lamkins*," i.e. peaceably; so Malone explained. The text of Ff. gives good enough sense.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

103. Line 8: *Nay, but the man that was his BED-FELLOW.*—This is taken from *Holinshed*, who says of Lord Scroop that he was "in such favour with the king, that he admitted him sometime to be his *bedfellow*" (vol. iii. p. 70). But the custom of men sleeping together in Shakespeare's time even in the highest rank of life was common enough. We find constant allusions to this custom in old plays. The following, which is quoted by Nares from Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Chances* (ii. 3), best illustrates the custom:

My kinsman, lady, ^
My countryman, and fellow-traveller:
One bed contains us ever, one purse feeds us.

—Works, vol. i. p. 502. ^

This practice, which is so repugnant to modern ideas, was more or less necessitated in those days, when inns were few and far between, and bed-room accommodation for travellers very inadequate. Malone says: "This unseemly custom continued common till the middle of the last century, if not later. Cromwell obtained much of his intelligence during the civil wars from the mean men with whom he slept" (Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 305). The custom is alluded to in *Pepys' Diary*.—F. A. M.

104. Line 9: *dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours.*—These words of Exeter's throw into strong relief the ingratitude of Cambridge. He has been the king's chosen friend, and the sun of princely favour has shone full upon his head. On him have been heaped so many gifts and tokens of fond friendship that "the sensitive palm of receiving" has become, as it were, *dull'd*, and desire has grown *cloy'd*. Yet in spite of all that friendship and favour should inspire him with, his heart finds room for the basest treachery.

105. Line 26: *there's not, I think, &c.*—Pope omits *I think*, which words make the line too long.

106. Line 35: *According to THE WEIGHT.*—So Ff. The Qq. have *their cause*, and Dyce reads *their weight*, which Camb. edd. give as an anonymous conjecture.

107. Line 43: *on his mor'd advice.*—Johnson explains this as "on his return to more coolness of mind," which is much the same as the explanation in our foot-note. *On more advice* may be rendered by our modern expression "on thinking better of it." For a similar use of *more advice* compare Merchant of Venice, iv. 2. 6, 7:

My Lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring;

and Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 4. 207;

How shall I dote on her with more advice.

But Shakespeare never uses the expression elsewhere pre-

cisely in the same manner as in the text. Collier's Old Corrector would substitute *our* for *his*; an unnecessary substitution, though plausible enough, and more in accordance with the usual use of the phrase. Mr. Aldis Wright (Clarendon Press edn. p. 127) suggests that *his* may here be used in an objective sense, and compares line 46 below "by *his* sufferance," i.e. "by allowing him to go unpunished."

108. Line 63: *ask for it; i.e.* "ask for my commission," it referring of course to the royal warrant.

109. Line 65: *And I, my royal sovereign.*—Some editors print *And me, &c.* The Qq. have "And *me* my Lord."

110. Line 108: *did not HOOP at them.*—So Ff. For this form of the word *whoop*, see note on As You Like It, iii. 2. 203: "out of all *hooping*."

111. Line 118: *But he that TEMPER'D thee.*—That is, *he* that moulded or made thee. Dyce adopts Johnson's conjecture of *tempted*, on the ground that the context requires it; but the temptation is sufficiently expressed as the passage stands. The emendation is plausible, at first sight, but not really called for.

112. Line 123: *to VASTY TARTAR back; i.e.* Tartarus = hell. So Comedy of Errors, iv. 2. 32:

No, he's in *Tartar* limbo.

Middleton has even a funnier form: "these are arguments sufficient to show the wealth of sin, and how rich the sons and heirs of *Tartary* are" (The Black Book, Works, viii. 22, Bullen's ed.). For *vasty* we may remember:

To-night it doth inherit
The *vasty* hall of death.

—Matthew Arnold's *Requiescat*

113. Line 134: *in modest complement.*—"That is, in a corresponding outward appearance" (Schmidt). As to the words *complement* and *compliment* see Love's Labour's Lost, note 11.

114. Line 139: *To MARK the full-fraught man.*—The Ff. have *make*. The passage is not in the Qq. The correction is Theobald's, and commends itself.

115. Line 169: *earnest.*—It is this circumstance of their having received *earnest-money* for his assassination which most deeply moves the king's resentment.

116. Line 192: *Cheerly to sea, &c.*—"Let us put forth to sea gladly, and let our banners and pennons be displayed."

ACT II. SCENE 3.

117. Line 2: *let me bring thee to STAINES.*—*Staines* was the first stage on the road to Southampton.

118. Line 11: *a FINER end.*—The reading of F. 1, F. 2 (F. 3, F. 4 omit *a*), and generally adopted. It is not in the Qq. Capell and Dyce read *fine*. Johnson thought the word a blunder for *final*.

119. Line 12: *christom.*—A blunder for *chrisom*. The *chrisom* was the white vesture put upon the child after baptism and worn till the mother came to be church'd. It was also applied to the child, as we see from several passages; e.g. Your Five Gallants, iii. 5. 121: "it would

kill his heart f' faith; he'd away like a *chrisom*" (Middleton, Works (Bullen's ed.), iii. 194). So in The Fancies Chaste and Noble, iv. 1: "And the boy was to any man's thinking a very *chrisome* in the thing you wot of" (Gifford's Ford, ii. 213).

120. Line 14: *fumble with the sheets*.—A phrase in common use apparently. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher's Spanish Curate, iv. 5:

A glumming before death; 'tis nothing else, sir.
Do you see how he fumbles with the sheets?

—Works, vol. i. p. 174.

As an illustration of the whole passage Stevens quotes Thomas Lupton's Notable Things, book ix.: "If the forehead of the sicke waxe redde—and his nose waxe sharpe—if he *pull* straws, or the clothes of the bedde—these are most certain tokens of death" (Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 318).

121. Line 16: *but one way*.—A proverbial and euphemistic expression for death. Various instances of its occurrence may be quoted: e.g. The Phoenix, i. 6. 60: "Newly deceased, I can assure your worship: the tobacco-pipe new dropt out of his mouth before I took horse; a shrewd sign; I knew there was no way but one with him" (Middleton's Works, Bullen's ed. i. p. 132). Compare, too, Witch of Edmonton, iv. 2:

Frank. Do the surgeons say my wounds are dangerous then?
Car. Yes, yes, and there's no way with thee but one.

—Ford's Works, Gifford's ed. ii. p. 535.

So Marlowe's Tamburlaine, part i. v. 1. 200, 201:

March on us with such eager violence,
As if there were no way but one with us.

—Works, p. 33.

122. Lines 17, 18: *a' babbled of green fields*.—The Folio has "a Table of greene fields." This emendation is Theobald's, and is generally adopted. Malone would read, "upon a table of green fells;" Smith, "on a table of green frieze;" and the Collier MS., or as *stubble on shorn fields*.

123. Line 23: *a' should not think of God*.—Malone remarks that Shakespeare may have been indebted to this story in Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1595: "A gentlewoman fearing to be drowned, said, now Jesu receive our soules! Soft, mistress, answered the waterman; I trow, we are not come to that passe yet" (Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 320).

124. Line 29: *of sack*.—See note 41 on I. Henry IV.

125. Line 35: *carnation*.—Mrs. Quickly confuses the words *incarnate* and *carnation*, but the former was sometimes used in place of the latter in Shakespeare's time. Henderson quotes Questions of Love, 1566: "Yelow, pale, redde, blue, whyte, graye, and *incarnate*;" and Reed cites also the Inventory of the Furniture to be provided for the Reception of the Royal Family, at the Restoration, 1660: "the rich *incarnate* velvet bed;" and "his majesty's *incarnate* velvet bed" (Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 321). Compare Merchant of Venice, note 127.

126. Line 51: "Pitch and pay."—A common proverbial expression of that day, signifying "to pay down ready money." We have it in Middleton's Blurt, Master Constable, i. 2. 171:

But will you pitch and pay, or will your worship run?

—Works (Dyce's edn.), vol. i. p. 242.

Stevens refers us (Var. Ed. xvii. 322; to Herod and Antipater, 1622:

he that will purchase this,
Must pitch and pay.

And Farmer (ibid.) to Tusser's Description of Norwich:

A city trim . . .
Where strangers well may seem to dwell,
That pitch and pay, or keep their day.

The meaning of the phrase is therefore established: its origin is doubtful.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

127. Lines 9, 10:

as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf;

i.e. "as dangerous as the waters that are drawn into a whirlpool."

128. Line 25: *Whitsun morris-dance*.—An ancient dance in which the performers were dressed in grotesque costume, with bells, &c. For a full description of the ancient English morris-dance see Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare, Dissertation III.

129. Line 29: *fear attends her not*; i.e. "she is self-confident merely from ignorance and indifference."

130. Lines 37, 38:

the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly.

Malone cites Lucrece, 1807-1817:

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteem'd so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings.
For sportive words and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise,
And arm'd his long-hid wits advent'ously,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.

131. Lines 41-44:

Well, 't is not so, my lord high constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence 't is best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems.

The weak, blustering nature of the Dauphin is well shown in these lines. He at first flatly contradicts the constable, and then, unwilling to own his mistaken conception of Henry's character, endeavours to cover his real timidity under commonplace remarks about assumptions it is best to make in certain cases.

132. Line 46: *projection*.—Plan, calculation. The construction in this place is somewhat confused, but the meaning, as Malone suggests, evidently is, "which proportions of defence, when weakly and niggardly projected, resemble a miser who spoils his coat," &c.

133. Line 57: *Whiles*, &c.—A second allusion to the battle of Cressy, but this time from the French point of view. Cf. i. 2. 108.

134. Line 57: *mountain sir*.—Theobald proposed *moun-*

tin, i.e., aspring. The Collier MS. reads *mighty*. Coleridge suggested *monarch*. Steevens quotes, in explanation, from the Fairy Queen as follows:

Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill.

—Bk. i. c. xi. st. 4.

Malone observes that the repetition of *mountain* is quite in the poet's manner.

135. Line 70: *Most SPEND their MOUTHS*.—One of the dramatist's technical touches; cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 695, 696:

Then do they *spend their mouths*: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

136. Line 75: *our brother England*.—The Ff. have *brother of England*, as also in 115 below. The passage is not in the Qq.

137. Line 90: *THIS pedigree*.—Rowe and Dyce read "his pedigree."

138. Line 99: *Therefore in FIERY tempest is he coming*.—The early editors all have *fierce*, which was corrected by Walker. Some editors, however, retain *fierce*.

139. Line 126: *his ORDINANCE*.—Dyce and some others print *ordnance*, while saying that the word is a trisyllable; but it was often printed *ordinance* in the poet's day, and this was the original form of the word.

ACT III. PROLOGUE.

140. Line 4: *HAMPTON pier*.—The Ff. have *Douer pier*. The chorus is not in the Qq.

141. Line 6: *young Phœbus FANNING*.—The Ff. have *faying*, which Rowe corrected.

142. Line 10: *THREADEN sails*.—That is, made of thread. Compare *A Lover's Complaint*, 33:

Some in her *threaden* fillet still did bide.

143. Line 33: *linstock*.—"The staff to which the match is fixed when the ordnance is fired" (Johnson). The old stage-direction, at the end of this line, in F. 1 has "*Alarums chambers go off*." Chambers were small cannon.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

144. Line 7: *SUMMON up the blood*.—The Ff. have *commune*, corrected by Rowe. This scene is omitted in the Qq.

145. Line 14: *wasteful*.—Desolate, lying waste. A peculiarly apt expression in Shakespeare's time when commerce did not whiten every sea with her sails. *Ocean*, metrically, a trisyllable. Compare *Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 8:

Your mind is tossing on the *ocean*.

146. Line 17: *you NOBLEST English*.—F. 1 has *noblish*, the other Ff. *noblest*. Malone substituted *noble*.

147. Line 24: *MEN of grosser blood*.—The first three Ff. have *me*, corrected in F. 4.

148. Line 31: *slips*.—Nooses in which the dogs were held until started for the game. To let *slip* was to loose the hound from the slip. Cf. I. Henry IV. i. 3. 278.

149. Line 32: *STRAINING upon the start*.—The Ff. have *straying*. The emendation in the text is Rowe's.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

150. Line 3: *a CASE of lives*.—A musical allusion, as the Clarendon Press editor notes; musical instruments being often made in sets of four, which were kept in one case.

151. Line 4: *plain-song*.—In music "the simple melody, without any variations." Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 1. 134:

The *plain-song* cuckoo gray;

and see note 160 on that play. See also *Henry VIII*. i. 3. 44, 45:

An honest country lord, as I am, beaten

A long time out of play, may bring his *plain-song*.

Nares reminds us of Ascham's Complaint: "I wish from the bottom of my heart that the laudable custom of England to teach children their *plain-song* and pricksong were not so decayed" (*Toxophilus*, p. 28).

152. Line 21: *breach*.—The quartos read *breaches*, and the folios *breach*. "Throughout the speeches of Fluellen the old copies sometimes mark the peculiarity of his pronunciation by using 'p' for 'b,' and 't' for 'd,' sometimes not; an inconsistency which Hammer and others have attempted to correct" (*Cambridge edn.* vol. iv. p. 609, note vii.).

153. Line 22: *you CULLIONS*.—"A wretch. A coarse word. F. *couillon* (Ital. *coglione*)."—Skeat. We have the expression in *The Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 2. 20: "And makes a god of such a *cullion*." So II. *Henry VI*. i. 3. 43; and *cullionly*, "you whoreson *cullionly* barber-monger," in *Lear*, ii. 2. 36.

154. Line 23: *great duke*.—"It seems to us that there is some comic humour in making Pistol, almost beside himself with fright, endeavour to propitiate the captain by giving him high sounding titles" (*Cambridge edn.* *ut supra*).

155. Line 50: *carry coals*.—See *Romeo and Juliet*, note 3.

156. Line 90: *Captain JAMES*.—The Folio reading, and perhaps intentionally wrong. Dyce reads *Jamy*.

157. Line 123: *ay'll do god service*.—The Ff. have *de*, which some editors retain; but it is almost certainly a misprint.

158. Lines 134, 135: *of my nation, &c.*—The Folio reading. Knight suggested that the type had been transposed, and reads the passage thus: "Of my nation! What ish my nation? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal." Staunton's opinion is that "the incoherence of the original was designed to mark the impetuosity of the speaker," and in this view he is supported by the Cambridge editors.

ACT III. SCENE 3.

159. Line 26: *As send PRECEPTS to the leviathan; i.e. a "mandate," "summons," almost in the technical legal*

sense of the latter. Schmidt refers us to II. Henry IV. v. 1. 14:

those *precepts* cannot be *serv'd*.

160. Line 32: *HEADY murder*.—F. 1 has *headly*, the other Ff. *headdy*, or *heady*. Malone proposed *deadly*, which Grant White accepts.

161. Line 35: *DEFILE the locks*.—The Ff. have *Dewre*, which Rowe corrected.

162. Line 48: *thy soft mercy*.—The governor's response, with its military conciseness and straightforwardness, contains in the phrase, *soft mercy*, an indirect appeal to the clemency of the English king. "We are at your mercy" would be simply an appeal, and, to one of Henry's temperament, not particularly effective; but the addition of the adjective *soft* conveys a subtle compliment not unacceptable to the king, who would like to have it thought that he had a strain of compassion in his nature.

ACT III. SCENE 4.

163.—Johnson says: "The scene is indeed mean enough, when it is read; but the grimaces of two French women, and the odd accent with which they uttered the English, made it divert upon the stage. It may be observed that there is in it not only the French language, but the French spirit. Alice compliments the princess upon her knowledge of four words, and tells her that she pronounces like the English themselves. The princess suspects no deficiency in her instructress, nor the instructress in herself. Throughout the whole scene there may be found French servility and French vanity" (Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 350). Grant White observes: "Shakespeare sought to enliven his History by humour; and his intention here was to excite mirth by the exhibition of a Frenchwoman in the ridiculous emergency of sudden preparation for amorous conquest of an Englishman. This could best be done by making her attempt to learn his language, in doing which she must of course speak French; and Shakespeare here, as in the subsequent scene between Pistol and the French soldier, instinctively preserved dramatic propriety at the expense of the mere verbal consistency of his work." We give a translation of the scene here, instead of in the foot-notes:—

Kath. Alice, you have been in England, and you speak the language well.

Alice. A little, madame.

Kath. I beg you, instruct me: I must learn to speak. What do you call *la main* in English?

Alice. *La main*? It is called *de hand*.

Kath. *De hand*. And *les doigts*?

Alice. *Les doigts*? Heavens, I forget *les doigts*; but I will try and recollect. *Les doigts*? I think they are called *de fingres*; yes, *de fingres* (i.e. the fingers).

Kath. *La main*, *de hand*; *les doigts*, *de fingres*. I think I am a good scholar; I have quickly learned two words of English. How do you call *les ongles*?

Alice. *Les ongles*? We call them *de nails*.

Kath. *De nails*. Listen; tell me if I say them right: *de hand*, *de fingres*, and *de nails*.

Alice. Quite right, madame: it is very good English.

Kath. Tell me the English for *le bras*.

Alice. *De arm*, madame.

Kath. And *le coude*?

Alice. *De elbow*.

Kath. *De elbow*. I will repeat all the words you have taught me so far.

Alice. I think it is too hard, madame.

Kath. Excuse me, Alice; listen: *de hand*, *de fingres*, *de nails*, *de arm*, *de bilbow*.

Alice. *De elbow*, madame.

Kath. O heaven, I am forgetting: *de elbow*. What do you call *le cou*?

Alice. *De neck*, madame.

Kath. *De nick*, and *le menton*?

Alice. *De chin*.

Kath. *De sin*. *Le col*, *le nick*; *de menton*, *de sin*.

Alice. With your leave, in all truth, you pronounce the words as correctly as the natives of England.

Kath. I have no fear about learning, with the grace of God, and in a little time.

Alice. Have you not already forgotten what I have taught you?

Kath. No, I will quickly tell you: *de hand*, *de fingres*, *de mails*.

Alice. *De nails*, madame.

Kath. *De nails*, *de arm*, *de bilbow*.

Alice. Pardon me, *de elbow*.

Kath. Thus then: *de elbow*, *de nick*, and *de sin*. What are *le pied* and *la robe*?

Alice. *De foot*, madame; and *de coun*?

Kath. *De foot* and *de coun*. O Heavens! these are words of a wicked, corruptible, gross and immodest sound, not fit for honourable ladies to use: I would not pronounce these words before the lords of France for all the world. Fauh! *de foot* and *de coun*! Nevertheless, I will repeat my lesson once again right through, etc.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. Enough for one time: let us go to dinner.

ACT III. SCENE 5.

164.—The stage-direction of the Folio is, "Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the Constable of France, and others," and the speeches beginning with lines 10 and 32 are assigned to "Brit." Since, however, the Duke of "Britaine" does not elsewhere appear in the play, the editors, following Theobald, here substituted Bourbon for "Brit." In line 41 Bourbon is mentioned as present among the lords, and the stage-direction of the Quarto also includes him. According to the Cambridge editors "Shakespeare probably first intended to introduce the Duke of Britaine, and then changed his mind, but forgot to substitute *Bour.* for *Brit.* before the two speeches."

165. Line 14: *weak-shotten*.—This is interpreted by Warburton and Schmidt to mean shooting out into capes and necks of land. A more probable meaning is that given by Knight and Grant White, who render it: "thrust into a corner apart from the world."

166. Line 15: *WHERE have they this mettle*?—Dyce reads *whence*.

167. Line 10: *A FRENCH for SUR-REIN'D jades*.—"Sur-rein'd" (= over-worked, for which the Quartos have

"swagline" occurs, according to Steevens, not infrequently in the dramatists; we are referred to Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601:

Writes he not a good cordial sappy style?—
A *surrend* jaded wit, but he holds on.

Drench, as in I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 120:

"Give my roan horse a *drench*."

168. Line 23: *like ROPING icicles*; i.e. dripping. Cf. iv. 2. 48:

The gum *down-roping* from their pale-dead eyes.

169. Line 26: *Poor we MAY call them*.—The *may* was added in F. 2.

170. Line 33: *lavoltas*.—The *lavolta* is thus described by Sir John Davies, in his *Orchestra* (stanzas 70 and 71, Grosart's ed. 1869):

Yet is there one the most delightful kind,
A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,
Where arm in arm, two dancers are entwined,
And whirl themselves in strict embracements bound,
And still their feet an anapest do sound:
An anapest is all their musick's song,
Whose first two feet is short, and third is long.
As the victorious twins of Leda and Jove,
That taught the Spartans dancing on the sands
Of swift Eurotas, dance in heaven above;
Knit and united with eternal hands,
Among the stars their double image stands,
Where both are carried with an equal pace,
Together jumping in their tumbling race.

The *coranto*, or *corranto* (from the Italian *correre*, Latin *currere*, to run), was also a lively dance. Davies describes it as follows (stanza 69):

What shall I name those *current* traverses,
That on a triple dactyl foot do run,
Close by the ground, with sliding passages,
Wherein that dancer greatest praise hath won
Which with best order can all order shun:
For every where he wantonly must range,
And turn and wind with unexpected change.

Compare All's Well, ii. 3. 49: "he's able to lead her a *coranto*;" Twelfth Night, i. 3. 136, 137: "go to church in a galliard and come home in a *coranto*."

171. Line 40: *Delabreth*.—The modern *D'Albret*, which will not satisfy the measure. This form of the name is taken from Holinshed.

172. Line 45: *Loys, Lestrale*, &c.—Ff. have *Loys*, which Capell corrected.

173. Line 46: *loys*, and *KNIGHTS*.—Ff. have *kings*. The correction is Theobald's.

174. Lines 58, 59:

*For am sure, when she shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear.*

The Constable, while uttering these boastful lines, appears to have momentarily forgotten that he has not long before spoken of Henry as "terrible in constant resolution;" but he may have thought it best to fall in with the humour of the king, and outdo him, if possible, in bravado.

175. Line 60: *And for achievement offer us his ransom*.—"That is, instead of achieving a victory over us, make a proposal to pay us a certain sum as a ransom" (Malone).

ACT III. SCENE 6.

176. Line 4: *the bridge*.—After Henry had passed the Somme, the French attempted to break down the only bridge over the Ternoise, at Blangy, and thus cut off his passage to Calais; but Henry, learning their design, sent forward troops who put the French to flight, and guarded the bridge until the English had crossed.

177. Line 13: *an aunchient*.—The Ff. have "an *aunchient* Lieutenant;" the Q. has "an *Ensigne*."

178. Line 28: *Of buzom valour, hath, by cruel fate*.—This speech of Pistol's is printed in Ff. as prose, in Qq. as irregular verse. Both Qq. and Ff. read:

And of buzom valour, &c.

We have followed Capell in omitting *and* for the sake of the metre. Pope omits *of*.

179. Line 30:

*That goddess BLIND,
That stands upon the ROLLING RESTLESS STONE.*

For a note on fortune as "the bountiful blind woman," see As You Like It, i. 2. 38. Pistol's alliterative effort is not, it would seem, original. Steevens reminds us of Gascoigne's

O blisful concord, bredde in sacred brest
Of him that guides the *restlesse rolling sky*.
—Gascoigne's *Jocasta*, iv.

180. Line 41: *Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him*.—The old editors missed an allusion here which Staunton was the first to point out, viz. that Pistol is referring to the ballad

Fortune, my foe! why dost thou frown on me?

Compare—though the hint is vaguer—Merry Wives, iii. 3. 69, 70.

181. Line 42: *a pax*.—Altered to *piz* by Theobald. Johnson says the two words mean the same, but this is a complete mistake. The *piz*, or *pyz*, as it is usually written, is "a vase in which the Blessed Sacrament is preserved;" that is to say, not the large wafer called the Host, but the smaller consecrated wafer which is given to communicants at mass. "The *pyz* should be of silver, gilt inside, and covered with a silk veil" It is mentioned as early as the first half of the ninth century. (See Addis and Arnold's Catholic Dictionary, sub *Pyx*.) The *pax* is a totally different thing. It was the practice in the early church to give the kiss of peace. In the eastern church this was given at the end of the lectures or readings, before the more solemn part of the mass began. In the western church it was always given after the consecration of the elements, and it was this ceremony which gave rise to the practice of separating the sexes in church. The kiss of peace was first given by the bishop to the priest, then by the priests to one another, lastly by the laity to each other. "It was only at the end of the thirteenth century that it gave way to the use of the 'osculatorium'—called also 'instrumentum' or 'tabella pacis,' 'pax,' 'pacificale,' 'freda' (from *Friede*), &c.—a plate with a figure of Christ on the cross stamped upon it, kissed first by the priest, then by the clerics and congregation. It was introduced into England by Archbishop Walter of York, in 1250. Usually now the *Pax* is not given at all in low

Masses, and in high Mass an embrace is substituted for the old kiss and given only to those in the sanctuary" (*id. supra*, sub KISS (*of peace*)). Those who propose to read *piz* instead of *pax*, in this passage, find their justification in the following passage from Hall (which Holinshed, as usual, copied): "And yet in this great necessitee the poore folkes wer not spoyled nor any thyng without painment was of the extorted, nor great offence was doen except one, whiche was that a foolish souldier stole a *pize* out of a church and vnreuerently did eate the holy hostes within the same conteigned. For whiche cause he was apprehended, and the kyng would not once remoue till the vessel was restored & the offender strangled" (p. 64).—F. A. M.

182. Lines 60-62:

and FIGO for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain!

Fig is the obsolete Spanish form of *higo*, a fig, and *higa* is used in the same sense as the Italian *fica*, namely, of a contemptuous gesture made by putting the thumb between the two first fingers of the hand. (Compare II. Henry IV. v. 3. 124 and note thereon.) Florio gives under *Fica*, "any kind of fig; also a flirt with the fingers, made, or shewn to some in scorn or disgrace of them." *Fig* was undoubtedly used as we use a *fig* in such expressions as "a *fig* for your threats," to indicate something worthless. Douce has a long and interesting article on this passage (Illustrations of Shakespeare, pp. 302-308). Steevens thought that *The fig of Spain* alluded to the poisoned figs which were often given by Spaniards and Italians to the objects of their revenge. He quotes several passages from old plays in confirmation of his view, e.g. from Webster's Vittoria Corombona:

I do looke now for a *Spannish fig*, or an Italian sallet, daily.

—Works (Dyce's edn.), vol. i. p. 93.

But it seems from a note of Reid's (Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 365) that the *Spanish fig* was also used in the sense of a contemptuous gesture.—F. A. M.

183. Lines 80, 81: *beard of the general's cut*.—The *cut of the beard* frequently seems to have denoted the profession of the wearer. See note on As You Like It, ii. 7. 155: "*beard of formal cut*."

184. Lines 102-112.—Steevens suggests that Shakespeare may have remembered the description of the Sompnour in the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.

185. Line 121: Tucket.—Obviously the Italian *toccata*, a prelude. Etymologically the word is the same as *toucher*, *toquer* (cf. *tocsin*), *touch*.

186. Line 121: *You know me by my HABIT*; i.e. "by my herald's coat," now commonly called "a tabard" (For an illustration of this coat or *tabard* see Planché's Cyclopædia of Costume, vol. i. p. 499.) The person of a herald, as Johnson says, being inviolable, he was obliged to wear a distinctive dress.

187. Line 124: *Thus says my king*, &c.—The attitude of the French towards England is made consistent throughout. Charles himself strikes the key-note of boastfulness and bluster, and all his subjects, from Dauphin to Herald, eagerly follow his lead.

ACT III. SCENE 7.

188. Line 13: *on four PASTERNS*.—F. 1 has *postures*, corrected in F. 2. It is not in the Qq.

189. Lines 14, 15: *as if his entrails were hairs*; *le cheval volant, the Pegasus*, qui a les narines de feu!—The Dauphin's description of his horse is on a par with his bragging nature as represented in this play. Collier's MS. substituted *air* for *hairs*; but the speaker means that his horse bounds as if he were *stuffed with hair* like a tennis-ball. In the next line Ff. read *ches*, which Theobald printed as *chez*; but *chez* never means "with" in the sense demanded here. *Qui a*, the reading in the text, is Capell's emendation. *Chez* is nonsense. Heath suggests *voyez*; but it is possible the *ches* of the Folio is a misprint for *à les*, which was often used in old French instead of *aux*.—F. A. M.

190. Line 23: *the dull elements*, &c.—It was once a popular idea that everything was composed of the four elements—earth, air, fire, and water, and the proportion of these in the higher forms of life is indicated in Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 292:

I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.

See also Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 9, 10:

Does not our life consist of the *four elements*?

In Shakespeare's 44th Sonnet this belief is thus referred to:

. . . so much of *earth and water* wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan.

Tennyson alludes to this notion in the Two Voices:

The *elements* were kindlier mixt.

191. Line 51: *NAY, FOR methought yesterday*, &c.—The Qq. have *Ma foi*, which some editors prefer, assuming the *Nay, for* of the Ff. to be a misprint.

192. Line 66: *like a KERN of Ireland*.—For *kern* (Irish *ceatharnach*, a soldier) see II. Henry VI. note 293, and Richard II. note 127.

193. Lines 64, 65: *wears his own hair*.—The practice of wearing false hair seems to have been peculiarly distasteful to Shakespeare. See Merchant of Venice, note 227, and Love's Labour's Lost, note 134.

194. Lines 69, 70.—"Dr. Nicholson informs me that this quotation of 2 Peter ii. 22 agrees, so far as it goes, word for word, with a Protestant version of the New Testament published by Antoine Cellier at Clarendon, 1669, and entitled 'Le N. Testament, c'est à dire, La Nouvelle Alliance de Nostre Seigneur Jesus Christ.'"—W. G. Stone in notes to his edition of Henry V. for the New Shakespeare Society.

195. Lines 121, 122: *'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will BATE*.—In falconry hawks were kept *hooded* until the moment they were to fly at the game. Johnson thus explains this passage: "The meaning is, the Dauphin's valour has never yet been loose upon an enemy, yet, when he makes his first essay we shall see how he will flutter." To *bate* was to flap the wings, as the bird did when unhooded; a technical term in falconry thus explained in The Gentleman's Academie (1595): "It is called *batting*" (i.e. *bating*) "in that she *batteth*

with herself without cause;" and just above we have "when she batteth or striveth to flee away."¹ Interesting too is the passage from Bacon's letters that Nares gives us: "wherein I would to God that I were hooded, that I saw less, or that I could perform: for now I am like a hawk, that bates, when I see occasion of service, but cannot fly because I am tied to another's fist." We may remember also Petruchio's—

watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
—Taming of the Shrew, iv. i. 198, 199.

ACT IV. PROLOGUE.

196. Line 9: *umber'd*.—Schmidt explains this as "embrowned, darkened;" but, as Rolfe says, it seems better to understand it as referring to the effect of the fire-light on their faces. Malone remarks that *umber*, "mixed with water, produces such a dusky yellow colour as the gleam of fire by night gives to the countenance." Taken in this sense, it is an exceedingly picturesque word. For a note on its use as a dye, see *As You Like It*, i. 3. 114.

197. Line 12: *The armourers, &c.*—Compare Tennyson's *Enid*:

An armourer,
Who, with back turn'd, and bow'd above his work
Sat riveting a helmet on his knee.

Douce says in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, p. 308: "This does not solely refer to the business of rivetting the plate armour before it was put on, but as to part when it was on. Thus the top of the cuirass had a little projecting bit of iron, that passed through a hole pierced through the bottom of the casque. When both were put on, the smith or armourer presented himself, with his rivetting hammer, to close the rivet up, so that the party's head should remain steady notwithstanding the force of any blow that might be given on the cuirass or helmet. This custom more particularly prevailed in tournaments."

198. Line 16: *drowsy morning* NAME.—The Ff. have *nam'd*, corrected by Tyrwhitt. The prologue is not in the Qq.

199. Lines 18, 19:

*The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice.*

Malone reminds us that this is a touch borrowed from Holinshed: "The Frenchmen in the mean while, as though they had been sure of victory, made great triumphe, for the captains had determined before how to divide the spoil, and the souldiers the night before had *plaid the Englishmen at dice*" (Var. Ed. xvii. p. 385).

200. Line 27: *PRESENTETH* them unto the gazing moon.—The Ff. have *Presented*, which Steevens set right.

201. Line 39: *freshly looks, &c.*—See *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 243: "Looks he as freshly," &c. *Over-bears attain't*—"represses the anxiety that wears upon him" (Rolfe). Hudson explains it, "overcomes all disposition on the part of the soldiers to blame or reproach him for the plight he is in;" but this does not agree with the context. The

¹ This part of the Gentleman's Academie is practically a reprint of Dame Juliana Berner's *Boke of St. Albans*, 1486.

king puts on a cheerful look himself, and thus revives the drooping spirits of his soldiers. Compare Virgil, *Æn.* i. 208:

Talia voce refert, curisque ingentibus aeger,
Spem cultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem.

202. Line 45: *that mean and gentle all, &c.*—This, the Folio reading, is retained by Knight, Grant White, and the Cambridge editors. The interpretation of this passage seems to be, so that men, whether of inferior or superior rank in the English army, may behold some little touch of Harry in the night, as far as their unworthy or dull natures will enable them to appreciate it. Some editors adopt Theobald's:

Then, mean and gentle,
All behold;

which must, of course, be taken as an address to the audience, the *mean* being slightly inappropriate.

203. Lines 49-52:

*we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt.*

This is but one of the many apologies, made by the Chorus in this play, for the inadequacy of the scenic arrangements and general "mounting" of the piece. Surely those who object to the endeavours made by modern managers to give due artistic importance to the *mise-en-scène* of Shakespeare's plays, may find their best answer in the very marked way in which the poet himself deprecates the poverty of the scenic resources at his command.—F. A. M.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

204. Line 23: *and fresh* LEGERITY.—Ff. 3 and 4 have the obvious correction *celerity*. For *legerity*, however, cf. Every Man Out of His Humour, ii. 1: "Ay, the *legerity* for that, . . . and all the humours incident to the quality."

205. Line 40: *Traist thou the puissant pike?*—Farmer (Var. Ed. xvii 390) cites Chapman, *Revenge for Honour*, i. 1:

Fit for the trayler of the puissant pike.
—Works, vol. iii. p. 289.

206. Line 66: *lower*.—The Quarto of 1600 has *lever*, changed to *lower* in that of 1608; the Folio has *fewer*, which Steevens favours as a provincialism=lower. He adds: "In Sussex I heard one female servant say to another: Speak *fewer*, or my mistress will hear you."

207. Line 96: *Sir THOMAS Erpingham*.—The Ff. have *John*. The passage is not in the Qq.

208. Line 150: *when blood is their argument; i.e.* "when engaged in battle."

209. Line 198: *the ill upon his own head*.—F. 4 has "the ill is upon his own head." The Qq. read *the fault on or the fault is on*. Dyce follows F. 4.

210. Line 243: *French crowns*.—A bald head was frequently termed a French crown, because the baldness was supposed to come from a certain disease called "the French disease;" but the pun here evidently relates to the double meaning of *crown*. The phrase is still further

played upon in the allusion in line 246 to the crime of clipping coin.

211. Line 262: *thy soul of adoration*; i.e. "the essential thing which men reverence in thee."

212. Line 277: '*It is not the BALM*.—Cf. Richard II. iii. 2. 55, and II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 115.

213. Line 280: *The FARED title running 'fore the king*.—"The extended or swollen title prefixed to the king, as for example, *His Most Gracious Majesty*, the king" (John Hunter). *Farce* (French *farcir*, whence *forcemeat*, a good instance of popular etymology) seems to have been rather a favourite word with the Elizabethans; cf. Troilus and Cressida, v. i. 61: "malice *farced* with wit;" again, Every Man Out of His Humour, v. 4: "if thou wouldst *farce* thy lean ribs with it" (Ben Jonson, Works, ii. 189); but the use of the word is common.

214. Line 292: *Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse*.—*Hyperion* was one of the Titans, who by his sister Theia (*Θεία*) was the father of Helios, the sun. (Homer calls the mother of Helios Eurypheassa.) It is this *Hyperion* who gives his name to the magnificent poem of Keats, in which the description of Thea (as Keats calls her) attempting to console the fallen god Saturn, is familiar to every lover of English poetry. But Shakespeare uses *Hyperion* here, and in other passages (e.g. Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 207; Hamlet, iii. 4. 56), as Homer and other Greek poets use it, as the patronymic of Helios=Hyperionion. It may be noted that the name should be pronounced *Hyperion*. Johnson admired this passage (280-292) very much; but it seems to me that the ultra-classical style of imagery employed is singularly out of place, considering both the subject (the life of an English labouring man) and the speaker.—F. A. M.

215. Line 308: *The sense of reckoning, if th' opposed numbers*.—The Folio has *of*, amended by Tyrwhitt to *if*. The meaning of the passage is somewhat obscure, and the Cambridge editors (note xvi.) suggest that a line may have been lost, which with the help of the Quarto may be supplied as follows:

Take from them now
The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers,
Lest that the multitudes which stand before them
Pluck their hearts from them.

216. Line 318: *chantries*.—Malone says: "One of these monasteries was for Carthusian monks, and was called *Bethlehem*; the other was for religious men and women of the order of St. Bridget, and was named *Sion*. They were on opposite sides of the Thames, and adjoined the royal manor of Sheen, now called Richmond" (Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 404).

217. Lines 320-322.—Heath (after censuring Warburton's interpretation of this passage, and his alteration of *all to call* in line 321) explains this passage thus: "I am sensible that everything of this kind (works of piety and charity) which I have done, or can do, will avail nothing towards the remission of this sin; since I well know that, after all this is done, true penitence and imploring pardon, are previously and indispensably necessary towards my obtaining it" (Revisal of Shakespeare's Text, p. 277).

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

218. Lines 2-6:

Dau. Montez à cheval! *My horse! varlet! laquais! ha!*
Orl. *O brave spirit!*
Dau. Via! les eaux et la terre,—
Orl. Rien puis! l'air et le feu,—
Dau. Ciel! cousin Orleans.

It is a great pity that Shakespeare thought fit to insert the many little scraps of French which disfigure this play, at least when they are so much out of place as they are in this passage. To make his characters speak a composite language, half English, half (what is supposed to be) the language of their native country, is a dramatic mistake, of which he is very rarely guilty. Heath proposes to read, instead of "*monte cheval*" the reading of the old copies, "*mon cheval*." The reading in our text is Capell's. Lines 4-6, which are omitted in Qq., stand thus in F. 1:

*Dolph. Via les eaux & terre
Orleans. Rien puis le air & feu
Dolph. Ciel, Cousin Orleans.*

Heath remarks in his Revival of Shakespeare's Text (p. 277): "It is hardly worth while to mend this nonsense. But the dull duty of an editor . . . obliges him to think nothing beneath his attention which his author did not think it beneath him to write." He proposes to read:

*Dau. Vozz—les eaux et la terre.
Orl. Bien—puis l'air et le feu!
Dau. Le ciel—cousin Orleans;*

which he thus explains: "We must suppose the Dauphin, seeing his horse curvet at some distance from the stage, cries out 'See, the waters and the earth'—he was going to say, how high he mounts above them! but is interrupted by Orleans, who answers, 'This is very well; but as to the other elements, the air and the fire, what say you to them?' To which the Dauphin replies, 'Ay, and the heaven too, cousin Orleans;' meaning by this redomestication of his that his horse would even surmount that too if there were occasion" (*ut supra*, p. 278). This explanation is certainly ingenious, and has the merit of making sense of the passage. I doubt very much whether any Frenchman would ever have used such an expression as *Rien puis*. But, after all, this nonsense may only be an echo of the Dauphin's boasting description in act iii. sc. 7 above; compare especially lines 13-17 and 31-25.—F. A. M.

219. Line 11: *And doubt them*.—The Ff. have *doubt*: Qq. omit the passage. The emendation is Rowe's. Grant White and Knight retain *doubt*, as meaning "to make to doubt, to terrify." The verb *dout* in this sense—"to do out," "to extinguish," is found in many provincial dialects of England at the present day. Stevens, on the authority of the Rev. H. Homer, says it was still used in Warwickshire in his day (Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 407). It is commonly used still in Devonshire, Wiltshire, Somersetshire; and in Yorkshire the substantive *dout* is used—"an extinguisher." It certainly would seem to be the right reading here; and it is remarkable that in the only other passage in Shakespeare in which this word occurs, on the authority of F. 1, it is there printed *doubt*, namely in Lear's speech:

I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it. —Hamlet, iv. 7. 191, 192.

Qq. and the other Ff. have *drowns* (substantially). The word *dout* would not be familiar to Londoners, and therefore the alteration in this passage to *drowns* is one very likely to have been made by the copyist or printer. Shakespeare uses the kindred words *don* = "do on" three times, and *doff* = "do off" eight times. These were, however, much more common than *dout*; but we may compare in Ophelia's song, iv. 5. 52, 53:

Then up he rose, and down'd his clothes,
And *dugg'd* the chamber door.

The reading in all the old copies is *dupt*.—F. A. M.

220. Line 29: *To purge this field of such a HILDING foe*.—Compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 44: "Helen and Hero, *hildings*;" Cymbeline, ii. 3. 128: "a *hilding* for a livery;" and, as adjective, II. Henry IV. i. 1. 57: "He was some *hilding* fellow." The word is a shortened form of *hilderling* or *hinderling*. (As to its meaning and derivation, see Taming of the Shrew, note 70.)

221. Lines 36, 37:

For our approach shall so much DARE THE FIELD
That England shall crouch down in fear and yield

Johnson says (Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 408): "*To dare the field* is a phrase in falconry." This is scarcely correct, for there is no instance of the use of such a phrase in connection with falconry; but the use of the word *dare*, in the sense in which it is used here, is very common, and may be traced back to a very early period of English literature. In the *Promptorium Parvulorum* we have "DARYN, or drowpyn", or prively to be hydde (privily to hydyn, K. previly ben hyd, *if*) *Latito, lateo, CATE*." The editor of the Camden Soc. edn. of this work gives a very interesting note, in which he quotes Palsgrave, who gives "to *dare*, pryre or loke about me, *Je advise alen-tour*, 'What *darest* thou on this facyon, me thynketh thou woldest cathe larkes.'" He also gives an instance of the use of *dare* in the sense of "to crouch down," "to hide one's self" from Lydgate's Minor Poems, 174:

With woodcockys lerne for to *dare*.

Chaucer also uses *dare* in the same sense in the Shipman's Tale:

an olde appalled wight,
As ben thise wedded men, that lie and *dare*,
As in a fourme sitteth a wery hare;

and Cotgrave gives "*blotir*, to squat, ly close to the ground, like *blotir* larkes, or affrighted fowle." In these last three cases the sense of the word is passive; but we have an instance of the active use of the word in Fletcher's Pilgrims, i. 1:

But there's another in the wind, some castrel,
That hovers over her, and *dares* her daily;
Some flick'ring slave.

—Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, p. 591.

And in Shakespeare's Henry VIII. iii. 2. 282, we have:

And *dare* us with his cap like larks.

It was chiefly in the capture of larks that *daring* was employed. Not only hawks were used, but also mirrors and pieces of scarlet cloth, &c. Nares gives a long quotation from The Gentleman's Recreation as to the method of taking woodlarks by terrifying with a hobby (a kind of

hawk). It is evident that the allusion in our text is to the sport, if it may be so called, of *daring* larks. The Constable of France means to say that the English will crouch down in fear at the approach of the French, like larks that are *dared* by a hawk.—F. A. M.

222. Line 45: *fixed candlesticks*.—Ancient candlesticks were frequently made in the form of human figures holding in their hands the sockets for the lights. See the woodcut in the Var. Ed. xvii. 410.

223. Line 60: *I stay but for my GUIDON*.—The Ff. read "Guard: on," &c., which is defended by Malone on the ground that "*guard* means here nothing more than the *men of war* whose duty it was to attend on the Constable of France, and among those his *standard*, that is, his standard-bearer." The present reading is adopted by the Cambridge editors, Knight, Dyce, Rolfe, and others. It is given in the Cambridge edn. as an anonymous conjecture "*apud Rann*;" but it was made independently by Dr. Thackeray, late provost of King's College, Cambridge, in his copy of Nares' Glossary (see Cambridge edn. note xvii. on this play). Cotgrave explains *guidon* as "a standard, ensigne, or banner . . . also he that beares it." This reading is confirmed by Holinshed.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

224. Lines 11-14:

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

The Ff. give lines 11, 13, and 14 to Bedford, and line 12 to Exeter. The transposition was made by Thirby, and is confirmed by the Qq.

225. Line 40: *the feast of Crispian*.—Saint Crispin's Day, October 25th. "Crispin and Crispian were brothers who went with St. Denis from Rome to preach in France. They supported themselves by making shoes, and were supplied with leather by angels to make shoes for the poor. Being denounced as Christians, they were cruelly tortured, and then beheaded at Soissons. The Roman tradition fixes their death in A.D. 300, but other authorities give the date thirteen years earlier" (Christian Symbols, by Mrs. Clement, p. 83).

226. Line 44: *He that shall live this day, and SEE old age*.—The Folio reads:

He that shall see this day, and live old age.

The transposition was made by Pope, and is supported by the Quarto reading:

He that outlives this day and sees old age.

227. Line 48: *And say "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."*—This line is in the Qq. (but out of its proper place): the Ff. omit it.

228. Line 52: *Familiar in HIS MOUTH*.—The reading of the Ff. The Qq. have *their mouths*, for which Dyce zealously argues. Collier and Staunton also follow the Quartos, but most of the other editors adhere to the Folio reading.

229. Lines 57-59.—As Johnson very aptly observes, this prediction has not been verified; “the feast of *Crispin* passes by without any mention of Agincourt” (Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 417). In fact it may be doubted whether one in a thousand—we may say ten thousand—persons in England knows the date of the Battle of Agincourt at all, or which is St. *Crispin*’s day; except in the latter case, of course, members of what used to be called the “gentle craft,” i.e. shoemakers. In a curious book called *The Shoemaker’s Glory or Princely History of the Gentle-Craft* (first published in 1598, and frequently reprinted) by Thomas Deloney, there is much said in glorification of *Crispin* and *Crispianus*, the two brothers, of whom a very different account is given to that quoted in note 225 above. But it is curious that, throughout this pamphlet, there is no mention made of the battle of Agincourt.—F. A. M.

230. Line 104: *ABOUNDING valour*.—The reading of the Ff. The Qq. have *abundant*. Theobald read a *bounding*, and Collier’s MS. corrector has *rebounding*.

231. Line 105: *the BULLET’S GRAZING*.—Ff. read *bullets*. Hammer first corrected this to *bullet*’s. F. 1 has *crasing*; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *grasing*, which is evidently right.

232. Line 107: *Killing in RELAPSE of MORTALITY*; i.e. “at the very moment when their mortal elements are being dissipated into nothingness.”

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

233. Line 4: *Qualitie calme cuture me!*—So F. 1; F. 2, F. 3 have *Quality*; F. 4 reads *Quality*. This has been sometimes amended thus: *Quality! callino, cuture me!* in accordance with Boswell’s conjecture; he suggests that Pistol is here humming contemptuously an old Irish song called *Callino cuture me*, the music of which is given in the Var. Ed. xvii. pp. 426, 427. In Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves’s Irish Songs and Ballads, after mentioning that the air of Colleen Oge Asthore is *Callino Catureame*, quoting Stokes, Life of Petrie, he says: “It is evidently to this tune that Shakespeare alludes in the play of Henry V., act iv., scene 4, where Pistol, on meeting a French soldier, exclaims, ‘Quality! Calen, O cuture me’ [the emendation of Malone] . . . *Calen O cuture me* is an attempt to spell and pretty nearly represents the sound of ‘Colleen oge astore,’ and these words mean, ‘young girl, my treasure.’” [I agree most strongly with Staunton in considering that this conjecture of Boswell’s is “too preposterous.” What on earth the refrain, *Callino cature me*, has to do with the context here, I cannot imagine. It seems to me too ridiculous to suppose that Pistol should sing the refrain of an Irish song which could have no possible earthly meaning in the situation, and which would indicate an indifference which he neither felt nor even wished to affect. It will be observed throughout the scene, that all his answers are very much to the point, even if he does not understand French. Though Warburton’s emendations are generally very far-fetched, he certainly seems to have hit upon the right explanation of the wretched nonsense which is printed in F. 1. Pistol imitates the Frenchman’s pronunciation of *quality*, and says, as Warburton reads, *cality—construe me*. This is

exactly in keeping with Pistol’s style of speaking, as in the very next speech he ridicules the Frenchman’s pronunciation of *Seigneur Dieu*. It is quite possible that, originally, what Pistol said on the stage was *Qualitie, callite* (mimicking the Frenchman), which in the hands of the copyist, or printer, became the egregious nonsense which the Cambridge editors, among others, are content to print. When we consider that throughout this play the French is printed, both in Qq. and Ff., in the most ridiculously blundering manner,—every conceivable mistake being introduced not only into the French of the Englishmen, who are supposed to speak the language badly, but into that of the Frenchmen, who are supposed to speak it correctly,—considering this, why should we go out of our way to hunt up the original song, which is totally opposed to the context, when such a very obvious correction, as that made by Warburton, stares one in the face, I cannot imagine. I have not altered the reading of the text because it is the reading of F. 1; but none the less do I feel bound to protest against the adherence to the old reading in such a case as this, though it is following the example of such able editors as those of the Cambridge Shakespeare.—F. A. M.]

234. Line 9: *on point of FOX*.—For this curious old word (= *sword*) cf. Bartholomew Fair, ii. 1: “What would you have, sister, of a fellow that knows nothing but a basket-hilt, and an old fox in ‘t” (Ben Jonson, Gifford’s ed. iv. p. 420). So the Captain, iiii. 5:

Put up your sword,
I’ve seen it often; tis a fox.
—Beaumont and Fletcher (Works, vol. i. p. 632).

235. Line 15: *Or I will fetch thy RIM out at thy throat*.—There has been some considerable difference of opinion as to what Pistol means here by *rim*, and several emendations have been proposed; but they are unnecessary. F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 have *rynnme*; F. 4 has *rym*. Nares gives: “*Rim* or *Rym*. The peritoneum or membrane inclosing the intestines. ‘The membrane of the belly.’ Wilkins Real Char. Alph. Index.” (The work quoted is Bishop Wilkins’ Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language, 1608.) He also quotes from another work, 1602. Johnson gives in his Dictionary (edn. 1756), under *Rim*, the following sentence in a passage from Sir Thomas Browne’s Vulgar Errors: “as the peritoneum or *rim* of the belly may be broke.” Skinner also gives (in the Etymologium, licensed 1608): “the inner *Rim* of the belly, *Peritoneum*.” So that there can be no doubt as to the meaning of the word in the latter half of the seventeenth century. As to its use in Shakespeare’s time, I cannot find the word given by any early Dictionary in this sense; nor does it occur in Batman on Bartholome (De Proprietatibus Rerum), where one might expect it. It is used twice in Chapman’s Homer, in *Iliad*, bk. v. lines 536-538:

The lance his target took,
Which could not interrupt the blow, that through it clearly strook,
And in his belly’s *rim* was sheathed beneath his girdle-stead;
and in *Iliad*, bk. xiv. line 371, in describing the death of Satanius:

And strook him in his belly’s *rim*, &c.

In both cases the wound was fatal; but *rim* may mean nothing more in both passages but “the outside edge.”

Steevens says that Holland "in his translation of Pliny's Natural History, several times mentions the *rim* of the paunch." I can only find one such mention, in bk. xxviii. ch. 9: "Even as the *rim* of the paunch, which is called in Latine *centipellis*" (vol. ii. p. 321). Now *centipellis* means "the second stomach of ruminating animals," and it is probably the coat of the stag's second stomach which Pliny means. Nares and Steevens both quote a passage from Sir Arthur Gorge's translation of Lucan (1614), bk. i.:

The slender *rimme* too weak to part
The boyling liver from the heart.

Here *rimme* must mean the midriff or diaphragm (Latin *præcordia*). Finally, in Sir Thomas Elyot's *Castel of Helthe* (first published in 1533), bk. iii. ch. 1, is a passage (quoted by Richardson *sub voce*): "Which ascendynge up into the head, and touchynge the *ryme*, wherein the brayne is wrapped." Here *ryme* evidently means the membrane of the brain.

Although it appears from the above that *rim*, in Shakespeare's time, was used in no exact anatomical sense, yet it is tolerably clear that no alteration of the text is necessary. Pistol meant by *rim* some vital part of the intestines. If any emendation were needed, perhaps *reins* = kidneys would be the most probable one.—F. A. M.

236. Line 19: *BRASS, cur!*—As the French word *bras* was pronounced, in Shakespeare's time, exactly as it is now pronounced (see Douce's note, quoted in Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 429), it would appear that Shakespeare did not know how to pronounce French, though he might be able to read it. But it is possible this joke was a bit of actor's "gag." The commentators in Var. Ed., in printing *brau* and *braw* as representing the pronunciation of *bras*, do not show much knowledge of French orthoëpy.—F. A. M.

237. Line 23: *moy*.—Johnson says: "*Moy* is a piece of money, whence *moi d'or* or *moi* of gold" (Var. Ed. vol. xiii. p. 430). But Dyce points out that this etymology of *moldore* is wrong, and that this coin did not exist in Shakespeare's time. He says *moy* is the same as *muid* (or *my*), which Cotgrave gives as a measure = about five quarters English measure. Douce says "27 *moy*s were equal to two tons" (Illustrations, p. 360). It may be noted that in writing *moy* for *moi* Shakespeare was not wrong, as Cotgrave gives *moy* = "me, I, myself."—F. A. M.

238. Line 30: *'U* fer him, and FIRK him.—Cf. Middleton's *A Game at Chess*, iii. 1: "You shall have but small cause, for I'll *firk* you" (Works (Dyce's edn.), vol. iv. p. 570). The word is of not uncommon occurrence in Beaumont and Fletcher.

239. Line 75.—A passage from Mr. Symonds' *Shakespeare's Predecessors* will serve as commentary on this and the next line. After mentioning the stock characters represented in the Moralities, Mr. Symonds continues: "Prominent among this motley company moved the Devil, leaping upon the stage dressed like a bear. His frequent but not inseparable comrade was the Vice—that tricky incarnation of the wickedness which takes all shapes, and whose fantastic feats secure a kind of sympathy. The Vice was unknown in the English Miracles, and played no marked part in the French Moralities. He

appears to have been a native growth, peculiar to the transitional epoch of our moral interludes. By gradual deterioration or amelioration, he passed at length into the Fool or Clown of Shakspeare's comedy. But at the moment of which we are now treating, the Vice was a more considerable personage. He represented that element of evil which is inseparable from human nature. Viewed from one side he was eminently comic; and his pranks cast a gleam of merriment across the dulness of the scenes through which he hovered with the lightness of a Harlequin. Like Harlequin, he wore a vizor and carried a lathe sword. It was part of his business to belabour the Devil with this sword; but when the piece was over, after stirring the laughter of the people by his jests, and heaping mischief upon mischief in the heart of man, nothing was left for Vice but to dance down to Hell upon the Devil's back. The names of the Vice are as various as the characters which he assumed, and as the nature of the play required. At root he remains invariably the same—a flippant and persistent elf of evil. . . . The part of the Vice was by far the most original feature of the Moralities, and left a lasting impression upon the memory of English folk long after it had disappeared from the stage" (Shakspeare's Predecessors, pp. 150, 151). A full account of the Vice will be found in note 305 of Richard III. Compare also *Twelfth Night*, iv. 2. 134-140.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

240. Line 11: *Let's die in HONOUR*.—The Ff. omit *honour*, but the corresponding line in the Qq. has "Let's die with honour."

241. Line 16: *His fairest daughter is CONTAMINATED*.—The reading of the Ff. The Qq. have *contamuracke*. Dyce reads *contaminate*.

242. Line 18: *Let us on heaps go offer up our lives*.—Steevens and some others add from the Qq. the line:
Unto these English, or else die with fame.

243. Line 22: *The devil take order now!*—The characters of Bourbon and Orleans are sharply contrasted here. At a time when every moment is of priceless value, Orleans debates the question of order in the attack that should be made at once; while Bourbon, smarting under the sense of defeat, indignantly casts such considerations to the winds.

ACT IV. SCENE 6.

244. Line 34: *mistful*.—The Ff. have *mixtful*, happily changed to *mistful* by Warburton.

245. Lines 35-38: Holinshed, copying almost verbatim from Hall, gives the following account of the circumstances which led to the king giving the cruel order to kill all the prisoners: "But when the outerie of the lackies and boies, which ran awaie for feare of the Frenchmen thus spoiling the campe, came to the king's ears, he doubting least his enimies should gather together againe, and begin a new field; and mistrusting further that the prisoners would be an aid to his enimies, or the varie enimies to their takers in deed if they were suffered to live, contrarie to his accustomed gentleness, commanded by sound of trumpet, that euerie man (vpon paine of

death) should uncontinentlie slaie his prisoner. When this dolorous decree, and pitifull proclamation was pronounced, pitié it was to see how some Frenchmen were suddenlie sticked with daggers, some were brained with pollaxes, some slaine with malls, other had their throats cut, and some their bellies pached, so that in effect, hauing respect to the great number, few prisoners were sauéd" (vol. iii. pp. 81, 82).

ACT IV. SCENE 7.

246. Lines 5-11.—The description of the massacre of the prisoners, quoted above from Holinshed, scarcely warrants such approval of the king's conduct which Gower here gives. Some of the commentators have pointed out that there is an apparent contradiction here; and that the reason assigned for the massacre of the prisoners is not the same as that given in the last scene; but the fact is that Shakespeare was simply following Holinshed, as may be seen from the quotation given in the last note. When we examine the facts, as related in the more trustworthy chroniclers of the time, we find that there is really no contradiction; because there were two batches of prisoners. The first batch was taken before the attack on the camp by the French; the second was captured after those of the enemy, who had rallied, had been attacked by the English, and put to the rout. Henry's position was certainly a very desperate one, and justified very extreme measures; for his forces were so insignificant in number that they could not possibly defend their position and guard the prisoners too. It is possible that the threat, if even partly carried out, of killing the prisoners would effectively stop any attempt on the part of the French to renew the conflict; for so many princes and noblemen of distinction were captured, that the French must have known that their enemy held hostages whose lives were too valuable to be risked by any attempt to retrieve the fortunes of the day. It is certain that a large number of prisoners were killed on this occasion; it is equally certain a large number were spared. Hardyng, who was present at the battle, gives the following account (cc. xliii. Chapter):

The feld he had and held it all that night,
But when came wordes of [hoste and] enemies,
For whiche thei slewe all prisoners doune right,
Sauf dukes and erles in fell and cruell wise;
And then the prees of enimes did surpise
Their owne people, y^e mo were dede through pres,
Then our menne might haue slain y^e tyme no lese.

—Reprint, 1812, p. 375.

247. Line 51: *great-belly doublet*.—We have put a hyphen between the two words *great* and *belly*, for the same reason given by the Clarendon edd.; namely, that by so doing we are following the analogy of *thin-belly doublet* in Love's Labour's Lost. (See note 58 on that play.) In addition to the passage there quoted by Stubbes we may give the following extracts from Stubbes, who, speaking of these *great-belly doublets*, says: "Now, what handsonnes can be in these dubletttes . . . let wyse men iudge." For for my parte, handsonnes in them I see none, and much lesse profyete. And to be plaine, I neuer sawe any weare them, but I supposed him to be a man inclined to gourmandice, gluttonie, and suche like

"For what may these great bellies signifie els than that either they are suche, or els are affected that way? This is the truest signification that I could euer presage or diuynie of them. And this maye euerye one iudge of them that seeth them; for certaine I am there was neuer any kinde of apparell euer inuented that could more disproportion the body of man than these Doublets with *great bellies*" (New Shak. Soc. Reprint, p. 55).

248. Line 76: *To BOOK our dead, and then to bury them*.—For this sense of the verb *book* compare Sonnet cxvii. 9: *Book both my wilfulness and errors down*.

So II. Henry IV. iv. 3. 50. Collier's MS. Corrector gave *look*, which some editors have adopted, comparing As You Like It, ii. 5. 34: "He hath been all this day to *look* you," i.e. "for you."

249. Line 81: *THEIR wounded steeds*.—The Ff. have *with*, corrected by Malone. The line is not in the Qq.

250. Lines 102-104.—King Arthur is said to have won a great victory over the Saxons *in a garden where leeks did grow*, and Saint David ordered that every one of the king's soldiers should wear a leek in his cap in honour thereof. Hence the Welsh custom of wearing the emblem on St. David's Day, March 1st. Mr. Stone reminds us that a Welshman with a leek in his hat figures in the fourth plate of the Rake's Progress. Also that Peregrine Pickle's friend Cadwallader was "once maimed by a carman, with whom I quarrelled, because he ridiculed my leek on St. David's day; my skull was fractured by a butcher's cleaver, on the like occasion" (Peregrine Pickle, ii. xxxviii.). For some account of the origin of the custom see Brand's Popular Antiquities (edn. 1877, pp. 627-54).

251. Line 104: *Mounmouth caps*.—Fuller, in his Worthies of Wales, says: "The best caps were formerly made at *Mounmouth* where the Capper's chaple doth still remain."

252. Line 132: *who, if alive, &c.*—Capell and others read *a' live*.

253. Line 142: *quite from the answer of his degree*.—Johnson explains this: "A man of such station as is not bound to hazard his person to *answer* to a challenge from one of the soldier's *low degree*" (Var. Ed. vol. xvii. p. 446).

254. Line 161.—Shakespeare here alludes to a historical fact. Henry was felled to the ground by the Duke of Alençon, but recovered himself and slew two of the duke's attendants.

ACT IV. SCENE 8.

255. Line 53: *Your majesty came, &c.*—Williams's defence of himself is a thoroughly manly one. He is not afraid to tell the king to his face that whatever indignities his majesty suffered at his hands were incident to his supposed condition, and could not rightfully be resented by the king as king.

256. Line 109: *Davy Gam, esquire*.—This gentleman, being sent by Henry, before the battle, to find out the strength of the enemy, made this report: "May it please you, my liege, there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away." He saved the king's life in the field (Malone).

ACT V. PROLOGUE.

257. Line 12: *whiffler*.—"An officer who walks first in processions, or before persons in high stations, on occasions of ceremony" (Hammer). It seems to have been one of the duties of this person to clear the way before the king or high official whom he preceded. Steevens refers us to (amongst other passages) the Isle of Gulls, 1606: "And Manasses shall go before like a *whiffler*, and make way with his horns." Chapman has a graphic use of the word in his eulogistic lines prefixed to the Faithful Shepherdess:

But as a poet, that ~~no~~ scholar, makes
Vulgarity his *whiffler*, and takes
Passage with ease;

and other instances of its occurrence might be quoted. Douce, undoubtedly, gives the right derivation of the word from *whiffle*, "a fife," *whifflers* being originally "those who preceded armies or processions as fifers" (Illustrations, p. 311). *Whiffler*=a trifler, a deceiver, is derived from the verb "to whiffle"="to blow in gusts," "to veer about as the wind does."

258. Lines 30-34:

*Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him!*

This, as it turned out, was a most unfortunate prophecy. It refers, of course, to the well-known favourite of Queen Elizabeth, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who, according to Stow, on March 27, 1599 "about two a clocke in the afternoone, . . . tooke horse in Seeding Lane, and from thence being accompanied with diuers Noble men and many others, himselfe very plainly attired, rode through Grace-streete, Cornehill, Cheapside, and other high streets, in all which places and in the fieldes, the people pressed exceedingly to beholde him, especially in the high wayes for more then foure myles space crying and saying, God bless your Lordship, God preserue your Honour &c., and some followed him vntill the Euening, onely to behold him: when hee and his companie came forth of London, the Skie was very calme and cleere, but before hee could get past Iseldon, there arose a great blacke cloud in the northeast, and sodainely came lightning and thunder, with a great shower of haile & raine, the which some helde as an ominous prodigie" (pp. 787, 788). It was under such auspicious circumstances that Essex set out on his expedition to Ireland, the object being to suppress the rebellion of Tyrone; but it would seem that, during the summer of that year, he became uneasy in his mind as to the decay of his influence with the queen; and, after many consultations with his friends, he took upon himself to return to England without leave, and came privately to the court at Nonsuch, 1 September 28th, 1599: "where hee prostrated himselfe beefore the Queene: who gaue him good wordes, and sayd hee was welcome: willed him to goe to his lodging, and rest him

1 This palace was at Chesham in Surrey, between Sutton and Epsom, about 15 miles from London.

after so wearie a iournie: the second of October he was committed to the custodie of the Lorde Keeper" (pp. 788, 789). This was the beginning of the fall of Essex.—F. A. M.

259. Line 38: *The emperor's*.—The Folio reading. The conjectural emendation *emperor* has been adopted by several editors. The allusion is to the Emperor Sigismund, whose wife was Henry's second cousin. The "coming" referred to took place in May, 1416.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

260. Line 85: *huswife*.—This is the usual spelling of *housewife* in the Folio. Pistol uses the word contemptuously in the sense of *hussy*.

261. Line 86: *my NELL is dead*.—The early editions have *Doll*, which the Cambridge editors retain, assuming that the slip was "the author's own;" but this is extremely improbable.

262.—Johnson observes at the close of this scene: "The comick scenes of The History of Henry the Fourth, and Fifth are now at an end, and all the comick personages are now dismissed. Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gadshill was lost immediately after the robbery; Poins and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure."

ACT V. SCENE 2.

263. Line 12: *brother ENGLAND*.—F. 1 has *Ireland*, which F. 2 corrects. This is not in the Qq.

264. Line 17: *The fatal BALLS of murdering BASILISKS*.—The word-play is more obvious if we remember the double meaning of *basilisk*: a fabulous snake, whose glance was fatal; and a large cannon. For the former see note 185, II. Henry VI., and compare (among many passages) Richard III. i. 2. 150, 151:

Glen. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
Annie. Would they were *basilisks*, to strike thee dead!

For the latter, compare I. Henry IV. ii. 3. 56:

Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin.

265. Line 27: *Unto this BAR and royal interview*.—Johnson explains *bar* here as meaning "barrier," "place of congress." The actual place of conference was the cathedral of St. Peter at Troyes; but since, as Malone observes, St. Peter's Church would not admit of the French king and queen, &c., retiring, and then appearing again on the scene, the editors are united in supposing it to occur in a palace.

266. Line 49: *freck'd cowslip*.—Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 10-13:

The *cowslips* tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those *freckles* live their favours.

267. Line 49.—The *burnet*, formerly prized as a salad plant, is the *Poterium Sanguisorba*.

268. Line 50: *ALL uncorrected*.—The Ff. have *withal*. This is not in the Qq.

263. Line 54: *And AS our vineyards.*—The Ff. have *all*, corrected by Roderick. It is not in the Qq.

270. Line 61: *diffus'd.*—The Folio has *defus'd*; as in Richard III. i. 2. 78. Schmidt would retain that form, explaining it as "shapeless." Warburton defines *diffus'd* as "extravagant;" Johnson as "wild, irregular, strange."

[There can be little doubt *defused* is the right form of the word in this passage, as well as in Richard III. i. 2. 78. (See note 81 off that play; in which note, by the way, the word should be spelt *defuse* in the quotation from Lear, i. 4. 2.) Shakespeare only once uses the form *diffused* in Merry Wives, iv. 4. 54, where it means "wild," "uncouth." He uses the verb *diffuse* in the sense of "to scatter," "to pour over" in The Tempest, iv. 1. 78, 79:

Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers.

It may be noted that the Latin word *defundere* is very rare in the ante-Augustan period, and occurs neither in Cicero nor Caesar. Horace uses it twice in the ordinary sense of "to pour out," Satire, ii. 2. 58; Odes, iv. 5. 34; and once, poetically, Epistles, i. 12. 29. It need scarcely be said that *diffundere*, from which *diffuse* is derived, is a totally different word and is common enough.—F. A. M.]

271. Line 77: *a CURSORARY eye.*—The Ff. have *curselarie*, the Qq. *cursenary*.

272. Line 84.—Neither Clarence nor Huntington appears in the *Dramatis Personæ*, as neither speaks a word. Huntington was John Holland, Earl of Huntington, who afterwards married the widow of Edmond Mortimer, Earl of March (Malone).

273. Line 161: *plain and uncoined constancy.*—Like a plain piece of metal bearing as yet no marks of the die.

274. Line 231: *très cher et divin.*—As the Cambridge editors remark, it is clear that the king is meant to speak bad French.

275. Line 241: *untempering.*—Unsoftening. Lacking the power to persuade in one's favour.

276. Line 263: *broken music.*—Mr. Chappell (Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 246) formerly explained this as "the music of a stringed band;" but, according to Mr. W. A. Wright (Clarendon Press ed. of *As You Like It*, p. 89), he now gives the following explanation: "Some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which when played together formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a 'consort,' but 'broken music.'" In Troilus and Cressida, iii. 1. 52, and *As You Like It*, i. 2. 150, as here, there is a play upon the expression.

277. Line 265: *queen of all, Katharine.*—Dyce adopts Capell's *queen of all Katharines*, which is very plausible.

278. Lines 275, 276: *d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur.*—The reading of the Cambridge edition. The Folio has it, *d'une nostre Seigneur indigne seruiteur*,"

which is unintelligible. Pope reads: "*d'une vostre indigne serviteur*," a reading adopted also by the Variorum of 1821, Knight, Grant White, Hudson, and some other editors.

279. Line 348: *perspectively*; i.e. as through an optical contrivance called a *perspective*. For an account of *perspectives* see Richard II. note 150.

280. Line 350: *war hath NEVER entered.*—The early editions omit *never*, which Rowe inserted. Capell has *not*.

281. Line 361: *and THEN in sequel all.*—F. 1 omits *then*, which F. 2 supplies.

282. Line 369: *Præclarissimus.*—In the original treaty the word is correctly written *præclarissimus*, but the error occurs in Holinshed and was copied by Shakespeare.

283. Line 394: *the paction.*—"The old Folios have it *the pation*, which makes me believe the author's word was *paction*, a word more proper on the occasion of a peace struck up. A passion of two kingdoms for one another is an odd expression. An amity and political harmony may be fixed betwixt two countries, and yet either people be far from having a passion for the other" (Theobald).

284. Line 398: *Prepare we, &c.*—The Quartos of 1600 and 1608 end with this speech:

Hen. Why then fair Katharine,
Come give me thy hand:
Our marriage will we present solemnize,
And end our hatred by a bond of love.
Then will I swear to Kate, and Kate to me,
And may our vows once made, unbroken be.

285. Line 400: *surety of our LEAGUE.*—The Ff. have *leagues*, corrected by Walker.

286. Line 402.—The Cambridge editors observe: "The printer of the Second Folio, when he misread 'Sonnet' for 'Sonet,' probably supposed it to be the title of the poem of fourteen lines which the Chorus speaks, though the position of the word is ambiguous. The printer of the Fourth Folio and Rowe place it as if it belonged to the *Enter Chorus* rather than to the *Exeunt*. Pope omitted the word altogether, and it did not reappear till Mr. Dyce restored it." The *sonnet* was a musical phrase given out by the trumpets to announce an arrival or departure; the word often occurs in stage-directions, taking forms the most diverse—*senet*, *cynet*, *signate*, *synnet*, and even *senate*. Cf. Clarendon Press note on Lear, i. 1. 34.

EPILOGUE.

287. Line 2: *bending.*—"Unequal to the weight of his subject and bending beneath it; or he may mean, as in Hamlet [iii. 2. 100], 'Here stooping to your clemency'" (Steevens). Schmidt also hesitates between these two explanations.

288. Line 7: *the world's best garden.*—France. Steevens observes that in the Taming of the Shrew, i. 1. 3, 4, a similar distinction is bestowed upon Lombardy:

I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN KING HENRY V.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Abate ¹ (intrans.) { ii. 1 70 iv. 4 50	Brim ¹² (adj.)... i. 2 150	Courts ²² i. 2 265	Forespent ³² ... ii. 4 36
Accept (sub.)... v. 2 82	Brokenly..... v. 2 106	Cowarded..... ii. 2 75	Founder (sub.) i. 2 42, 59
Accomplishment ² ProL. 36	Bubukles ¹³ ... iii. 6 108	Crescive..... i. 1 66	Fox ³² iv. 4 9
Accrue..... ii. 1 117	Bungle (verb)... ii. 2 115	Crimson (sub.) v. 2 324	Frankness..... v. 2 318
Acknowledgment iv. 8 124	Burnet..... v. 2 49	Cruelly ²³ v. 2 216	Fumitory..... v. 2 45
Admonishing ³ ... iv. 1 9	Candlesticks ¹⁴ iv. 2 45	Cudgelled..... v. 1 93	Galling ³⁴ v. 1 78
Adulation..... iv. 1 271	Cap (verb).... iii. 7 124	Curraunce ²⁴ ... i. 1 34	Gayness..... iv. 3 110
Advantageable v. 2 88	Captived..... ii. 4 55	Cursorary..... v. 2 77	Gentle (verb)... iv. 3 63
Adventurously iv. 4 79	Cash (sub.).... ii. 1 120	Dancing-schools iii. 5 32	Gilt ³⁵ iv. ProL. 26
Aggrieved ⁴ iv. 7 170	Cavaliers ¹⁵ ... iii. ProL. 24	Decoct..... iii. 5 20	Ginmial..... iv. 2 49
Ale-washed..... iii. 6 82	Charge ¹⁶ (sub.) iit. 1 33	Defend (intrans.) i. 2 137	Graters..... iii. 5 9
All-admiring... i. 1 39	Charitably.... iv. 1 149	Defendant (adj.) ii. 4 8	*Great-uncle... { i. 2 205 iv. 7 96
All-watched... iv. ProL. 38	Chartered..... i. 1 48	Defunction..... i. 2 58	Guidon..... iv. 2 60
Almshouses.... i. 1 17	Chases ¹⁷ i. 2 266	Demon ²⁵ ii. 2 121	Gun-stones.... i. 2 282
Appointments... ii. 2 87	Cheerer..... v. 2 41	Demonstrative. ii. 4 89	
Attain ⁵ (sub.)... iv. ProL. 39	Choice-drawn... iii. ProL. 24	Down-roping.. iv. 2 48	
Avouchment.... iv. 8 38	Chrisom ¹⁸ (sub.) i. 3 12	Enlinked..... iii. 3 18	Haggled..... iv. 6 11
*Back-return... v. ProL. 41	Clipper..... iv. 1 246	Enrounded.... iv. ProL. 36	Half-achieved. iii. 3 8
Backward ⁶ (adj.) iv. 3 72	Closely..... iv. 7 179	Enscheduled... v. 2 73	Havoc (verb)... i. 2 173
*Barley-broth.. iii. 5 19	Clover..... v. 2 49	*Even-pleached v. 2 42	Hazard ³⁶ iii. 7 93, 95
*Before-breach iv. 1 181	Cock ¹⁹ ii. 1 55	Ever-running. iv. 1 298	Heart-grief.... ii. 2 27
Betting ⁷ (intrans.) ii. 1 109	Cockpit..... ProL. 11	Executors ²⁶ ... i. 2 203	Hemp..... iii. 6 45
Blessed ⁸ iv. 1 194	Commissioners. ii. 2 61	Exhibitors.... i. 1 74	Hold-fast (sub.) ii. 3 54
Bloody-hunting iii. 3 41	Concavities... iii. 2 64	Fallow ²⁷ (adj.) v. 2 44	*Honey-bees... i. 2 187
Board ⁹ ii. 1 35	Coagreing.... i. 2 182	Farced..... iv. 1 280	Honeyed..... i. 1 50
Boastful..... iv. ProL. 10	Congreeted... v. 2 31	Fatally..... ii. 4 54	Honour-owing. iv. 6 9
Borderers..... i. 2 142	Contrariouly.. i. 2 206	Fat-brained... iii. 7 143	Horse-leeches.. ii. 3 37
Bound ¹⁰ (verb trans.) v. 2 147	Contrite ²⁰ iv. 1 313	Ferret (verb).. iv. 4 30, 33	Howls (sub.)... iii. 3 39
Bridled ¹¹ iii. 7 54	Corroborate ²¹ i. 1 130	Fet ²⁸ iii. 1 18	Hydra-headed.. i. 1 35
	Coulter..... v. 2 46	Fig ²⁹ (sub.)... iii. 6 62	
	Countermines (sub.) iii. 2 67	Find-faults... v. 2 293	

1 Used as a transitive verb frequently, in various senses.

2 Lucrèce, 716.

3 = exhorting. The verb is used only once elsewhere by Shakespeare, in I. Henry VI. v. 33, where it has more the sense of "to instruct."

4 Used by Fluellen in the dialectic form *Aggrieved*.

5 = anxiety. Also in Venus and Adonis, 741.

6 = unwilling. *Backward* is used frequently as an adverb, and three times as an adjective in other senses.

7 Shakespeare uses the verb "to bet" (trans.) once elsewhere, in II. Henry IV. iii. 2, 50.

8 = holily. The adverb is used in one other passage, *Tempest*, i. 2, 63, where it means "fortunately."

9 = to furnish with food.

10 = to make to leap. Used frequently in the intransitive sense.

11 The verb is used figuratively in various passages in Shakespeare.

speare; here = to put a *bridle* on a horse.

12 = overflowing. "Ample and brim fulness." Some editors wrongly print *brimfulness* as one word.

13 This is a mere corruption of *carbuncle*, or perhaps of *bubo* and *carbuncle*; used by Fluellen.

14 *Candlestick*, another form of the word, occurs in I. Henry IV. iii. 1, 131, and should have been given in the Words, &c., to that play.

15 *Cavaliers* occurs also in Per. iv. 6, 12. *Cavaliero* (or *cavalero*) is used twice (*Merry Wives*, ii. 3, 78, and II. Hen. IV. v. 3, 62); and *cavalery*, a vulgar corruption of the same word, in Mid. N. D. iv. 1, 25.

16 = the order to attack. Also in *Lucrèce*, 494.

17 = a term in tennis.

18 Used as adj. in corrupted form *chrisom* by Mrs. Quickly.

19 Of a gun.

20 *Lucrèce*, 1727.

21 Used by Pistol in a vague sense.

22 = tennis-courts.

23 In figurative sense. Used elsewhere by Shakespeare in its ordinary sense.

24 = current.

25 = "a devil." Used in *Ant.* and *Cleo.* ii. 3, 19 = "a genius," "guardian spirit."

26 = executioners.

27 = untilled. 28 = fetched.

29 An expression of contempt. The verb in the sense of "to insult" occurs in II. Henry IV. v. 3, 124.

30 Meaning doubtful; perhaps = "pledged as a fine;" used in other senses elsewhere.

31 = in minute parts.

32 = past. 33 = a sword.

34 Used with *at* = scoffing; the verb occurs frequently in other senses.

35 = money. Used frequently, in a figurative sense, elsewhere.

36 A term in tennis.

37 = hindrance. Occurs twice (*Two Gent.* i. 3, 15, and *Richard III.* ii. 2, 22) in another sense.

38 *Enteeped* occurs in *Othello*, ii. 1, 70.

39 Sonnet, lxxviii. 1.

WORDS PECULIAR TO KING HENRY V.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Kecksies	v. 2 52	Pavilioned	i. 2 129	Sad-eyed	i. 2 202	Tertian ⁶	ii. 1 124
Knobs	iii. 6 109	Pax ⁷	iii. 6 42, 47	Savagery ¹⁹	v. 2 47	Thatch (sub.) ..	iii. 5 24
Laik-lean	iv. Prol. 26	Pennons	iii. 5 49	Scaffold ²⁰	ProL. 10	Threaden ²⁵ (adj.)	iii. ProL. 10
Lavoltas	iii. 5 33	Perspectively ..	v. 2 347	Self-glorious ..	v. ProL. 20	Thrust (in) intrans.	v. 2 394
Leap-frog	v. 2 142	Pettiness	iii. 6 136	Self-neglecting ..	ii. 4 75	Tomblens	i. 2 229
Leashed	ProL. 7	Pilfering	i. 2 142	Shales	iv. 2 18	Torch-staves ..	iv. 2 46
Legerity	iv. 1 23	Porings	iv. ProL. 2	Shog (verb)	{ ii. 1 47	Tucket	iv. 2 35
Linstock	iii. ProL. 33	Portage ⁹	iii. 1 10		{ ii. 3 47	Umbered	iv. ProL. 9
Literated	iv. 7 157	Practice	i. 1 51	Shrill-shrieking	iii. 3 35	Uncoined	v. 2 160
Lob (verb)	iv. 2 47	Prater	v. 2 166	Slips ²¹ (sub.) ..	iii. 1 31	Uncorrected ..	v. 2 50
Long-vanished ..	ii. 4 86	Preachers	iv. 1 9	Slobbery (adj.)	iii. 5 13	Uncurbed	i. 2 244
Low-rated	iv. ProL. 19	Predeceased ¹⁰ ..	v. 1 76	Slovenry	iv. 3 114	Uneasiness	ii. 2 27
Lute-case	iii. 2 46	Prescript ¹¹ (adj.)	iii. 7 49	Snatchers	i. 2 143	Unfought	iii. 5 12
May-morn	i. 2 120	Prick-eared	ii. 1 44	Soldier-breeder ..	v. 2 219	Ungotten	i. 2 287
Measure ¹	v. 2 140	Privates ¹²	iv. 1 255	Sonance	iv. 2 35	Unhidden	i. 1 86
Mercenaries	iv. 8 93	Projection	ii. 4 46	Spirited	iii. 5 21	Universe ²⁶	iv. ProL. 3
Mercifully	v. 2 214	Prologue-like ..	ProL. 33	Spirituality	i. 2 132	Unraised	ProL. 9
Misdoing ² (verb)	iv. ProL. 53	Qualmish	v. 1 22	Spirit	iii. 5 8	Untempering ..	v. 2 241
Miscreate (adj.)	i. 2 16	Rank ¹³ (verb intr.)	v. 2 374	Spital	{ v. 1 86	Utility	v. 2 53
Mistful	iv. 6 34	Rawly	iv. 1 140		{ ii. 1 78	Uttermost ²⁷ (adj.)	iii. 6 10
Morris-dance ..	ii. 4 25	Re-answer	iii. 6 136	Sternage	iii. ProL. 18		
Motionless	iv. 2 50	Red-faced	iii. 2 34	Stiffen	iii. 1 7	Valorously	iii. 2 125
Mould ³	iii. 2 23	Reinforced (trans.)	iv. 6 36	Stilly (adv)	iv. ProL. 5	Vaultages	ii. 4 124
New-store	iii. 5 31	Relapse ¹⁴	iv. 3 107	Strait ²² (adj.) ..	iii. 7 57	Vigil	iv. 3 45
New-tuned	iii. 6 80	Relish ¹⁵ (sub.) ..	iv. 1 114	StrCamers	iii. ProL. 6	Wafer-cakes ...	ii. 3 53
Noble-ending ..	iv. 6 27	Re-survey ¹⁶	v. 2 81	Strossers	iii. 7 57	Warming-pan ..	ii. 1 89
Nook-shotten ..	iii. 5 14	Re-united	i. 2 85	Sufferance ²³ ..	ii. 2 150	War-worn	iv. ProL. 26
Observingly	iv. 1 5	Rim	iv. 4 15	Sumless	i. 2 165	Well-foughten ..	iv. 6 18
O'erblows ⁴	iii. 3 31	Rise ¹⁷ (sub.) ..	iv. 1 289	Summered	v. 2 335	Whelks	iii. 6 109
O'erglanced ⁵ ...	v. 2 73	Rivage	iii. ProL. 14	Sun-burning ..	v. 2 155	Whiffler	v. ProL. 12
O'erwhelm ⁶	iii. 1 11	Roping (adj.) ..	iii. 5 23	Superfluously ..	iii. 7 80	Wide-stretched	ii. 4 82
Ordure	ii. 4 39	Rosed ¹⁸	v. 2 323	Sur-reined	iii. 5 19	Wiffulness ²⁸ ...	i. 1 35
Out-voice	v. ProL. 11			Sutler	ii. 1 116	Womby	ii. 4 124
Paction	v. 2 304	7 An ecclesiastical vessel. See note 181.		Swashers	iii. 2 30	Woodmonger ..	v. 1 69
Pale-dead	iv. 2 48	8 = purblind. The verb "to pore" is used in its ordinary sense in Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 74, iv. 3. 298.		Tardy-gaited ..	iv. ProL. 20	Working-house ..	v. ProL. 23
Pasterns	iii. 7 13	9 = port-hole.		Temporal ²⁴	i. 1 9	Worm-holes ²⁹ ..	ii. 4 86
		10 Lucrece, 1756.				Worshipped ³⁰ ..	i. 2 233
		11 Used as a sub. in Hamlet, ii. 2. 142, and Ant. and Cleo. iii. 8. 2.		over;" used as adj. in Titus And. ii. 4. 24.			
		12 = private persons.		19 = wild growth. Occurs in its ordinary sense in King John, iv. 3. 48.		'Yoke-devils ..	ii. 2 106
		13 = to be coupled. The transitive verb is used frequently.		20 = a stage. Occurs in its ordinary sense in Rich. III. 4. 243.			
		14 = rebounding.		21 Of greyhounds.			
		15 = quality, sort.		22 = tight, close.			
		16 Sonn. xxxii. 3.		23 = death by execution.			
		17 Pilgrim, 194.		24 = secular; used repeatedly in its ordinary senses.			
		18 In the expression "roved					

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

None.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

None.

THE MERRY WIVES
OF WINDSOR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON, a young gentleman.

SHALLOW, a country justice.

SLENDER, cousin to Shallow.

FORD, }
PAGE, } two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor

WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, son to Page.

SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh parson.

DOCTOR CAIUS, a French physician.

Host of the Garter Inn

BARDOLPH, }
PISTOL, } followers of Falstaff.
NYM, }

ROBIN, page to Falstaff.

SIMPLE, servant to Slender.

RUGBY, servant to Doctor Caius.

MISTRESS FORD.

MISTRESS PAGE.

ANNE PAGE, her daughter.

MISTRESS QUICKLY, servant to Doctor Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE—Windsor, and the neighbourhood.

TIME OF ACTION.

Three days:—1. Act I.—2 and 3. Acts II. to V. (see Introduction, pp. 187–189 on the confusion of the time).^c

¹ First given by Rowe.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

The earliest notice we have of this play is found in the entries in the Stationers' Registers under date 18th January, 1602:—

"John Busby Entred for his copie
vnder the hand of master Seton |
A booke called *An excellent and
pleasant conceited commedie of Sir* } vjd
*JOHN FFAULSTOF and the merry
wyves of Windesor.*

Arthur Johnson Entred for his Copeye by
assignment from John Busbye, A booke
Called *an excellent and pleasant conceited
Comedie of Sir JOHN FFAULSTAFE and the
mery wyves of Windesor . . . vjd.*"

—Arber's Transcript, iii. 199.

Mr. Arber notes on these entries that it is "quite clear" that the *Merry Wives* was printed by Busby before this date, but not entered in the Registers until he came to assign it to Johnson. I am not, however, aware of the existence of any evidence in support of this statement. If Busby printed, or caused to be printed, an edition of the play, not a single copy of it has come down to us. The earliest edition known is Johnson's, the title-page of which is as follows:—

"A | most pleasaunt and | excellent conceited Co- | medie, of Syr *John Falstaffe*, and the | merrie Wives of *Windsor*. | Entermixed with sundrie | variable and pleasing humors, of Sir *Hugh* | the Welch Knight, Justice *Shallow*, and his | wise Cousin M. *Slender*. | With the swaggering vaine of Auncient | *Pistoll*, and Corporall *Nym*. | By *William Shakespeare*. | As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable | my Lord Chamberlaines seruants. Both before her | Maestie, and elsewhere. | London | Printed by W. C. for Arthur Johnson, and are to be sold at | his shop in

Powles Church yard, at the signe of the | Flower de Leuse and the Crowne. | 1602."

Johnson brought out a second edition, a mere reprint of the first, in 1619, but with a considerably modified title-page:—

"A | most pleasant and ex- | cellent Comeedy,
| of *Sir John Falstaffe*, and the | merry Wives
of *Windsor*. | With the swaggering vaine of
An | cient *Pistoll*, and Corporall *Nym*. | Written
by W. SHAKESPEARE. | Printed for *Arthur
Johnson*, 1619."

On the 29th January, 1630, we find, by an entry in the Stationers' Registers (Arber's Transcript, iv. 227), that Johnson assigned all his estate in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* to Master Meighen, who in this same year published a quarto edition with the following title:—

"The Merry Wives | of Windsor. | with the
humours of Sir *John Falstaffe*, | as also, The
swaggering vaine of Ancient | *Pistoll*, and
Corporall *Nym*. WRITTEN BY *William Shakespeare*. | Newly corrected. | LONDON: | printed
by T. H. for R. Meighen and are to be sold |
at his Shop, next to the Middle-Temple Gate,
and in | S. Dunstan's Church-yard in *Fleet-
Street*. | 1630."

Meighen's title smacks somewhat of Johnson's Quartos; but the book itself has no connection with them. It is a mere reprint of the fuller version which was published for the first time in the Folio, 1623. It has a few, a very few, slight corrections of that text and a good many additional errors; but has no claim whatever to be considered an independent edition. Unless it was intended to mask Meighen's piratical reprint of the folio version, it is difficult to imagine the motive which induced the above-mentioned entry in the Stationers' Registers.

A reprint of this Quarto [Q. 3 of Cambridge

editors] is given in Steevens's *Twenty Plays, &c.*, which contains also a reprint of Johnson's *Second Quarto*. Reprints of the *First Quarto* are easily accessible in the *Cambridge Shakespeare* and in *Hazlitt's Shakespeare's Library*, part ii. vol. ii., in which is a reprint of Halliwell's edition, published for the *Shakespeare Society*, 1842.*

Facsimiles of it are included in Halliwell's series produced by Ashbee, and in Dr. Furnivall's *Series*, by Griggs and Praetorius. From the Introduction by me to the Facsimile in the latter series a large portion of the present introduction is derived.

Before entering on a consideration of the questions of the relation to each other of the *Quarto* and *Folio* versions of this play, and of the date of its production, the reader should have before him an account of the two traditions which are so inseparably connected with it. I therefore give in full the testimony of the witnesses on whose authority these traditions have come down to us.

1. The tradition that the play was written at the command of Queen Elizabeth.

In 1702 Mr. John Dennis [born 1657] published what he was pleased to consider an improved version of *The Merry Wives* under the title of *The Comical Gallant; or The Amours of Sir John Falstaff*. In the epistle dedicatory, speaking of Shakespeare's work, he says: "I knew very well that it had pleased one of the greatest queens that ever was in the world. . . . This comedy was written at her command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased at the representation."

In 1709 Rowe, in his *Life of Shakespeare*, says of Queen Elizabeth: "She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff in *The Two Parts of Henry the Fourth*, that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and show him in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. How well she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable proof."

In 1710 Gildon, in his *Remarks on the Plays of Shakespeare*, concludes his notice of

The Merry Wives thus: "The Fairies, in the fifth Act, make a handsome compliment to the Queen in her Palace of Windsor, who had oblig'd Shakespear to write a Play of Sir John Falstaff in Love, and which I am very well assured he performed in a Fortnight; a prodigious thing, when all is so well contriv'd; and carried on without the least confusion."

These three are the only "authorities" for this tradition: later writers do but echo their statements. Whence they derived them is little more than matter of conjecture; though Rowe tells us that "for the most considerable part of the passages relating to his [Shakespeare's] life" he was indebted to Betterton, the celebrated actor, who is reported to have visited Warwickshire about the end of the seventeenth century for the purpose of collecting information regarding Shakespeare. That the tradition existed at the beginning of the eighteenth century must be admitted, and the truth of its main fact—that the play was written at the instance of the queen—no one now, I believe, is inclined to dispute. Though not capable of proof, it may receive some little independent support from the title-page of the *Quarto* given above, which expressly states that it was performed before her; and it is to be remarked that with this *Quarto* edition none of the above witnesses appear to have been acquainted, their references to the play being always to the *Folio* version (see Hunter, *New Illustrations, &c.*, vol. i. p. 203).

2. The tradition that, in *Justice Shallow*, Sir Thomas Lucy is ridiculed in revenge for his prosecution of our poet as a deer-poacher.

The first record of this tradition is found in a certain blundering note, supposed to have been added by the Rev. Richard Davies, at some time between 1688 and 1708, to the *Fulman Manuscripts*, in which he states that Shakespeare was "much given to all unluckynesse in stealing venison and Rabbits, particularly from Sr Lucy, who had him oft whipt & sometimes Imprisoned, & at last made Him fly his Native Country to his great Advancem^t but His reveng was so great, that he is his Justice Clodpate, and calls him a great man & y^t in allusion to his name bore three lowes rampant for his Arms" (see *Ingleby's Centurie*

INTRODUCTION.

of Playse, 2nd ed., New Sh. Soc. p. 405). By "Justice Clodpate" and the "three lowses" Davies is supposed to mean "Justice Shallow" and his "dozen white luses."

In 1709 Rowe, in his *Life of Shakespeare*, writes: "In this kind of settlement [his married life] he continued for some time, till an extravagance he was guilty of forced him both out of his country and that way of living which he had taken up; . . . He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time and shelter himself in London."

Further on, speaking of Falstaff, Rowe says: "Amongst other extravagances, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* he [Shakespeare] has made him a deer-stealer, that he might at the same time remember his Warwickshire prosecutor under the name of Justice Shallow; he has given him very near the same coat of arms which Dugdale, in his *Antiquities* of that county, describes for a family there, and makes the Welsh parson descant very pleasantly upon them."

In this record of a tradition made from seventy to ninety years subsequent to the death of Shakespeare, we have absolutely all the evidence forthcoming on this subject:¹ a tradition interpreting the play, itself dependent for support on its interpretation of the play. The only solid bit of fact that we

know to be so is that Sir Thomas Lucy gave for his arms *three luses argent*. No one pretends that there is any recognizable likeness between his known character and his supposed caricature in the Shallow of *II. Henry IV.*, nor is he recognized there; it is only when Shallow is introduced in *The Merry Wives* with a "dozen white luses" in his coat, and a complaint about Falstaff's trespass on his deer-park, that Sir Thomas Lucy stands revealed as the object of the poet's satire.

These two traditions, it will be seen, are important, if we accept their main facts for truth, in their bearings on the date of the production of the play, and, consequently, on the question whether it first appeared a sketch, as in the Quarto, and was afterwards enlarged as in the Folio.

First as to date. According to the tradition Falstaff, and therefore his satellites, are *revivals* of the characters which appeared in the History-Plays. Now Nym makes his first appearance in these histories in *Henry V.*, and unless he is to be regarded as an exception—and I cannot force myself to believe this—the chronology of *Henry V.* and *The Merry Wives* is definitely settled. The only argument—if argument it can be called—against this order of succession is that Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Quickly are all reported dead in *Henry V.*, and could not therefore with propriety be reproduced on the stage after that play. That argument would hold against their revival in a play or plays professing to represent a later phase of history; but in this play we are expressly informed that the adventures of Falstaff at Windsor take place while Prince Hal is still the madcap Prince of Wales. The very fact of Falstaff's death in *Henry V.* was probably the cause of his revival in *The Merry Wives*. In the epilogue to the second part of *Henry IV.* Shakespeare had promised that he would, in a play on the reign of Henry the Fifth, once more present to the laughter of his audience the great stage favourite, and we know that *Henry V.* followed close on *Henry IV.*; but Falstaff did not reappear, and in *Henry V.* we have only a pathetic account of his decease. The poet probably found that he had made a rash promise, and that it was im-

¹ I have not of course forgotten the lost ballad mentioned by Rowe, and subsequently "discovered," together with part of another ballad, purporting to be the real Simon Pure. These "discovered" verses, brutal and stupid as they are, present manifest signs of modern fabrication, and are not worth consideration.

possible any more, in the altered position of his royal hero, to bring Falstaff into any kind of companionship with him. "This disappointment," as Dr. Johnson remarks, "probably inclined Queen Elizabeth to command the poet to produce him once again, and to show him in love or courtship." And indeed it is much more likely that she should under these circumstances make this demand than that she should do so while Falstaff's reappearance was still in expectation. Hence the production of *The Merry Wives*; hence also reasonable grounds for deciding that the earliest limit to be assigned to it is the latter part of 1599, it being a well-established fact that Henry V. was produced in the middle of that year. The latest limit to its date is of course fixed by the entry in the Stationers' Register, 18th January, 1602; but the Shallow-Lucy tradition would require this limit to be put still further back; for Sir Thomas died in July, 1600, and it is impossible to suppose that Shakespeare would have waited till his butt was in the grave before he aimed his shafts at him. We need, however, scarcely take this matter into account in fixing the date of *The Merry Wives*; there was not likely to be any delay in complying with the queen's commands, and if therefore we place the first production of the play (say) at Christmas, 1599, we shall not, I believe, be far out as regards its date.

But the date of Sir Thomas Lucy's death is important as regards the "first sketch" theory and the date of the Folio version; for the "dozen white lues" by which he is supposed to be identified with Shallow are only found in the Folio; and if we accept the tradition we are forced to the conclusion that that version cannot be later than the first half of 1600; so that we get the "first sketch" and the "revised version" to pretty nearly the same date, and may begin to doubt whether the author did indeed produce two versions of the play; whether rather the two versions are not both derived from one and the same original, and differ only in the faithfulness of their reproduction of it. But, putting aside the Shallow-Lucy tradition altogether, other considerations lead to this same conclusion. Busby, who, on the 18th January, 1602, transferred

his copyright in *The Merry Wives* to Jobson, was concerned, in partnership with Thomas Millington, in the publication in 1600 of a quarto edition of Henry V., which is now generally admitted to be a surreptitious and corrupted copy of a shortened version of that play; his copy of *The Merry Wives* has many of the characteristics of his Henry V., and the dates of his connection with these two Quartos suggests at once that he obtained his copies of them in the order in which the plays themselves were produced. Besides its obvious corruption, comparison with the Folio version proves that the quarto *The Merry Wives*, like the quarto Henry V., omits passages which must have existed in the original it professes to represent. In proof of this the nature of those scenes and parts of scenes which are not represented in the Quarto should be considered. Most of them are without doubt such as might be cut out without injury to the intelligibility of the story, and to that cause their absence from the Quarto may as fairly be attributed as, on the "first sketch" theory, their presence in the Folio is—or rather was—attributed to after elaboration; but some of them are provably absent from the Quarto through *omission*, and all, therefore, are liable to fall under that category.

In act i. sc. 4, for instance, Dr. Caius's anger against Parson Hugh is unintelligible in the Quarto, for there no information has been given him that Simple is the Parson's messenger; we must turn to the Folio if we want to understand why the doctor challenges the parson. Proof surely that there is *omission* in the Quarto.

Again, in act iv. sc. 5 Simple waits in the court-yard of The Garter the coming down of the supposed Mother Prat from Falstaff's chamber; he has two subjects on which to consult her—first, as to the chain of which Slender has been cozened; next, as to Slender's prospect of obtaining the hand of Anne Page. Sir John's "clerkly" answers lead poor Simple to expect that it will be his master's good fortune to win Mistress Anne, and he retires, saying, "I shall make my master glad with these tidings" ["I shall make my maister a glad man at these tidings," Quarto]. But in

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the Quarto there is no mention of Anne; and Simple, therefore, is made to say that he will make his master a glad man with the news that he has been cozened of his chain! His retiring speech could only apply to the Anne part of the consultation, and is clear proof that that part is *omitted* in the Quarto, not *added* in the Folio.

There is, however, this difference between the Quartos of Henry V. and The Merry Wives, that while the former is little else than a shortened and corrupted copy, the latter contains passages which cannot be considered even as corrupted renderings of Shakespeare's writing, but which may very well be regarded as the work of the note-taker employed by Busby to obtain his piratical copy, he clothing with his own words the bare ideas he had stolen.

Probably to these recomposed passages, more than to any other peculiarity of the Quarto—except, perhaps, its brevity—is due the idea that it represents a first sketch of the play.

As a specimen of what I take to be the note-taker's work I quote, for comparison with the Folio, the first fifteen lines of act iii. sc. 4 as given in the Quarto:—

"Fenton. Tell me sweet Nan, how doest thou yet resolve,

*Shall foolish Slender have thee to his wife?
Or one as wise as he, the learned Doctor?
Shall such as they enjoy thy maiden hart?
Thou knowst that I have alwaies loued thee deare,
And thou hast oft times swore the like to me.*

*Anne. Good M. Fenton, you may assure yourselfe
My hart is settled vpon none but you,
Tis as my father and mother please:
Got their consent, you quickly shall haue mine.*

*Fen. Thy father thinks I loue thee for his wealth,
Tho I must needs confesse at first that drew me,
But since thy vertues wiped that trash away,
I loue thee Nan, and so deare is it set,
That whilst I liue, I nere shall thee forget."*

This rewriting on the part of the note-taker may, I think, reasonably account for other passages greatly differing from the Folio version; such specially as the fairy speeches at Herne's Oak (act v. sc. 5).

Another feature which distinguishes the quarto Merry Wives from the quarto Henry V. is that it enables us to supply some mani-

fest deficiencies of the Folio text, and occasionally presents superior readings of Folio passages which but for it might not have been suspected of corruption; and this fact is of great importance, proving as it does that the folio version, though, indeed, vastly superior to the Quarto, can only be regarded as an imperfect copy of the author's work. The Cambridge editors remark on it: "The fact that so many omissions [in the Folio text] can be supplied from such mutilated copies as the early Quartos, indicates that there may be many more omissions for the detection of which we have no clue."

Very few plays ever appeared on the stage exactly in the shape in which they left their authors' hands; alterations, rearrangements, curtailments, &c., to suit the real or fancied requirements of stage management, were their common fate. The author was not always responsible for these changes, nor were they always intelligently effected. To some such cause I incline to attribute the notable entanglement of the time-plot of The Merry Wives. This entanglement manifests itself principally in sc. 5 of act iii. If we follow the course of the play to this scene we find that it brings us to the afternoon of the second day of the action.

DAY 1, (say) Monday, is represented by the scenes of act i., which serves as a kind of prologue; introduces all the characters to us, and prepares us for the events of the following acts.

DAY 2, Tuesday, commences with act ii. The morning is occupied with the mock duel between Caius and Evans; with Falstaff's invitation to the first meeting with Mrs. Ford, and his escape from Ford's house in the buck-basket. Noon is marked by the dinner at Ford's which follows his fruitless search for the fat knight. In the afternoon, in act iii. sc. 4, we find Page and his wife returning home from this dinner; and from this scene Mrs. Quickly proceeds to the Garter Inn to invite Falstaff to the second meeting, which the Merry Wives had resolved on for "tomorrow, eight o'clock."

And now we come to act iii. sc. 5, where, while Falstaff is calling for sack to qualify the cold water he had swallowed when slighted

into the Thames from the buck-basket, Mrs. Quickly arrives with the invitation to the second meeting.

Up to this point it seems quite clear that we have only yet arrived at the afternoon of Day 2; but when Mrs. Quickly speaks we find, to our surprise, that the invitation is for *this morning*—that is, as it seems, for the morning already passed, and for an earlier hour than that at which the first meeting took place; and this second meeting is to take place immediately, as Ford learns, when, directly after Mrs. Quickly's departure, he enters as Brook.

• Here, then, in this scene 5 of act iii. we find the 1st and 2nd meetings shuffled in an impossible manner into one day; yet when in act iv. sc. 2 Ford, who follows close on Falstaff, again searches his house, while Falstaff escapes as Mother Prat, he exclaims: "Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house *yesterday* in this basket; why may he not be there again?" And this *yesterday* must be Day 2, Tuesday; and of course, therefore, it must be Day 3, Wednesday, on which Ford refers to it.

In the Quarto version this complication also occurs, but with a difference. Mrs. Quickly, inviting Falstaff to the second meeting, does really tell him it is for the morrow, as the plot requires; but nevertheless when Ford (as Brook) comes in we learn that it is to take place immediately. This gross and palpable inconsistency suggests that in this scene 5 of act iii. we have two scenes run into one; and on examination it will be found that by merely drawing a line between the Quickly-Falstaff and the Ford-Falstaff portions of the scene we get in the Quarto, without the alteration of a syllable of the text, two scenes representing portions of two separate days—the afternoon of Tuesday and the morning of Wednesday—and the complication of the time-plot is thus absolutely cured. The like division, with the same excellent result, may be made in the Folio version, though there the alteration of two words in the Quickly portion of the scene is required: Mrs. Quickly, instead of "*good morrow*," should salute Falstaff with "*good even*," and instead of saying of Mrs.

Ford's husband that he "*goes this morn'ing a-birding*," she should say *in the morning or to-morrow morning*. Not a violent change, when the result is considered. It has not, however, been made in this edition, and for this reason. For stage purposes it would not be desirable to have the two scenes thus made follow one on the other immediately. A more marked division should be made between them, and that could only be done by transferring the Ford portion of the scene to act iv. and making it the 1st scene of that act and the commencement of Day 3, Wednesday. This would necessitate the renumbering of all the scenes of act iv.; and as it has been resolved that the acts, scenes, and lines of this edition shall be numbered in accordance with the Globe edition, the numbering of which is adopted by such important works as Schmidt's Lexicon, and is followed by most Shakespearian scholars, it was considered necessary for convenience of reference to retain the old division.

It should perhaps be noted that Mr. H. B. Wheatley, in his edition of *The Merry Wives*, 1886, has proposed another plan of righting the time-plot and at the same time preserving sc. 5 of act iii. as one scene. In consideration of the fact [see act ii. sc. 2, 295] that Ford (Brook) was to have visited Falstaff "*soon at night*," to learn from him the result of the first meeting on Day 2, Tuesday, he would make the whole sc. 5 of act iii. take place on the evening of that day; he would therefore adopt the changes I propose in the Quickly portion of the scene, and bring the Ford portion in accordance with it. As this plan would, however, involve the suppression or remodelling of a considerable portion of the dialogue between Falstaff and Ford, it is not likely to commend itself to an editor; though no doubt a stage-manager might easily effect it. An editor must be content to note the fact that Ford was to have visited Falstaff on Tuesday night, and did not do so till Wednesday morning: just as he also may note the fact that in act ii. sc. 1 Ford asks the Host to introduce him to Falstaff under the name of Brook, and then in the following scene introduces himself.

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There is one more item of confusion in the time-plot of the play which must be noted; though not of so much importance as that discussed above. In act v. sc. 1, which, if the reader has followed the course of the action, he will necessarily see is the afternoon of the day [Wednesday] on which Falstaff had his second meeting with Mrs. Ford, Ford, still as Brook, visits him to ascertain whether he will come to the meeting at Herne's Oak, which has been arranged for his final exposure that night; but Ford, referring to the second meeting, asks him, "Went you not to her *yesterday*, sir, as you told me you had appointed?" And Falstaff is not surprised, but gives him an account of the cudgelling he had received, as Mother Prat, on the morning of the very day on which they are speaking. This *yesterday* must of course be altered to *this morning* to make the time-plot possible. This scene is not represented in the Quarto version.

There is another point which to me seems to indicate some omission in the Folio version; that is, the absence of any account of the plot by which the reconciled duellists Caius and Evans revenge themselves on the Host for having fooled them. Twice, at the ends of sc. 1 and 3 of act iii. [at the end of sc. 1 only in the Quarto], do they hint at something they intend, and in act iv. sc. 5, *after* the Host has lost his horses, they are curiously officious in cautioning him against the thieves: their threatened vengeance and the Host's loss were doubtlessly connected. We might, perhaps, even suppose that Pistol and Nym, who so unaccountably disappear from the play after the second scene of act ii., were their hired agents in this plot, and personated the "cousin-germans" who bring about its catastrophe; but this, I must admit, is somewhat idle speculation. The plot, if it ever had existence, is irrecoverably lost, and all that can be said with certainty is that something is wanting to render this part of the play intelligible.

All considerations then—the character of the publishers of the Quarto, its proved omissions, its recomposed passages, its retention of passages omitted in the Folio, the complication in both of the time-plot, and the neces-

sity, as previously stated in connection with the traditions, of assigning but one date for the production of both Quarto and Folio versions—lead almost inevitably to the conclusion that there was but one original for both Quarto and Folio, and that we may with something like certainty fix the date of its production on the border line, between 1599 and 1600. *

It would of course be rash to assert positively that such a mere stage-copy as the Folio presents us with had never been touched after that date; but it may be confidently stated that not one of the supposed proofs advanced in support of this later revision is incompatible with that date. The points more especially relied on in proof of this later revision are:—

1. Falstaff's speech in act i. sc. 1. In the Folio it is, "Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the *king*?" in the Quarto, "You'll complain of me to the *council*;" and this reference to the *king* is supposed to imply a later date for the Folio than for the Quarto: the reign of James I. rather than that of Elizabeth. But as the time of the play is laid in the reign of Henry IV. the reference to *king* or *council* proves nothing, and those who put it forward should at least remember that in the Folio itself it is neutralized by Shallow's repeated references to the *council*. Firmer ground for supposing the play to have been revised in the reign of a king might have been found in the Folio, in act i. sc. 4, where Mrs. Quickly says of her master, "Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the *king's English*;" though here again we must recollect that Mrs. Quickly is supposed to live under Henry IV.

2. Another argument in favour of a later date for the Folio version is founded on the reference, or rather the supposed reference, in act i. l. 92, to the games instituted or revived by Capt. Robert Dover on the Cotswold Hills; but as it has been shown by the Rev. Joseph Hunter (New Illustrations, vol. i. p. 201) that these games were in existence at least as early as 1596, that argument may be set aside.

3. Then we have the supposed allusion to

the creation of knights by James I., at the commencement of his reign, in Mrs. Page's remark (act ii. sc. 1): "These knights will hack," &c.; but as James did not create any female knights, I do not think this allusion can be received. I agree with Staunton that "nothing like a satisfactory explanation of this passage has yet been given;" . . . "there must be in it a meaning more pertinent than this."

4. Lastly, we have Mrs. Quickly's account of the "coach after coach" in which Mrs. Ford's supposed suitors visited her; but as it was thought desirable, in 1601, to bring in a bill to restrain the excessive use of coaches within this realm (see vol. xx., *Archæologia*, p. 465), we may be pretty confident that they were not uncommon before that year, and therefore that no argument in favour of a later date for the Folio than for the Quarto can be founded on this speech of Mrs. Quickly's.

As regards the sources of the plot, there is no reason to believe that the general conduct of the play is due to any but the author's own invention; but it has been thought that, for Falstaff's attempted intrigue with Mrs. Ford, Shakespeare may have derived some hints from certain Italian stories which narrate how a lover unknowingly confides in the husband of his mistress, escapes the search made for him, and afterwards reveals the manner of his escape to the jealous, baffled husband. This kind of plot, however, is a commonplace of tales of love adventure, and it must be admitted that in other respects these tales show not the slightest affinity to *The Merry Wives*. The tales referred to will be found in vol. iii. of part i. of *Shakespeare's Library*, edited by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, who has there reprinted the collection forming the Appendix to Mr. Halliwell's edition of Q. 1, published for the Shakespeare Society in 1842.

STAGE HISTORY.

Although this play was said to have been written by royal command, we have no record of its performance during Shakespeare's own lifetime other than the statement on the title-page of the First Quarto, 1602, that it had been "diuers times Acted by the right Honor-

able my Lord Chamberlaines seruants." Both before her Maiestie, and else-where." The entry in the Accounts of the Revels (see Cunningham's *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, 1842, p. 203) to the effect that the play was acted before the Court "by his Majesty's players," in 1604, is generally believed to be a forgery. The first authentic mention of the performance of this comedy is in a MS. list of plays acted "Before the King and Queene this year of our Lord 1638." This list was discovered by Mr. George Wright, the well-known archæologist, among the papers of the late Mr. Drinkwater Meadows, the celebrated comedian; and was by him reprinted, in facsimile, in his *Archeologic and Historic Fragments* in 1887. The authenticity of the document is beyond dispute; it appears to have been drawn up by the manager of the company known sometimes as "The Lady Elizabeth's Servants," sometimes as "the Queen of Bohemia's Players," who then occupied the Cockpit Theatre in Drury Lane. It appears, from this list, that *The Merry Wives* was acted at the Cockpit on November 15th, 1638. There are altogether eighteen plays mentioned in this list; the only other one of Shakespeare's being *Julius Cæsar*, which was acted two days previously, on November 13th.

The next authentic record of the performance of this comedy is in Pepys's *Diary*, where, under date December 5th, 1660, he says: "After dinner I went to the New Theatre and there I saw 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' acted, the humours of the country gentleman and the French doctor very well done, but the rest but very poorly, and Sir J. Falstaffe as bad as any" (vol. i. p. 227). He saw the comedy at least on two other occasions; on neither of which has he anything unusual to say about either the play or the acting. Under date September 27th, 1661, he writes: "to the Theatre, and saw 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' ill done" (vol. i. p. 358), and on August 17th, 1667: "to the Kings, and there saw 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' which did not please me at all, in no part of it" (vol. iv. p. 468).

The next record of the performance of this play we find in Downes' *Roscius Anglicanus*,

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where it is mentioned as being one of four plays commanded to be acted at Court, at St. James's, during the period "from Candlemas, 1704, to the 23rd of April, 1706." The *Merry Wives* was "acted the 23rd of April, the Queen's Coronation-day." Downes gives the cast as follows: "Mr. Betterton, acting Sir John Falstaff; Sir Hugh, by Mr. Dogget; Mr. Page, by Mr. Vanbruggen; Mr. Ford, by Mr. Powel; Dr. Caius, Mr. Pinkethman; the Host, Mr. Bullock; Mrs. Page, Mrs. Barry; Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Bracegirdle; Mrs. Anne Page, Mrs. Bradshaw" (Edn. 1789, pp. 63, 64).

At Drury Lane, in 1702, a version of this play was produced entitled *The Comical Gallant*, or the *Amours of Sir John Falstaff*, by Dennis, which seems to have had little success and never to have been revived. The *Dramatis Personæ* are nearly the same as the original, except that one new character is added, the brother of Mrs. Ford, who is called the Host of the Bull; and our much respected acquaintance Doll Tearsheet is substituted for the Mrs. Quickly of this comedy.

With the above exception this comedy seems to have escaped the hands of the mutilators of Shakespeare, and in this respect to have been more fortunate than most of his comedies. It was revived at Lincoln's Inn Fields on October 22, 1720; Quin acted Falstaff, Ryan Ford, Harper Dr. Caius, Bullock Slender, Boheme Shallow, Mrs. Cross Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Seymour Mrs. Page. The piece was very successful, and was acted eighteen times. From this time forward *Merry Wives* seems to have been a very popular comedy. During the first half of the eighteenth century it was acted at all three theatres, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and Lincoln's Inn Fields; Quin being generally the representative of Falstaff. At Covent Garden, March 18, 1736, Delane played this part; and at the same theatre, March 27, 1740, for the benefit of Hippisley, with whom Sir Hugh Evans was a very favourite character, Stephens appeared as Falstaff. Stephens was a worthy citizen of London, a button-maker by trade, whose bulky form at least was well suited to the part. During the period from 1720 to 1760 we may note the first appearance of Theophilus Cibber as Slender at Drury

Lane, December 6, 1734, Woodward afterwards taking the same rôle at Covent Garden, January 29, 1742. The latter seems to have appeared in this part several times, even as late as 1768. We may also note that Mrs. Woffington appeared as Mrs. Ford at Covent Garden, as also at Drury Lane, November 29, 1743. At Drury Lane, September 22, 1750, Mrs. Pritchard took the part of Mrs. Ford. It is worth remarking that at Covent Garden, in the season 1750-51, Shuter, who had already played Falstaff many times, took the parts of Shallow and Slender. It was in this comedy that Henderson appeared first as Falstaff at the Haymarket in 1777. Henderson was a most excellent representative of the much more important Falstaff of the *Two Parts of Henry IV.* (See Introduction to *I. Henry IV.* vol. v. p. 183.) Down to the end of the eighteenth century this play continued to be popular. Few seasons passed without witnessing its revival, and during the first part of the nineteenth century its popularity does not seem to have diminished. Actors as various as Palmer, Shuter, Kean, and Cooke appeared as Falstaff; while among the representatives of Mrs. Ford we find well-known actresses, as Miss Farren, Miss Pope, Mrs. Mattocks, Miss Mellon, and Mrs. G. Kemble.

On April 25, 1804, at Covent Garden, the great John Kemble appeared as Ford, and Genest justly censures him for omitting the *Sir* before the name of Hugh Evans, which title, apparently, Kemble forgot was given to clergymen as well as to knights.

Coming down to our own time, this comedy was included by Mr. Phelps in his series of Shakespearean Revivals at Sadler's Wells, when it was produced for the first time on March 9, 1848. The Manager himself, of course, played Falstaff, with Mr. Marston as Ford. The other members of the cast were not remarkable. One of the best representations of this play within living memory is that which was seen at the Gaiety Theatre, in 1874, when Phelps again played Falstaff, with the rest of the cast as follows: Taylor as Slender, Arthur Cecil as Dr. Caius, E. Righton as Evans, Hermann Vezin as Ford, Forbes Robertson as Fenton, Mrs. John

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Wood as Mrs. Page, Miss Rose Leclercq as Mrs. Ford, and Miss Furtado¹ as Anne Page. A song was introduced in the Forest scene, the words written specially for the occasion by Algernon Swinburne and set to music by Arthur (the late Sir Arthur) Sullivan; it was sung by Miss Furtado.

At the Comedy Theatre, London, Dec. 19, 1900, the play was produced by Mr. E. F. Benson, who appeared as Dr. Caius. Mr. Weir was the Falstaff, Miss Alice Denvil the Mistress Quickly, and Miss Lilian Braithwaite the Anne Page. Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, who always carries to the work of adaptation the qualities of intelligence and taste, arranged the play for production at Her Majesty's Theatre, June 10, 1902; and engaged Miss Ellen Terry and Mrs. Kendal specially to appear as the frolicsome wives, Mistress Page and Mistress Ford. Miss Lily Brayton was the Anne Page. Mr. Tree played Falstaff, Mr. O. Asche Ford, and Mr. Lionel Brough the Landlord of the Garter Inn. In January of the following year, when the piece was revived at the same theatre, the principal change was in the female parts. Mrs. Tree was the Mistress Ford, and Miss Lily Brayton the Anne Page.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

Although this comedy cannot be placed in the same rank as *Much Ado About Nothing* and *As You Like It*—belonging, as it does, more to the order of farce than to that of true comedy—it will still always be one of the most interesting of Shakespeare's plays; if for no other reason, because it is the only comedy the scene of which is laid entirely in England, and the characters of which are, avowedly, taken almost entirely from the English middle class. Though its historic period would be more than a century and a half before Shakespeare's own time, yet there can be little doubt that we may regard this play as affording a vivid sketch of con-

temporary manners in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is also remarkable as being the only one of Shakespeare's plays, so far as we know, that was, probably, written to order. If the tradition be correct, that it was written at the special request of Queen Elizabeth, and that it was finished in the short space of fourteen days, we can safely assign to those circumstances the cause of many of its merits and demerits. To the fact that it was not a spontaneous work is owing, most probably, the inconsistency, in many points, of the character of Falstaff as depicted in this play, with that so ably drawn in the *Two Parts of Henry IV.*; while, to the pressure, as regards time, under which the play was written, it is possible that we owe the rapidity and concentration of its action, as well as the absence of any of those episodes which the poet is very often tempted to introduce at the expense of the dramatist.

The *Merry Wives* belongs rather to farce than to comedy, not only on account of the nature of the incidents, many of which are decidedly farcical, but also because the characters, however distinct they may be, owe their individuality more to some peculiarity of manner, or of speech, than to the elaboration of their moral characteristics. The French doctor, the Welsh parson, Nym with his somewhat tedious "humours," the Host of the Garter with his favourite epithet *bully-rook*, and his affected sententiousness; even Slender himself, who is one of the cleverest pieces of portraiture in the play, all belong more to farce than to high comedy. The serious element, which is conspicuous in all the finer comedies of Shakespeare, is even more subordinate in this play than in *The Comedy of Errors* or *The Taming of the Shrew*. We see very little of the lovers Fenton and Anne Page, on whom are bestowed nearly all of the few touches of poetry found in this play. The *Merry Wives* themselves have little to do with sentiment. The jealousy of Ford, which has been held by some critics to be so serious as to be out of keeping with the rest of the story, is, truth to tell, almost ridiculous from its unreasonableness; certainly it contains nothing of the tragic

¹ This charming actress married the late Mr. John Clark, the well-known comedian of the Strand Theatre in the days when Miss Marie Wilton (afterwards Lady Bancroft) was wasting her talents on burlesque. Mrs. Clark died young.

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element. Falstaff himself is subdued to the quality of his surroundings; his humour is not so rich as in the Two Parts of Henry IV. He seems to have lost that unflinching readiness which he displayed alike in the tavern and on the battle-field: that adroit self-possession which stood him in such good stead when detected in some mendacious flight of boastfulness, or in some egregious piece of cowardice; and, most conspicuous deterioration of all, he no longer exhibits that splendid shamelessness which, in the former plays, we have been enforced, against our consciences, to admire rather than to censure in him. But, notwithstanding these comparative defects, *The Merry Wives* will ever remain one of the most perfect specimens of that lighter kind of comedy which, when treated by the hand of genius, we never can bring ourselves to call farce, though, strictly speaking, it may only deserve that title.

There can be no doubt that without Falstaff this play would never have existed, and that it was written only for the purpose of introducing that popular character among new scenes and in new situations. Therefore, in attempting to form any critical estimate of its merits, it is necessary first to determine what relations, if any, *The Merry Wives* was intended by its author to have with regard to Henry IV. A careful examination of the three plays convinces me that it was Shakespeare's deliberate intention to make the Falstaff of *The Merry Wives*, as much as possible, a distinct personage from the Falstaff of Henry IV. He seems to have taken the utmost pains to sever the incidents of this play, in which the characters with the same names as those in the Two Parts of Henry IV. appear, from any connection with the incidents of those two plays. The promise to continue the character of Falstaff in another play, made in the Epilogue to II. Henry IV., was a promise for which Shakespeare himself, probably, was not responsible. His fellow-actors, who had an interest in the theatre, were naturally anxious that a part which had proved so popular should be turned, if possible, to more account; especially as it would appear that they had recently produced a play which was not very

successful.¹ Shakespeare might have, in a weak moment, consented to this proposal. But he was too much of an artist not to perceive that, after the cruel rebuff experienced by Falstaff in the last act of II. Henry IV., at the hands of his former comrade and patron, the only thing left for him was to die. It would have been cruel in the author to have tried to make any more fun out of the poor old knight, after he had been offered as the hugest of holocausts on the altar of offended propriety. "Sweet Hal," the "madcap" prince, could not accomplish his transformation into a respectable king without a violent paroxysm of indignant virtue; which, of course, must be at the cost of the humorous old sinner whom he had so long cherished in the warmth of his princely favour. But, having assisted at the moral regeneration of his patron by suffering so great and so public a humiliation, the old knight could not be represented, by the author of his existence, as living on the royal bounty, and carrying on futile intrigues with the buxom matrons of Windsor. No; Shakespeare, if little of a courtier, was too much of a gentleman to refuse the request of his queen. He did, indeed, bring a Sir John Falstaff on the stage again. He represented him, not exactly in love perhaps, but in the pangs of unsuccessful gallantry. He surrounded him again with the shadows of Bardolph and Pistol, and with a Mrs. Quickly, not the old hostess of Eastcheap. He substituted the tiresome Nym for the lively Poin. He did all this, and contrived a very charming setting for these old names with new faces; but he could not do violence to his own artistic sense by exhibiting the immortal hero of the Gadshill robbery half smothered in a basket of dirty linen. The Jack Falstaff, formerly misnamed Oldcastle, who fought the hydra-headed rogues in buckram and played the king with such dignity before his scapegrace son, was laid to rest for ever, while the trumpets were sounding to call together the small but brave army, which the "royal Hal," the

¹ "Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better" (lines 8-11).

once "sweet boy" who now knew his old comrade no longer, was leading to a victory destined to make his name immortal among the heroes of England. Broken in heart, no less than in health, the vain old man had passed away; little lamented save by the few who could not forget that they had lived on the prodigality of his sins; sincerely mourned only by the fiery-nosed follower, who wished that he were with his old master, "wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!" (Henry V. ii. 3. 7, 8). There was no bringing that Falstaff to life; and if such a feat of revivalism could have been done, would old Jack have condemned the faithful Bardolph to the degradation of serving as a tapster?

Flashes of the real Falstaff are occasionally seen in his namesake of *The Merry Wives*; for instance, when he boldly owns that he has beaten Master Shallow's men, killed his deer, and broken open his lodge. "I have done all this:—that is now answer'd" (i. 1. 118, 119); or when he says to Pistol: "think'st thou I'll endanger my soul gratis?" (ii. 2. 17, 18); or again in the same speech: "it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise" (ii. 2. 24, 25); or when he declares that he abhors death by drowning, because "the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled" (iii. 5. 18, 19); or, again, when protesting that, "if his wind were long enough to say his prayers" he would repent (iv. 5. 104, 105); or when he prides himself on the skill with which he impersonates Herne the hunter: "Speak I like Herne the hunter?" (v. 5. 32, 33); or in that most characteristic if somewhat shocking speech of his: "I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire" (v. 5. 40-42); or in his indignation at the clumsy chaff of Parson Evans: "'Seese' and 'putter'! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English?" (v. 5. 151-153). But we cannot recognize the Falstaff, that we know so well, in the old would-be gallant who lets himself be fooled so easily by two women; who bargains with Master Brook and tamely undertakes to play the pimp for him; or in the well-to-do knight who sits "at ten pounds a

week" (i. 3. 8) and apparently pays up; who has money to lend Pistol (ii. 2), nor when he is making a fine speech about Jove and Europa (v. 5. 1-7). Still less can we reconcile Mistress Ford's description of this Sir John with old Jack Falstaff: "and yet he would not swear; prais'd woman's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words" (ii. 1. 58-63). The fat knight of the two older plays could never have been capable of such *sustained* hypocrisy as this description implies, any more than he would have made the speech about the fairies: "I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies" (v. 5. 129-135).

Of the haste with which the play was written evidence will appear in some of the details of the main plot. Falstaff seems to have known Mrs. Ford very well, but Mrs. Page says that "he hath not been thrice in my company" (ii. 1. 25, 26). It is curious that, Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page being represented as almost inseparable, Falstaff should have seen so very little of Mrs. Page, and should have been apparently so ignorant as regards her great friendship with Mrs. Ford; for surely he never would have written the same letter to both these matrons had he known they were on such very intimate terms. Again, the introduction of the episode in which Ford passes himself off as Brook, and gives Falstaff money in order to pimp for him with his own wife, is an incident which I cannot help regretting that Shakespeare ever introduced. It seems more like a reminiscence of the *Cent Nouvelles*, or of the much later *Contes de la Reine de Navarre*, than of the English country life which Shakespeare is depicting. It lowers Falstaff unnecessarily; and its only excuse is that it serves to create a situation which is, certainly, a tempting one to a dramatist, namely, the scene where Falstaff describes his reception by Mrs. Ford to her husband without knowing to

INTRODUCTION.

whom he is speaking. We may observe here, incidentally, that nothing can well be meaner than the conduct of Ford in the last act, when he triumphs over Falstaff with an insolence which his own contemptible conduct certainly did not warrant; tells him that the twenty pounds of money which he, as Master Brook, had forced upon Falstaff must be paid, and that he has absolutely arrested his horses for the debt. Unless this was meant for a joke, it certainly makes Ford's character more despicable than it was before. Perhaps no more striking passage occurs in the play, allowing for its brevity, than Page's rebuke to this cankerworm of a husband (iv. 4. 11, 12):

Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence.

Ford is ready to suspect his wife without the slightest cause, and to resort to the meanest devices in order to spy upon her movements; but when convicted of something worse than folly, he is full of grovelling apologies. One feels that the creature's repentance is worth little; and that Mrs. Ford will do well to keep the whip hand over him for the rest of their married life.

The character of Page is one of the best things in the play. He is a thoroughly manly, sensible, sturdy Englishman of the middle class, with a shrewd mind and a warm heart. He treats the supposed intrigue of Falstaff in the right spirit; in fact one cannot bring one's self to believe that either of the husbands could have had much to fear from the awkward gambols of this leviathan lover. A very little womanly cunning and a very small stock of coquettishness would have served to keep the fat knight at a proper distance; though, no doubt, had either of the Merry Wives become widows, Falstaff would have made her "my lady" without any scruple. Indeed some such ending to his life, in which he might have been the unwieldy slave of some fair middle-aged tyrant in petticoats, would have conveyed quite as good a moral as the extreme humiliations to which he is subjected in this play. It almost seems as if some busybody had reproached Shakespeare for the lenient way in which he had dealt with the moral

failings of old Jack Falstaff; and that, consequently, in the second Falstaff of *The Merry Wives* the fat old sinner was to be made, willy nilly, the means of pointing a moral. However, Shakespeare's mercy got the better of him in the end; after his ducking in the Thames, and the drubbing he got as the fat woman of Brentford, and the final beating and pinching in Windsor Park, we are happy to find that Mrs. Page, who bears no malice for the compliment paid to her matronly charms, invites the whole party, including Falstaff, to go home and spend a merry and friendly evening over the fire.

Of the other characters Slender and Parson Evans are most deserving of notice. Mr. Cowden Clarke has well compared Slender with Sir Andrew Aguecheek. One of the very best scenes in the play is that part of act i. scene 1 in which Sir Hugh Evans and Shallow introduce the subject of the proposed marriage between Anne Page and Slender. The obstinacy with which the latter stands on his dignity, and the absurd self-conceit with which he graciously promises to marry Anne, as if he had only to ask to be accepted, forms a very amusing contrast to his sheepishness in her presence; though, even then, his self-conceit does not desert him, as he trots out all his supposed accomplishments, and clumsily boasts of his wealth and his great courage. But, in spite of his affected reluctance to commence the courtship, and of his feeble efforts to maintain his self-importance, no sooner has he seen Anne Page than he falls hopelessly in love with her. When we next see him all he can say is "Sweet Anne Page!" But when it comes to the actual wooing of her, he again stands on his dignity, and affects indifference as to whether Anne accepts him or not. Anne certainly fully appreciates him when she says: "Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool" (iii. 4. 87, 88). As Slender is but a sketch, we see little enough of him; and after all he is a mere dim shadow by the side of such a finished portrait as Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Nor do the verbal mistakes that Slender makes—after the fashion of Dogberry—in the first scene in which he is introduced, seem very consistent with his character. It

is quite natural that Slender should say many foolish things, and that he should misapply any proverb that he might quote; but such a mistake as "dissolved, and dissolutely" (i. l. 259, 260) for "resolved and resolutely," seems scarcely worthy of him. Sir Hugh Evans is indeed a curious portrait of a parson. Considering the age in which he lived, one might think that Shakespeare intended to have a good-humoured laugh at the clergy of the Reformed Religion. But one would not have thought that Church had been established long enough to have many careless and easy-going members amongst its priesthood. Sir Hugh seems rather to belong to the eighteenth than to the sixteenth century. The First Quarto, with unconscious satire, calls him "th^e Welsh knight;" and, certainly, some of his occupations seem more those of a knight than of a parson. He is ready to fight a duel;

but, on the other hand, he is ready to make peace between Shallow and Malstaff. He is ready to defy Dr. Caius before witnesses (iii. 1); but not until he has whispered in an aside: "I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends" (iii. l. 88-90). He is not above having a hand in match-making, which, perhaps, is a matter not without his province as a clergyman. He has many good points; he is forgiving enough to warn the Host of the Garter against the "cozen-germans" who had "cozen'd all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money" (iv. 5. 79-81) in spite of the trick which the host played him about the duel, when, as Sir Hugh says: "he has made us his vlouting-stog" (iii. l. 120, 121). In fact he talks of revenge; but when it comes to the point, he exacts his vengeance in a purely Christian manner.



Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow esquire.—(Act i. 1. 1-4.)

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Windsor. Before Page's house.*

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace and *coram*.¹

Shal. Ay, Cousin Slender, and *cust-alorum*.²

Slen. Ay, and *rato-lorum*³ too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*,⁴—in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.⁴ 11

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors gone before him hath done't; and all his ancestors that come

after him may: [they may give the dozen white luses⁵ in their coat.⁶ 17

Shal. It is an old coat.⁶

Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old coat⁶ well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love. 21

Shal. The luce⁵ is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen.] I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compromises between you.

[*Shal.* The Council⁷ shall hear it; it is a riot.

¹ *Coram* (Latin)=in the presence of.

² *Cust-alorum*, a corruption of *Custos rotulorum*, a keeper of the rolls.

³ *Rato-lorum*, a corruption of *rotulorum*, i.e. (keeper) of the rolls.

⁴ *Armigero*, ablative of *armiger*=one entitled to bear arms, a gentleman.

⁵ *Dozen white luses*, the cognizance of the Lucy family; *luce*=pike (the fish).

⁶ *Coat*=armorial bearings.

⁷ *The Council*, i.e. Privy Council.

Evans. It is not meet the Council¹ hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council,¹ look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your viza-ments² in that.]

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it. 41

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it:—there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Sten. Mistress Anne Page! She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Evans. It is that fery person for all the world, as just as you will desire; and seven hundreds pounds of moneys, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion³ if we leave our pribbles and prabbles,⁴ and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound? 60

Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter perny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [*Knocks*] What, ho! Got pless your house here!

Page. [*Entering from house*] Who's there?

Evans. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and—here young

Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings. 79

Page. I am glad to see your worships, well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it to your good heart! I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd.—How doth good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender. 90

Sten. How does your fallow⁵ greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.⁶

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Sten. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not.—'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog: can there be more said? he is good and fair.—Is Sir John Falstaff here? 100

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Evans. It is spcke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd: is not that so, Master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me: Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir John. 111

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, Nym, and PISTOL.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow,—you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin!⁷ this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight; I have done all this:—that is now answer'd.

¹ The Council, i.e. Privy Council.

² Viza-ments, i.e. advisements=consideration.

³ Motion=proposal.

⁴ Pribbles and prabbles, coined words=idle prattling and quarrelling.

⁵ Fallow, pale red, or yellow.

⁶ On Cotsall, i.e. on the Cotswood (hills).

⁷ A pin, i.e. a matter of no consequence.

Shall. The Council¹ shall know this. 120

Fal. 'T were better for you if it were known in counsel: you'll be laugh'd at.

Evans. *Pauca verba*,² Sir John, goot worts.

Fal. Good worts!³ good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you: and against your cony-catching⁴ rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol; they carried me to the tavern and made me drunk, and afterward pick'd my pocket.

Bard. [*Threateningly to Slender, half drawing sword*] You Banbury cheese!⁵ 130

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. [*Imitating Bardolph*] How now, Me-phostophilus!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. [*Imitating Pistol*] Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*,⁶ slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Evans. Peace, I pray you.—Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, *fidelicet* Master Page, and there is myself, *fidelicet* myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it and end it between them.

Evans. Fery goot: I will make a prief⁷ of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,—

Pist. [*Advancing*] He hears with ears. 150

Evans. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, "He hears with ear"? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he—or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else—of seven groats in mill-

sixpences,⁸ and two Edward shovel-boards,⁹ that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead¹⁰ Miller, by these gloves. 161

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Evans. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. [*Going up to Evans*] Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine, I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.¹¹—Word of denial in thy labras¹² here;

Word of denial: froth and scum, thou'liest!

Slen. By these gloves, then, 't was he.

[*To Nym.*]

Nym. Be avis'd, sir, and pass good humours: I will say "marry trap" with you, if you run the nuthook's¹³ humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?¹⁴

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences,— 180

Evans. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap,¹⁵ sir, was, as they say, cashier'd;¹⁶ and so conclusions pass'd the careires.¹⁷

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 't is no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves. 190

Evans. So Got'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

[*Pistol, Bardolph, and Nym retire up stage.*]

⁸ *Mill-sixpences*, i.e. milled-sixpences.

⁹ *Edward shovel-boards*, coins used in the game of shovel-board. ¹⁰ *Yead* = Ned.

¹¹ *Batten bilbo*, sword of base metal.

¹² *Labras*, lips.

¹³ *Nuthook*, cant word for a bailiff.

¹⁴ *Scarlet and John*, an allusion to Bardolph's red face.

¹⁵ *Fap* = drunk.

¹⁶ *Cashier'd*, eased of his cash; had his pockets emptied.

¹⁷ *Pass'd the careires*. See note 13.

¹ *The Council*, i.e. the Priory Council.

² *Pauca verba*, few words.

³ *Worts*, used punningly = colewort, cabbage.

⁴ *Cony-catching* = cheating.

⁵ *Banbury cheese*, a vulgar phrase applied to a lean person.

⁶ *Pauca, pauca*, i.e. *pauca verba*, few words.

⁷ *Prief*, i.e. brief = a memorandum.

Enter ANNE PAGE, with wine; MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit Anne Page.*]

Slén. O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford! 198

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.

[*Kisses her.*]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Page into house.*]

—Come, we have a hot venison-pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt into house all except Shallow, Slender, and Evans. Bardolph, Pistol, and Nym touch their sword hilts meaningly as they pass Slender.*]

Slén. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallow-mas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz;—there is, as 't were, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

Slén. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slén. So I do, sir. 220

Evans. Give ear to his motions,¹ Master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slén. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me: he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Evans. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Evans. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page. 231

Slén. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Evans. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel² of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her? 240

Slén. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Evans. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak positable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slén. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slén. I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, "marry her," I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely. 260

Evans. It is a fery discretion answer; save the fault³ is in the 'ort "dissolutely:" the 'ort is, according to our meaning, "resolutely:"—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin m'cant well.

Slén. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la!

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE from house.

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company. 271

¹ Motion = proposals.

² Parcel = part.

³ Fault, for fault.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

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Evans. 'Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[*Exeunt Shallow and Evans into house.*]

Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth.—Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*]
A justice of peace sometime may be beholding



Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.—(Act i. 1. 292.)

to his friend for a man.—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

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Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruis'd my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence,—three veneys¹ for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of

hot meat since.—Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' th' town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talk'd of.

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Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England.—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried anū shriek'd at it, that it pass'd:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

¹ Veneys, a bout at fencing.

Re-enter PAGE from house.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not chooge, sir! come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on. 321

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la!

[*Exeunt into house.*]

[SCENE II. *The same.*]

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his try nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Evans. Nay, it is petter yet.—Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and seese¹ to come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully-Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at² ten pounds a-week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully-Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow.—Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit.*]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old clerk makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu. 20

Bard. It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.

Pist. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield? [*Exit Bardolph.*]

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of³ this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer,—he kept not time.

Nym. The good humnour is to steal at a minim's rest. 31

Pist. "Convey" the wise it call. "Steal!" foh! a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sir, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then, let kibes⁴ ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch;⁵ I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good. 41

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol:—indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, "I am Sir John Falstaff's."

¹ Seese, *i.e.* cheese.

² I sit at, *i.e.* my expenses are. ³ Acquit of, rid of.

⁴ Kibes, sores on the heel. ⁵ Cony-catch, *i.e.* cheat.

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her will, out of honesty into English.

[*Nym.* The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?]

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse—he hath a legion of angels. 60

[*Pist.* As many devils entertain; and, "To her, boy," say I.]

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious ælliads;¹ sometimes the beam of her view gild'd my foot, sometimes my portly belly.—

Pist. [*Aside to Nym.*] Then did the sun on dunghill shine. 70

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.—

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be a cheater² to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. [*To Pistol, giving letter*] Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; [*to Nym, giving letter*] and thou this to Mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all! [*Gives back the letter and stalks pompously away.*]

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter: [*giving back the letter*] I will keep the haviour of reputation.

[*Goes to Pistol.*]

Fal. [*To Robin*] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly; 89
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.—

[*Exit Robin.*]

Rogues, hence, avaunt! [*Drives them round stage*] vanish like hailstones, go;

Trudge, plod, away o' th' hoof; seek shelter, pack! 92

Falstaff will learn the humour of the age, French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page. [*Exit.*]

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd³ and fullam⁴ hold,

And high⁵ and low⁶ beguile the rich and poor: Tester⁶ I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack, Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge? 100

Nym. By welkin and her star!

Pist. With wit or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

[*Nym.* My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness,⁷ for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on!]
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. A room in Doctor Caius's house.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY and SIMPLE.

Quick. What, John Rugby!

Enter RUGBY.

I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he do, i' faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old⁸ abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [*Exit Rugby.*] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no

³ Gourd, a cant term for false dice.

⁴ Fullam, a kind of false dice.

⁵ High for high men, low for low men; cant terms for loaded dice. ⁶ Tester, a coin of the value of sixpence.

⁷ Yellowness, jealousy.

⁸ Old = great, abundant.

¹ Ælliads, glances.

² Cheater = escheator, an official who collected forfeitures.

ell-tale nor no breed-bate:¹ his worst fault is, hat he is given to prayer; he is something peevish² that way: but nobody but has his ault;—but let that pass.—Peter Simple you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

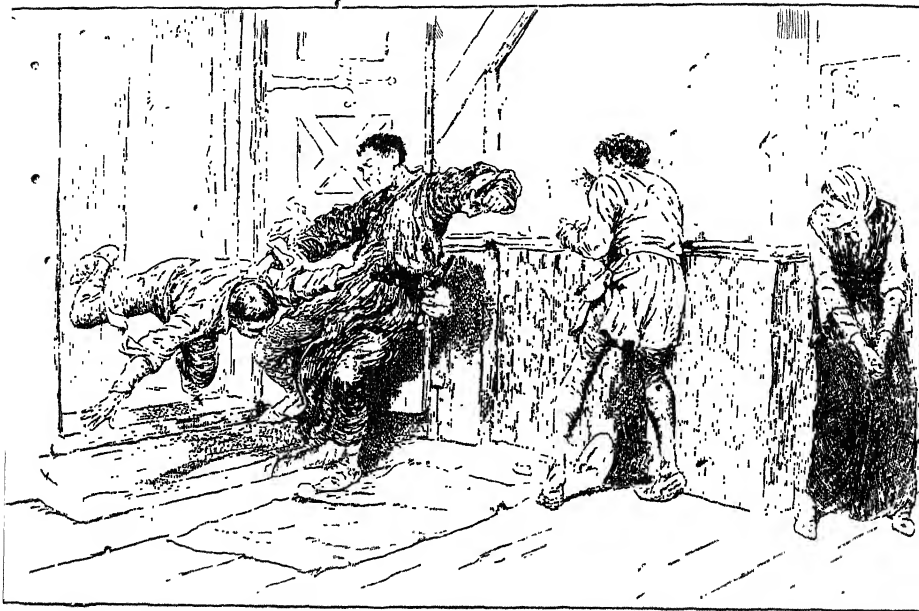
Quick. And Master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife? 21

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard,—a cane-colour'd beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted³ man, is he not?



Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? Villainy! larron!—(Act i. 4. 70, 71.)

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands⁴ as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.⁵

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait? 31

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent.⁶ [*Exit Rugby.*]—Run in here, good young man; go into this closet: he will not stay long. [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*]—What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home. [*Sings.*]

And down, down, adown-a, &c. 44

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese

⁶ Shent, scolded.

¹ Breed-bate, one who causes quarrels.

² Peevish, foolish.

³ Softly-sprighted, i.e. soft-natured, gentle.

⁴ Tall . . . of his hands, i.e. strong and active.

⁵ Warrener, the keeper of a warren.

toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *une boîtime verte*,—a box, a green-a box: do intend¹ va? I speak? a green-a box. 48

Quick. Ay, forsooth; I'll fetch it you.—
[*Aside*] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.²— [Goes to closet.

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe!* *Ma foi, il fait fort chaud.*³ *Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.*⁴

Quick. [Coming down from closet with green box] Is it this, sir?

Caius. *Oui; mets la dans mon pocket: dépêche,*⁵ quickly.—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court. 62

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long.—'Od's me! *Qu'ai-je oublié!*⁶ dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for de varld I shall leave behind. [Going to closet.

Quick. Ay me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad!

Caius. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet? Villainy! larron!⁷ [Pulling Simple out.]—Rugby, my rapier! 72

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh. 81

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth; to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue.—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la! but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not. 91

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me⁸ some paper.—[To Simple] Tarry you a little-a while.

[*Quick brings paper; Caius goes to table at back, and writes.*

Quick. [*Aside to Sim.*] I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do you your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself,—

Sim. 'T is a great charge to come under one body's hand. 105

Quick. Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear,—I would have no words of it,—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. [Coming down with letter to Simple] You jack'nape,—give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his throat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—~~you~~ may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [Exit Simple.

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend. 120

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarteer to measure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-ger!⁹ 129

¹ Do intend, i.e. do you hear.

² Horn-mad, mad with jealousy.

³ "My faith, it is very warm."

⁴ "I am going to the court—important business."

⁵ "Yes; put it in my pocket; make haste."

⁶ "What have I forgotten?" ⁷ Larron, thief.

⁸ Baillez me, i.e. give me.

⁹ What, the good-ger! See note 42.

Caius. Rugby, come to de court vit me.—
gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn
ar head out of my door.—Follow my heels,
igby. 133

Quick. You shall have Anne—[*Exeunt Caius
d Rugby*—fool's-head of your own! No,
now Anne's mind for that: never a woman
Windsor knqws more of Anne's mind than
lo; nor can do möre than I do with her, I
ank heaven.

Fent. [*Within*] Who's within there? ho!

Quick. Who's there, I trow?¹ Come near
e house, I pray you. 141

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman; how dost
ou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good
rship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress
ane?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and
nest, and gentle; and one that is your friend,
an tell you that by the way; I praise heaven
r it. 151

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou?
all I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above:
but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be
sworn on a book, she loves you.—Have not
your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale:—good
faith, it is such another Nan;—büt, I detest,
an honest maid as ever broke bread:—we had
an hour's talk of that wart:—I shall never
laugh but in that maid's company!—But,
indeed, she is given too much to allicholy² and
musing: but for you—well, go to. 165

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold,
there's money for thee; let me have thy voice
in my behalf: if thou see'st her before me,
commend me.

Quick. Will I? Faith, that we will; and I
will tell your worship more of the wart the
next time we have confidence; and of other
woers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste
now. 175

Quick. Farewell to your worship. [*Exit
Fenton.*] Truly, an honest gentleman: but
Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind
as well as another does.—Out upon't! What
have I forgot? [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Before Page's house.

*Enter MISTRESS PAGE, reading a letter, from
house.*

Mrs. Page. What, have I scap'd love-letters
the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I
ow a subject for them? Let me see.

[*Reads*] "Ask me no reason why I love you; for
ough Love use Reason for his physician, he admits
m not for his counsellor. You are not young, no
ore am I; go to, then, there's sympathy: you are
erry, so am I; ha, ha! Then there's more sympathy:
u love sack, and so do I; would you desire better
mpathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,—at
e least, if the love of soldier can suffice,—that I
ve thee. I will not say, pity me,—'t is not a soldier's
e phrase; but I say, love me. By me, 13

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,

John Falstaff."

What a Herod of Jewry³ is this!—O wicked,
wicked world!—one that is well-nigh worn
to pieces with age to show himself a young
gallant! What an unweigh'd⁴ behaviour hath
this Flemish drunkard pick'd—i' th' devil's
name!—out of my conversation, that he dares
in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not
been thrice in my company!—What should I
say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:
—Heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a
bill in the parliament for the putting-down

³ *Herod of Jewry* = a boasting, overbearing fellow.

⁴ *Unweigh'd*, unthinking, inconsiderate.

¹ *I trow* = I wonder. ² *Allicholy* = melancholy.

of fat men. How shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings. 32

Enter MISTRESS FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What is it?—dispend with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted. 50

Mrs. Page. What? thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford! [These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.]

Mrs. Ford. [We burn daylight:]—here, read, read; [giving her the letter] perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking;¹ and yet he would not swear; prais'd woman's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness,² that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of *Green sleeves*. What tempest, I trow,³ thray this whale, with so many tons of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be reveng'd on him? [I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.]—Did you ever hear the like? 70

Mrs. Page. [Comparing the two letters] Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford

differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: [giving her both letters] but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names,—



Mrs. Page. [Comparing the two letters] Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—(Act II. 1. 71-73.)

[sure, more,—and these are of the second edition: he will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles,⁴ ere one chaste man.]

Mrs. Ford. [Comparing the two letters] Why,

¹ *Liking* = habit of body.

² *Uncomeliness*, impropriety.

³ *I trow*, I wouder.

⁴ *Turtles*, i.e. turtle-doves (considered emblems of chaste love).

is is the very same; the very hand, the very words. [*Giving her back her letter*] What doth he think of us? 57

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain¹ in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

[*Mrs. Ford.* Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I: if he come under my patches, I'll never to sea again.] Let's be reveng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited² delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the Garter. 100

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes;—and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman. 110

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal³ dog in some affairs: Sir John affects⁴ thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford;

He loves the gallimaufry⁵: Ford, perpend.⁶

Ford. Love my wife! • 120

Pist. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou, •

Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood⁷ at thy heels:— 122

O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn,⁸ I say. Farewell.

Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.—

Away, Sir Corporal Nym!—

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit.*

Ford. [*Aside*] I will be patient; I will find out this. 131

Nym. [*To Page*] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humour'd letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch; 't is true: my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit.* 141

Page. [*Aside*] "The humour of it," quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. [*Aside*] I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. [*Aside*] I never heard such a drawling, affecting⁹ rogue—

Ford. [*Aside*] If I do find it:—well.

Page. [*Aside*] I will not believe such a Cataian,¹⁰ though the priest o' th' town commended him for a true man. 150

Ford. [*Aside*] 'T was a good sensible fellow:—well.

[*Mistress Page and Mistress Ford come forward.*

Page. How now, Meg!

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, Mistress Page?

¹ Strain, impulse, feeling.

² Fine-baited, subtly-seducing.

³ Curtal, checked of the tail.

⁴ Affects, i.e. loves.

⁵ Gallimaufry, a mixture, a hotchpotch.

⁶ Perpend, consider.

⁷ Ringwood, the name of a dog.

⁸ Horn, i.e. of a cuckold.

⁹ Affecting=affected.

¹⁰ Cataian=a cheat, a rogue.

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—[*Aside to Mrs. Ford*] Look who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry¹ knight.

Mrs. Ford. [*Aside to Mrs. Page*] Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne? 170



Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together.—(Act II. 1. 192, 193.)

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see: we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Mistress Quickly into house.*]

Page. How now, Master Ford!

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes: and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a roke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service. 183

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily. 199

Enter Host.

How now, mine host!

¹ Paltry, vile, contemptible.

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman.—[*Calling off*] Cavaliero-justice, I say!

Enter SHALLOW.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, Cavaliero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.— 210

Ford. Good mine host o' th' Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook?

[*They retire.*—

Shal. [*To Page*] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

[*Shallow and Page retire up, conversing;*

Ford and Host come down.—

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier? 221

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle¹ of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress;—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight. [*Shallow and Page come down*]—Will you go, mynheers?

Shal. Have with you, mine host. [*Exit Host.*

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier. 231

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes,² and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall³ fellows skip like rats. [*Re-enter Host.*

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you.—I had rather hear them scold than see them fight. 240

[*Exeunt Host, Shallow, and Page.*

Ford. Though Page be a secure⁴ fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open.—

I will retort⁵ the sum in equipage.⁶

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated⁷ upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow⁸ Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a gemmy⁹ of baboon. I am damn'd in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence? 16

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go:—a short knife and a throng;¹⁰—to your manor of Pickt-hatch¹¹ go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness,¹² it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise: I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the Fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my

⁴ Secure, unsuspecting.

⁵ Retort=return, give back.

⁶ Equipage, perhaps=service; properly, accoutrements.

⁷ Grated=importuned.

⁸ Coach-fellow=companion.

⁹ Gemmy, i.e. a twinned pair.

¹⁰ Short knife, the equipment of a pickpocket (see note 65).

¹¹ Pickt-hatch, a notorious resort of bullies and thieves.

¹² Unconfinable baseness=boundless rogue.

¹ Pottle, a large tankard, originally holding two quarts.

² Stoccadoes, thrusts at fencing.

³ Tall, valiant.

necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch;¹ and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain² looks, your red-lattice³ phrases, and your bull-baiting⁴ oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent:—what would thou more of man?

Fal. Well, go to; away; no more.

Enter ROBIN.

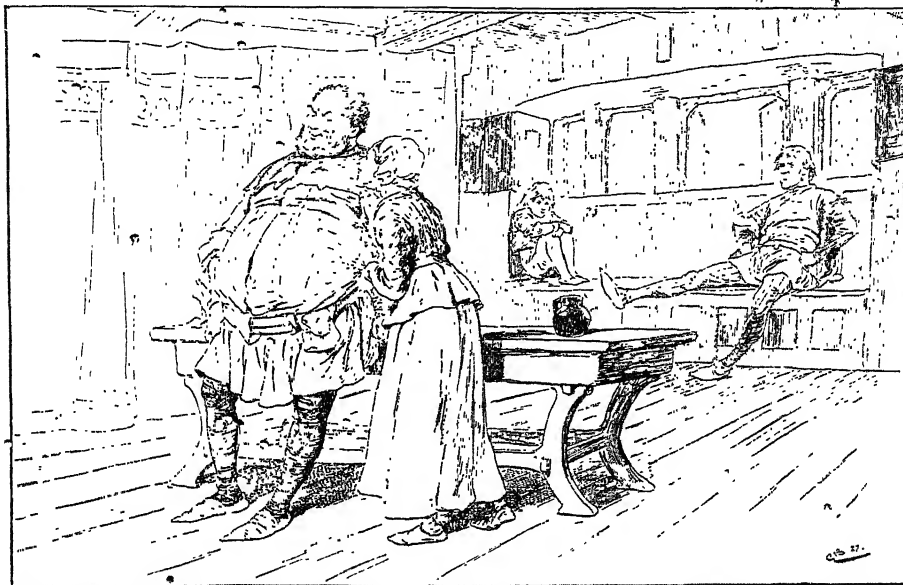
Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.



Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries 't is wonderful.—(Act ii. 2. 60-62.)

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then. 40

Quick. I'll be sworn;

As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman: and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir:—I

pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius,—

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true:—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways. 50

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? God bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature.—Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!—

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long

¹ Lurch = lurk.

² Cat-a-mountain, a wild cat; here = fierce.

³ Red-lattice = ale-house.

⁴ Bull-baiting = truculent, swaggering.

of it; you have brought her into such a canaries¹ as 't is wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary.¹ Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly—sall musk—and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant² terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her:—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels—in any such sort, as they say—but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners;³ but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of;—Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him! he's a very jealousy man: she leads a very rampold⁴ life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven:—woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you, too:—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous⁵ a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whose'er be the other:—and she bade me tell your

worship that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time—I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la! yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for 't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this,—has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick indeed!—But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both: and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 't is not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman. [*Exeunt Mistress Quickly and Robin.*—This news distracts me!⁶

Pist. This pink⁷ is one of Cupid's carriers:—Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;⁸ Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit.*

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be

¹ Canary, a blunder for quandary.

² Alligant=elegant.

³ Pensioners, gentlemen retainers at court.

⁴ Rampold, quarrelsome. ⁵ Fartuous, virtuous.

⁶ Distracts me (with joy).

⁷ Pink, with a double meaning—a small sailing-vessel; also, a procuress. ⁸ Fights. See note 73.

now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 't is grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter. 151

Enter BARDOLPH, with a cup of sack.

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor.—Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? go to; *via!*¹

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.

Ford. 'Bless you, sir. 160

Fal. And you, sir. Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will?—Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd² intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take half, or all, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may desire to be your porter. 181

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will

be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir. 200

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; following her with a doting observance;³ engross'd⁴ opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursu'd me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this;

"Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues."

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose? 221

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she

¹ *Via*, a joyous exclamation.

² *Unseason'd* = unseasonable.

³ *Observance* = attention.

⁴ *Engross'd*, i.e. bound in the gross.

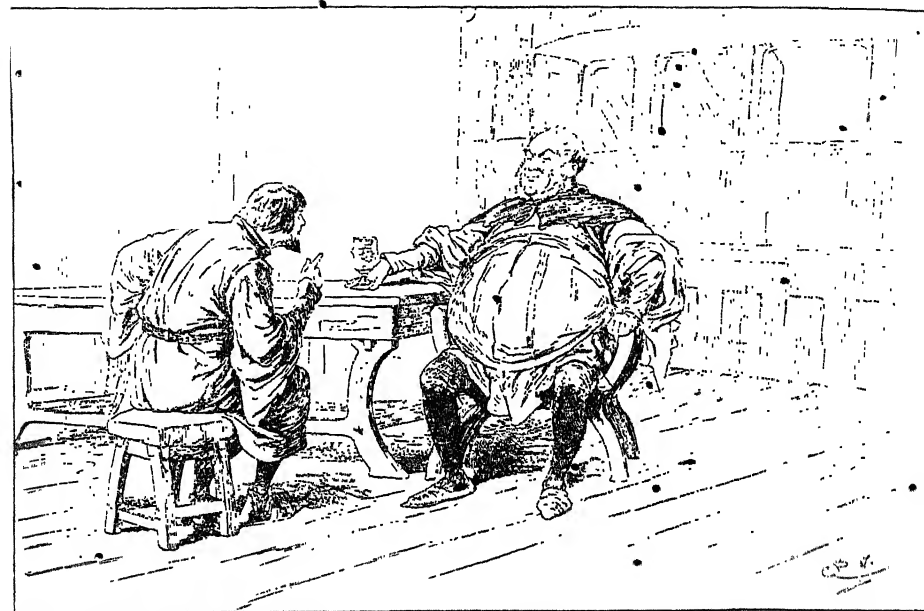
appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd¹ construction made of her. Now, Sir John, this is the heart of my purpose: yet are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance,² authentic³ in your place and person, generally allowed⁴ for

your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations,⁵—

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it.—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an

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Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself.—(Act II. 2. 251-254.)

amiable⁶ siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe⁷ to yourself very preposterously.⁸

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Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells

so securely⁹ on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance¹⁰ and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too-too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

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Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand;

¹ *Shrewd*, malicious.

² *Of great admittance* = admitted into high society.

³ *Authentic*, i.e. having authority.

⁴ *Allowed* = approved of.

⁵ *Preparations* = accomplishments.

⁶ *Amiable*, i.e. pertaining to love.

⁷ *Prescribe*, i.e. a remedy.

⁸ *Preposterously*, perversely, unnaturally.

⁹ *Securely*, unsuspectingly.

¹⁰ *Instance*, precedence.

and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife. 206

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment—even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me:—I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir? 280

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly¹ knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical² salt-butter³ rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. [Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—] Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style;⁴ thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. [Exit. 299

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says this is improvident⁵ jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous

wrong, but stand under the adoption⁶ of abominable terms, and by him who does me this wrong. Terms! names!—A maimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbasen, well; yet they are devils' additions,⁷ the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol-cuckold!⁸ the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure⁹ ass: he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour:—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [Exit.

SCENE III. A field near Windsor.

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby,—

Rug. Sir?

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'T is past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came. 11

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor!

¹ *Wittolly*, like a *wittol*, i.e. a willing cuckold.

² *Mechanical*, having a trade, used in contempt.

³ *Salt-butter*=fed on coarse food.

⁴ *Aggravate his style*, i.e. add to his titles that of cuckold.

⁵ *Improvident*, heedless, rash.

⁶ *Stand under the adoption*=submit to the imposition.

⁷ *Additions*, titles.

⁸ *Wittol-cuckold*, one knowingly cuckolded.

⁹ *Secure*, unreflecting.

Shal. 'Sav, you, Master Doctor Caius!

Page. Now, good master doctor! ; 20

Slen. 'Give you good morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tre, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse,¹ to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto,¹ thy stock,¹ thy reverse,¹ thy distance,¹ thy mortant.¹ Is he

dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart-of-elder?² ha! is he dead, bully-Stale? is he dead? 31

Caius. By gur, he is de coward Jack priest of de varld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art [a Castalion-King-Urinal!] Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me



Host. Let him die: sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore: I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is.—(Act II. 3. 88-91.)

have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come. 33

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of³ your professions.—Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. 'Bodikins, Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though, we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen,

Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women.—Master Page. 51

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page.—Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have show'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice.—A word, Mounseur Mock-water. 60

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully. 61

² Terms in fencing.

² Heart-of-elder, i.e. weak, faint.

³ Against the hair = contrary to the nature of.

Caius. By gar, den, I have as much mock-water as de Englishman.—Scuivy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw¹ thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat? 69

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do lock he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaliero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [Aside to them.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it. 84

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor. [Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore: I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farmhouse a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim? said I well?

Caius. By gar, me dank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 't is good; vell said. 100

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE: I. A field near Frogmore.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you look'd for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward,² the Park-ward: every way: old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans. I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way. 10

Sim. I will, sir. [Retires.

Evans. 'Pless my soul, how full of cholers I am, and tremping of mind!—I shall be glad if he have deceiv'd me:—how melancholies I am!—[I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have goot opportunities for the work.—'Pless my soul!—] [Sings.

"To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;

There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies. 20
To shallow—"

'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.— [Sings.

"Melodious birds sing madrigals;—
When as I sat in Babylon,—
And a thousand vagram³ posies.
To shallow," &c.

Sim. [Coming forward] Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Evans. He's welcome.— [Sings.

"To shallow rivers, to whose falls"— 31
Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms. [Reads in a book.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from

¹ Clapper-claw = beat, thrash.

² See note 81.

³ Vagram, for vagrant.

he dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slén. [Aside] Ah, sweet Anne Page! 40

Page. 'Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Evans. 'Pless you from his mercy'sake, all of you!

Shal. What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose this raw-rheumatic day?

Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson. 50

Evans. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of¹ his own respect.

Evans. What is he? 50

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Evans. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hibernocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him. 71

Slén. [Aside] O sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons.—Keep them asunder:—here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter HOST, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: [*Page and Host take the rapiers from them*] let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English. 80

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear. Wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Evans. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you, use your patience: in goot time. 84

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack-dog, John-ape.

Evans. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends.—[*Aloud*] I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments. 92

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine host de Jarteer,—have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Evans. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed: I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Guallin and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer! 100

Caius. Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shalk I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the p-verbs and the no-verbs.

—[*Give me thy hand, terrestrial; [taking Caius' hand]* so.—Give me thy hand, celestial; [*taking Evans' hand*] so. [*Host joins their hands in token of reconciliation*].—Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn.—Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, fôllow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slén. [Aside] O sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shallow, Slender, Page, and Host.*]

Caius. Ha, do I pèrceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha? 119

Evans. This is well; he has made us his vlotting-stog.²—I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall,³ survy, cogging⁴ companion,⁵ the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart. He pro-

² Vlotting-stog, i.e. flouting-stock laughing-stock.

³ Scall, for scald shabby, mean.

⁴ Cogging, cheating.

⁵ Companion = fellow.

¹ So wide of, i.e. so wide of the mark of.

mise to bring me vere is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too. 127

Evans. Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow.

[*Exeunt arm in arm, Rugby and Simple imitating them.*]

SCENE II. *The street, in Windsor.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little galand; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy: now I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you? 10

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?

Ford. Ay, and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of.—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah? 21

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*]

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score.¹ He

¹ Twelve score, i.e. twelve score yards.

pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion² and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her:—a man may hear this shower sing in the wind:—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page³ himself for a secure⁴ and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim.⁵ [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search: there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather prais'd for this than mock'd; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there: I will go. 50

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Shal., Page, &c. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and I pray you all, go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer. 60

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May, he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 't is in his buttons;⁶ he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you.

² Motion, motive, incitement.

³ Divulge Page, i.e. proclaim Page.

⁴ Secure, wanting in circumspection.

⁵ Cry aim (to)=approve of.

⁶ In his buttons=in his capacity or power.

the gentleman is of no having;¹ he kept company with the wild prince and Pointz; he is too high a region; he knows too much. No, shall not knit a knot in his fortunes² with a finger of my substance: if he take her, let me take her simply; the wealth I have waits my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you home with me to dinner: besides your self, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—shall you, Master Page;—and you, Sir Hugh.

Sal. Well, fare you well:—we shall have a freer wooing at Master Page's.

[*Exeunt Shallow and Slender.*]

Capt. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit Rugby.*]

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my next knight Falstaff, and drink canary with me.

[*Exit.*]

Ford. [*Aside*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine³ first with him; I'll make him dance.—Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A room in Ford's house.

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! What, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly:—is the bucksket—³

Mrs. Ford. I warrant.—What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this basket off your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste,

and carry it among the whitsters⁴ in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction.—Be gone, and come when you are call'd. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin. 21

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket!⁵ what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent,⁶ have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so.—Go tell thy master I am alone.—Mistress Page, remember your your cue. [*Exit Robin.*]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpkin;⁷ we'll teach him to know turtles⁸ from jays.⁹

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. "Have I caught" thee, "my heavenly jewel?" Why, now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough; this is the period of my ambition: [*kisses her hand*] O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog,¹⁰ I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin, in my wish,—I would thy husband were dead:

⁴ Whitsters, bleachers.

⁵ Eyas-musket, a young sparrow-hawk.

⁶ Jack-a-Lent, a stuffed puppet.

⁷ Pumpkin, a pumpkin.

⁸ Turtles, used figuratively—chaste women.

⁹ Jays, used figuratively—unchaste women.

¹⁰ Cog, deceive, cheat.

¹ Having, income, possessions.

² Pipe-wine, i.e. wine from the cask.

³ Buck-basket, a basket for soiled linen.

I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady!

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-

tire,¹ the tire-valiant,¹ or any tire¹ of Venetian admittance.² 61

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brow becomes nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so; thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semicircled



Fal. "Have I caught" thee, "my heavenly jewel?"—(Act iii. 3. 46, 47.)

farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it. 71

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog,³ and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lispng hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury⁴ in

simple time;⁵ I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deserv'st it. 81

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek⁶ of a limekiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind. 91

Rob. [Within] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford!

¹ Ship-tire, a fanciful head-dress.

² Venetian admittance = Venetian fashion.

³ Cog, deceive.

⁴ Bucklersbury, a street in London chiefly inhabited by druggists and herbalists.

⁵ Simple time = time for gathering simples or herbs.

⁶ Reek, smoke.

re's Mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me: I will ent¹once behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very cunning woman.

[Falstaff stands behind the arras.]

Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now! 100

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you one? You're sham'd, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever!

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistook in you! 111

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas, what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey² him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever. 123

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand "you had rather" and "you had rather:" your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance³: in the house you cannot hide

him.—O, how have you deceiv'd me!—Look here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or,—it is whiting-time,⁴—send him by your two men to Datchet-mead. 141

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O, let me see't!—I'll in, I'll in:—follow your friend's counsel:—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here. I'll never—

[Goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. —Call your men, Mistress Ford. —You dissembling knight! *[Exit Robin.]* 153

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly:—where's the cowf-staff? look, how you drumble!⁴—Carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead quickly, come.

[They are going off with the basket, when—]

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport of me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now! whither bear you this? 163

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.⁵

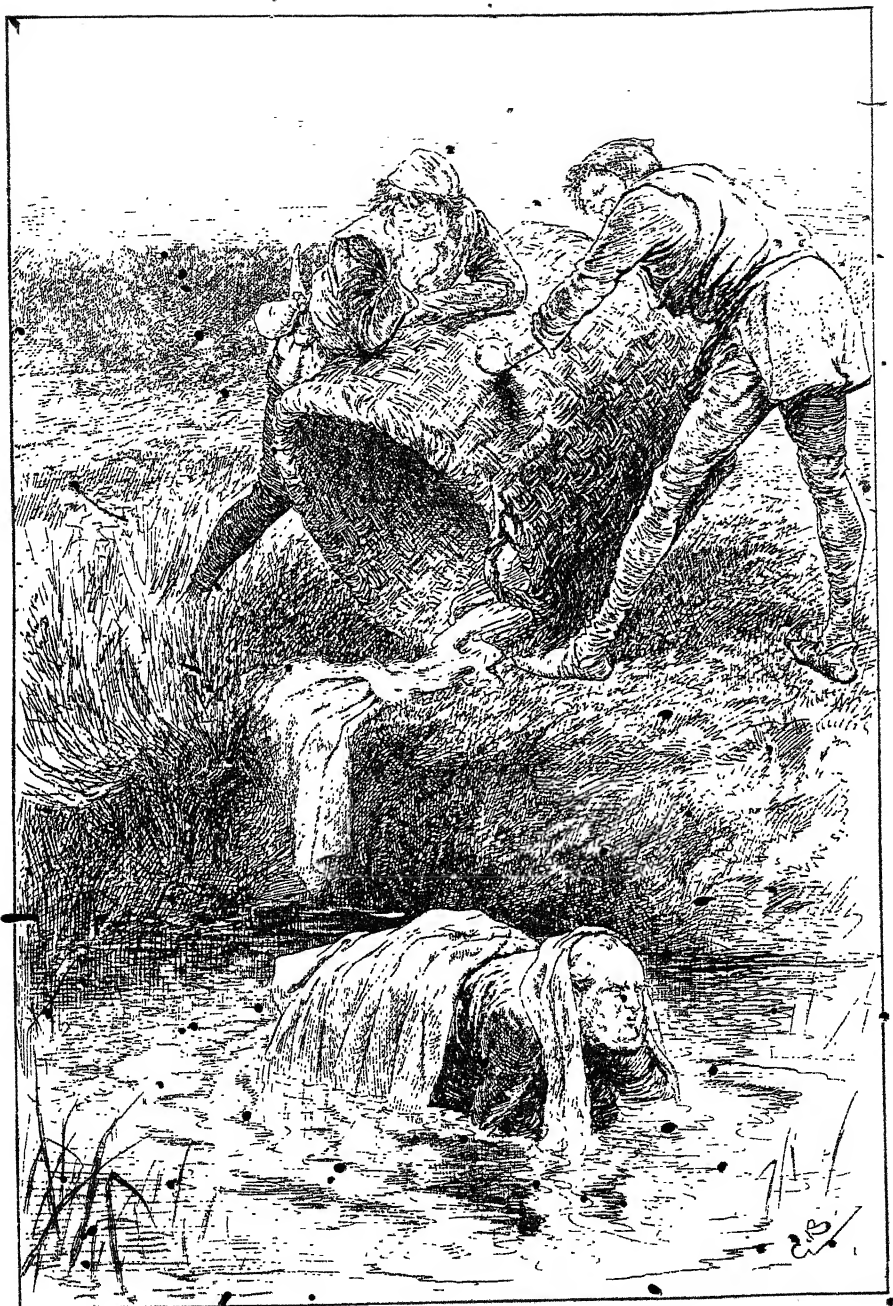
Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck!—Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. *[Exeunt Servants with the basket.]*—Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, there, here be

³ Whiting-time, bleaching-time.

⁴ Drumble = are sluggish.

⁵ Buck-washing, i.e. washing of soiled linen.

¹ Convey, remove secretly. ² Conveyance, trick, device.



my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out. I'll warrant we'll unkenne! the fox. —Let me stop this way first [*Locks the door*]. —So, now uncape.¹

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page. —Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit*].

Evans. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies. 182

Caius. By gar, 't is no de fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.

[*Exeunt Page, Caius, and Evans*].

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceiv'd, or Sir John. 191

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in when your husband asked what was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion Mistress Quickly to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We will do it: let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

*Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and
SIR HUGH EVANS.*

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page [*Aside to Mrs. Ford*]. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. [*Aside to Mrs. Page*]. Ay, ay, peace! —You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

[*Retires up stage with Mrs. Page*].

Ford. Amen!

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Evans. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not asham'd? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it. 235

Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 't is an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promis'd you a dinner:—come, come, walk in the Park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, Mistress Page.—I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we'll a-birding² together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

[*Evans*. If there is one, I shall make two in the company. 251]

Caius. If dere be one or two, I shall make a de turd.

Ford.] Pray you, go, Master Page.

Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

¹ *Uncap*, perhaps = to uncouple hounds.

² *Birding* = shooting birds.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.
Evans. A lousy knave, to have his gibes
 d his mockeries! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Before Page's house.

Enter FENTON, ANNE PAGE, and MISTRESS QUICKLY.—*QUICKLY stands apart.*

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love;
 herefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
 I doth object I am too great of birth;
 and that, my state being gall'd¹ with my ex-
 pense,

seek to heal it only by his wealth:
 besides, these other bars he lays before me,—
 my riots past, my wild societies;
 and tells me 't is a thing impossible
 should love thee but as a property. 10

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time
 to come!

Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth
 Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
 Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
 Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;
 And 't is the very riches of thyself
 That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
 Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
 If opportunity² and humblest suit 20
 Cannot attain it, why, then—Hark you hither.

[*They converse apart.*]

Enter SHALLOW and SLENDER.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly:
 my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft³ or a bolt on 't: 'slid,
 't is but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care
 not for that,—but that I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye; Master Slender would
 speak a word with you. 30

Anne. I come to him.—[*Aside*] This is my
 father's choice:

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
 Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-
 year!—

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton?
 Pray you, a word with you.—

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy,
 thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne;—my
 uncle can tell you good jests of him.—Pray
 you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how
 my father stole two geese out of a pen, good
 uncle. 41

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any
 woman in Glostershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentle-
 woman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-
 tail⁴ under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty
 pounds jointure. 50

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo
 for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you
 for that good comfort.—She calls you, coz: I'll
 leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender,—

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne,—

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will! 'od's heartlings, that's a
 pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will
 yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly
 creature, I give heaven praise. 62

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would
 you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would
 little or nothing with you. Your father and
 my uncle hath made motions⁵ if it be my
 luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They
 can tell you how things go better than I can:
 you may ask your father; here he comes. 70

Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE.

Page. Now, Master Slender:—love him,
 daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! what does Master Fenton
 here?

¹ Gall'd, crippled.

² Opportunity, making use of fitting occasions.

³ I'll make a shaft, &c = I'll hit or miss.

⁴ Come cut and long-tail = whatever may happen.

⁵ Motions, i.e. propositions.

You wrong me sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.—
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender; in.—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

80

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*]

Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and man-
ners,

I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.—

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.—

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' th' earth,

90

And bow'd to death with turnips!

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself.—

Good Master Fenton,

I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.

Till then farewell, sir: she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress.—Farewell, Nan.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.*]

Quick. This is my doing now:—"Nay," said I, "will you cast away your child on a fool and a physician? Look on Master Fenton:"—this is my doing.

102

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night

Give my sweet Nan this ring: there's for thy pains.

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune!

[*Exit Fenton.*] A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master

Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously¹ for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another



Anne. Now, Master Slender. [Act III. 4. 56.]

errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it! [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF followed by BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, and to be thrown in the Thames like a barrow of butcher's offal? Well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have

¹ Speciously = especially.

ly brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give hem to a dog for a new-year's gift. The ogues slighted me¹ into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should drown. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; [and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.]

Re-enter BARDOLPH with sack.

Bard. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you. 21

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins.² Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman!

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy:—give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices.³ Go brew me a pottle⁴ of sack finely. 30

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm⁵ in my brewage. [*Exit Bardolph.*] How now!

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection. 41

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding;⁶ she desires you once more to come to her between eight

and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit. 52

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.*]

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well.—O, here he comes. 60

Enter FORD disguised.

Ford. 'Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, Master Brook,—you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And how sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination? 70

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking⁷ cornuto⁸ husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there? 80

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you; and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, come in one Mistress Page: gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention⁹ and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.¹⁰

Ford. A buck-basket! 10

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket! 10—ramm'd

¹ Slighted me = threw me heedlessly.

² The reins, the kidneys. ³ Chalices, cups.

⁴ Pottle, a large tankard, originally holding two quarts.

⁵ Pullet-sperm = the embryo of a chicken.

⁶ Birding = shooting birds.

⁷ Peaking = sneaking.

⁸ Cornuto, a cuckold.

⁹ Invention, i.e. device.

¹⁰ Buck-basket, basket of soiled linen.

me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril. 94

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds,¹ were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffer'd the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compass'd, like a good bilbo,² in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted³ in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that,—that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw;—it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of

that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook. [*Throws himself into chair.* 127

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. [*Rises*] Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding:⁴ I have receiv'd from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir. 138

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*]

Ford. Hum,—ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets!⁵—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make me mad, let the proverb go with me,—I'll be horn-mad. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

[SCENE I. *The street.*]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this, or will be pre-

sently; but, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes: 'tis a playing-day, I see.

¹ *Hinds*, i.e. young serving-men.

² *Bilbo*, a sword. ³ *Fretted* = rotted.

⁴ *Birding*, i.e. shooting birds.

⁵ *Buck-baskets*, baskets of soiled linen.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day? 10

Evans. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. 'Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book.

I pray you, ask him some questions, in his accidence.

Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid. 20

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?



Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?
Will. Two.—(Act iv. 1. 21-23.)

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, 'Od's-nouns.

Evans. Peace your tattlings.—What is *fair*, William?

Will. *Fulcher.*

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure. 30

Evans. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace.—What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Evans. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is *lapis*: I pray you, remember in your praf.

Will. *Lapis.*

Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles? 40

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hec, hoc.*

Evans. *Nominativo, hic, hec, hoc:* pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus.* Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. *Accusativo, hinc—*

Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child: *accusativo, hunc, hunc, hoc.*

Quick. Hang-hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you. 51

Evans. Leave your prabbles, 'oman.—What is the focative case, William?

Will. *O,—vocativo, O.*

Evans. Remember, William; focative is caret.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Evans. Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Evans. What is your genitive case plural, William? 60

Will. Genitive case!

Evans. Ay.

Will. Genitive,—*horum, harum, horum.*

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Evans. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words:—he teaches him to lick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call whorum:—fie upon you! 70

Evans. Oman, art thou lunaties? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers and the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Piithee, hold thy peace.

Evans. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Evans. It is *qui, quæ, quod*: if you forgot your *quies*, your *quæ*s, and your *quods*, you must be preeches.¹ Go you, ways, and play; go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Evans. He is a good sprag² memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir Hugh.*—Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A room in Ford's house.

Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious³ in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-larding,⁴ sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho! 10

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John. [*Exit Falstaff.*]

• • • *Enter MISTRESS PAGE.*

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed!

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly.—[*Aside to her*] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why? 20

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes⁵ again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, "Peer out, peer out!"⁶ that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him? 30

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon. 41

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then, you are utterly shamd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again? •

¹ *Preches*, i.e. breeched = flogged.

² *Sprag*, for sprack = quick, alert.

³ *Obsequious*, devoted.

⁴ *Birding* = shooting birds.

⁵ *Lunes*, mad freaks.

⁶ "Peer out, peer out!" an exclamation in a children's game.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come? 51

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces.¹

Mrs. Page. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it? 60

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract² for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out, then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguis'd,— 69

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler,³ and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brainford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrumm'd hat,⁴ and her muffler too.—Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick! we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. 85

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threaten'd to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence. 97

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brainford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do, Wives may be merry, and yet honest.

We do not act that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old, but true,—Still swine eat all the draff. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him; quickly, dispatch. [*Exit.*]

First Serv. Come, come, take it up. 116

Sec. Serv. Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.

First Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then, to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villains!—Somebody call my wife.—Youth in a basket!—O you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging,⁵ a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be sham'd.—What, wife, I say! come, come forth! behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

⁵ *Ging*=gnug, a number, company.

¹ *Birding-pieces*, fowling-pieces.

² *Abstract*=memorandum.

³ *Muffler*, a kind of veil which covered the face.

⁴ *Thrumm'd hat*, i.e. a hat made of thrums, or ends of a weaver's warp.

Evans. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog! 131

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir.

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD.

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the

virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty. 140

Ford. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah!

[*Pulling the clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!



Ford. I'll prat her.—[*Beating him*] Out of my door, you witch.—(Act iv. 2. 135, 136.)

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away

Ford. Empty the basket, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,— 150

Ford. Master Page, as I am an honest man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable.—Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you. 161

Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

[*Servants replace linen in basket, and carry it off.*

Ford. Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport;¹ let them say of me, "As

¹ Table-sport, i.e. a subject for mirth.

jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.¹ Satisfy me once more; once more search with me. 174

Mrs. Ford. What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brainford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by th' figure, and such daubery² as this is, beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say! 189

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband, — Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Re-enter FALSTAFF in women's clothes, led by MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her.—[*Beating him*] Out of my door, you witch, you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon!³ out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Falstaff.*]

Mrs. Page. Are you not asham'd? I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it. — 'Tis a goodly credit for you. 200

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Evans. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard: I spy a great peard under her muffler.⁴

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again. [*Exit.*]

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. 210

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, Cairus, and Evans.*]

¹ *Leman*, lover.

² *Daubery*, pretence, trickery.

³ *Ronyon*, a mangy woman.

⁴ *Muffler*, a kind of veil which covered the face.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully. 213

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by th' mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think ye? may we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge? 222

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scar'd out of him: if the devil have him, not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have serv'd him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted; we two will still be the ministers. 235

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly sham'd; and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it; then shape it: I would not have things cool.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. A room in the Garter Inn.]

Enter Host and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be tomorrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear no of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen: they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce⁵ them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce⁵ them. Come. [*Exeunt.*]

⁵ *Sauce* = gratify, tickle.

SCENE IV. *A room in Ford's house.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Evans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a woman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,

In him that was of late an heretic,

As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more; Be not as extreme in submission.

As in offence.

But let our plot go forward: let our wives Yet once again, to make us public sport, Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow, Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come.

Evans. You say he has bin thrown in the rivers; and has bin grievously peaten, as an old woman: methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes, And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest, Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight, Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;

And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,

And makes milch-kine yield blood; and shakes a chain.

In a most hideous and dreadful manner: You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know

The superstitious idle-headed eld².

Received, and did deliver to our age,

This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak: But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device; That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us, Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,

And in this shape: when you have brought him thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus.

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son, And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress

Like urchins, ouphs,³ and fairies, green and white,

With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads, And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,

As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met, Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once

With some diffus'd⁴ song upon their sight, We two in great amazement will fly:

Then let them all encircle him about, And, fairy-like, to pinch⁵ the unclean knight;

And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel, In their so sacred paths he dares to tread

In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth, Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound, And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known, We'll all present ourselves, dishorn the spirit, And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Evans. I will teach the children their behavior.

² Eld, olden time.

³ Ouphs, elves, goblins.

⁴ Diffus'd = wild, uncouth.

⁵ To pinch = pinch vindictively.

iours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them visarils.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,

Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy: [*Aside*] and in that time

Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,

And marry her at Eton:—Go send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:

He'll tell me all his purpose: sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go get us properties,

And tricking for our fairies.]

Evans. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.*]

Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford, Send Quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*]

I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will, And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.

That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot: And he my husband best of all affects.

The doctor is well money'd, and his friends Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have

her, Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. The Court-yard of the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor! what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss: brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed,¹ and truckle-bed;² [***] is painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call; he'll

¹ *Standing-bed*, a bed supported by legs.

² *Truckle-bed*, a bed on castors to run under another bed.

speak like an Anthropophagmiton unto thee;] knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till he come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman? the knight may be robb'd: I'll call. Bully knight! bully Sir John! [speak from thy lungs artillery: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.]

Fal. [*Above*] How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian Tartar carries the coming down of thy fat woman. [Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy! fie!]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brainford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, mussel shell;³ what would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, [whether one Nym, sir, that beguild him of a chain, had the chain or no.]

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguild Master Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou dost.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but [*about*] Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her, or no. [*Go*] say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir Nym; who more bold!

³ *Mussel shell*—open mouthed

Sir. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit.*]

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

Evans. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozen'd all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and flouting-stogs,¹ and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jartear?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jarman: by my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*]

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go!—Assist me, knight.—I am undone!—Fly, run, hue and cry, villain!—I am undone! ⁹⁴

[*Exeunt Host and Bardolph.*]

¹ Flouting-stogs = flouting-stocks, i.e. laughing-stocks.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd; for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transposition hath been wash'd and cudgell'd, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine



Fent. Hark, good mine host:
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen.
—(Act iv. s. 18-20.)

wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at primero.² Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth. ¹⁰⁷

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestow'd: I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; speciously³ one of them; Mistress

² Primero, a game at cards.

³ Speciously = especially.

'ord, good heart, is beaten black and blue, hat you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brainford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counter-acting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me in the stocks, if the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, [warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd. 130

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VI. A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy: I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the least keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you

With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who mutually hath answer'd my affection, So far forth, as herself might be her chooser, Even to my wish: I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; 13 The mirth whereof so larded¹ with my matter, That neither singly can be manifested Without the show of both; fat Falstaff in 't Hath a great scene. The image of the jest I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host:

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,

Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen; The purpose why, is here: in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip 23 Away with Slender, and with him at Eton Immediately to marry: she hath consented: Now, sir, Her mother, even strong against that match, And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds, And at the deanery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot She seemingly obedient, likewise hath 33 Made promise to the doctor.—Now, thus it rests:

Her father means she shall be all in white; And in that habit, when Slender sees his time To take her by the hand, and bid her go, She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,

The better to denote her to the doctor,— For they must all be mask'd and visarded,— That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd, With ribands pendent, flaring² 'bout her head; And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe, To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token, The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother? 46

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:

And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar

To stay for me at chunch 'twixt twelve and one,

And, in the lawful name of marrying, To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband³ your device: I'll to the vicar:

Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee; Besides, I'll make a present recompense.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ Larded, i.e. garnished.

² Flaring=flattering.

³ Husband=perform carefully.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A room in the Garter Inn.**Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS QUICKLY.*

Fal. Prithce, no more prattling; go:—I'll hold.¹ This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince.² [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*]

Enter FORD.

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders. 13

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you:—he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman, for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me: I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I pluck'd geese, played truant, and whipp'd top, I knew not what 't was to be beaten till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow:—strange things in hand, Master Brook!—follow. 34 [*Eweunt.*]

SCENE II. *Windsor Park.**Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-

¹ *Hold*, persevere.² *Mince*, i.e. walk in a demure affected manner.

ditch till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Men. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another: I come to her in white, and cry "mum;" she cries "budget;" and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your "mum" or her "budget"? the white will decipher³ her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock. 12

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Eweunt.*]

SCENE III. *A street leading to the Park.**Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and DOCTOR CAIUS.*

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit Caius.*]
—My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 't is no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heartbreak. 12

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscur'd lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

³ *Decipher*, i.e. discover.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters¹ and their lechery

use that, betray them do no treachery. 27

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the k, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. Windsor Park.

Enter EVANS with others as Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the catch-words, do as I bid you: come, come; ib, trib. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Another part of the Park.

Enter FALSTAFF disguised as Herne, with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; he minute draws on. [Now, the hot-blooded ods assist me!—Remember, Jove, thou wast bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns:—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan for he love of Leda:—O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault!—and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl;—think on't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' th' forest.—Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow?]²—Who comes here? my doe?

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut³!—Let the sky rain potatoes, let it thunder to the tune of *Green sleeves*, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eryngoes;⁴ let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

[*Embracing her.*

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart. 27

Fal. Divide me like a brail-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman,⁴ ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise of horns within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas, what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be? 28

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away! [*They run off.*

Mrs. Page. }

[*Fal.* I think the devil will not have me; damn'd, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.]]

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, like a Satyr; PISTOL, as Hobgoblin; MISTRESS QUICKLY, like the Queen of Fairies, and ANNE PAGE and boys dressed like Fairies.

Quick. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white, You moonshine revellers, and shades of night, You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny, 43 Attend your office and your quality.--- [*Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy O-yes.*

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap: Where fires thou findest unward and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry: Our radiant queen hate sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:

I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye. [*Lies down upon his face.*

Evans. Where's Peard?—Go you, and where you find a maid 53

That ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said, Rein up the organs of her fantasy; Sleep she as sound as careless infancy: But those as sleep and think not on their sins, Pinse them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Quick.] About, about;

¹ *Lewdsters*, libertines.

² *Scut*, the tail of a deer.

³ *Eryngoes*, the candied roots of the sea-holly.

⁴ *Woodman*, a hunter, equivocatingly a wench.

Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out:
 Strew good luck, ouphs,¹ on every sacred room;
 That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
 In seat as wholesome as in state 't is fit, 63
 Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

[The several chairs of order look you scour
 With juice of balm and every precious flower:
 Each fair instalment,² coat, and several crest,
 With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
 And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
 Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:

Th' expressure³ that it bears, green let it be,
 More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
 And *Honi soit qui mal y pense* write 73
 In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and
 white;

Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
 Buckled below fair knighthood's bending
 knee:

Fairies use flowers for their charactery.]
 Away; disperse: but till 't is one o'clock,
 Our dance of custom round about the oak
 Of Herne the hunter let us not forget. 80

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; your-
 selves in order set;

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
 To guide our measure round about the tree.—
 But, stay; I smell a man of middle-earth.⁴

Fal. Heaven defend me from that Welsh
 fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

[*Pist.* Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd⁵ even
 in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-
 end:

If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
 And turn him to no pain; but if he start, 90
 It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire?
 [They put the tapers to his fingers,
 and he starts.

Fal. O, O, O!]

Quick. [Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in
 desire!—]

About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
 And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

THE SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
 Fie on lust and luxury!
 Lust is but a bloody fire,
 Kindled with unchaste desire, 100
 Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
 As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
 Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
 Pinch him for his villany;
 Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
 Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

*During this song the Fairies pinch Falstaff.
 Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away
 a boy in green; Slender another way, and
 takes off a boy in white; and Fenton comes,
 and steals Mistress Anne. A noise of hunting
 is made within, and all the fairies run away.
 Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, and
 MISTRESS FORD.

They surround Falstaff.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we have
 watch'd you⁶ now:

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your
 turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you!—Come, hold up the
 jest no higher.—

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor
 wives?— 110

See you these, husband? do not these fair
 yokes⁷

Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—
 Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly
 knave; here are his horns, Master Brook:
 and, Master Brook, he hath enjoy'd nothing
 of Ford's but his buck-basket,⁸ his cudgel, and
 twenty pounds of money, which must be paid
 too, Master Brook; his horses are arrested for
 it, Master Brook. 120

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck;
 we could never meet. I will never take you
 far my love again; but I will always count
 you my dear.

¹ Ouphs, elves, goblins.

² Instalment = the installing in a dignity, or office.

³ Expressure, impression, trace.

⁴ Middle-earth, i.e. the earth as opposed to the upper
 regions, inhabited by fairies, &c.

⁵ O'erlook'd, bewitched.

⁶ Watch'd you, i.e. set a trap for your detection and so
 caught you.

⁷ Yokes = the horns worn by Falstaff.

⁸ Buck-basket, basket of soiled linen.

d. I do begin to perceive that I am made
ss.

ord. Ay, and an ox too:¹ both the proofs
extant. 128

d. And these are not fairies? I was three
our times in the thought they were not
es: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the
en surprise of my powers, drove the gross-

ness of the foppery into a received belief, in
despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason,
that they were fairies. See now how wit may
be made a Jack-a-Lent,² when 'tis upon ill
employment! 137

Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve God, and
leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse
you.



d. Well, I am your theme—you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flangol.—(Act v. 5. 171-173.)

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leave you your jealousies too,
ray you. 140

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again,
thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and
led it, that it wants matter to prevent so
oss o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with
Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of
ze? 'Tis time I were chok'd with a piece
toasted cheese.

Evans. Seese is, not goot to give putter;
ur pelly is all putter.

Fal. "Seese" and "putter"! Have I lived

to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters
of English? [This is enough to be the decay
of lust and late-walking through the realm.]

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think,
though we would have thrust virtue out of our
hearts by the head and shoulders, and have
given ourselves without scruple to hell, that
ever the devil could have made you our de-
light?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding?³ a bag of
flax?

Mrs. Page. A puff'd man? 160

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intoler-
able entrails!⁴

³ Hodge-pudding, a pudding of mixed ingredi-

⁴ Intolerable entrails = an enormous belly.

An ox too, on account of his horns.

Jack-a-Lent, a stuffed figure used as a mark, or target.

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan? 164

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins,¹ and to drinkings, and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?²

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a-plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to One Master Brook, that you have coz en'd of money, to whom you should have been a-pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends;

Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here is my hand, all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. [*Aside*] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter SLENDER.

Slender. Whoa, ho! ho, father Page!

Page. Son, how now! how now, son. have you despatch'd?

Slender. Despatch'd!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hang'd, la, else!

Page. Of what, son?

Slender. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' th' church, I would have swing'd³ him, or he should have swing'd³ me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!—and 'tis a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong. 201

Slender. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. [If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.]

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slender. I went to her in white, and cried "mum," and she cried "budget," as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Evans. Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see put marry poys?

Page. O, I am vex'd at heart: what shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozen'd: I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paysan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozen'd. 220

Mrs. Page. Why, did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit.*]

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me:—here comes Master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, Master Fenton!

Anne. Pardon, good father!—good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress,—how chance you went not with Master Slender? 231

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fenton. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us. Th' offence is holy that she hath committed;

¹ *Metheglins*, a heverage made from honey.

² *Pribbles and prabbles* = dissensions, recriminations.

³ *Swing'd*, thrashed.

| this deceit loses the name of craft,
 | disobedience, or unduteous will; 240
 | e therein she doth evitate¹ and shun
 | ousand irreligius cursed hours,
 | ch forced marriage would have brought
 | upon her.
 | ord. Stand not amaz'd; here is no remedy:
 | ove the heavens themselves do guide the
 | state;
 | ney buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.
 | al. I am glad, though you have ta'en a
 | cial stand to strike at me, that your arrow
 | h glanc'd.

¹ *Evitate*, avoid.

Page. Well, what remedy?—Fenton, heaven
 give thee joy!—
 What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.
Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer
 are chas'd.
Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further.—
 Master Fenton,
 Heaven give you many, many merry days!—
 Good husband, let us every one go home,
 And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
 Sir John and all.
Ford. Let it be so.—Sir John,
 [To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
 For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford.]
 [Exeunt.]

